

THE SIGN



A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

WHAT IS COMING?

HILAIRE BELLOC



THE ONE-SIDED CODE

GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

BUONCONTE'S DEATH

GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

THE CATHOLIC DAILY

FRANK H. SPEARMAN

PRIESTS AND THE NEWS

VINCENT DE PAUL FITZPATRICK

FRENCH SOCIAL REFORM

DENIS GWYNN

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

THE WATCHING CHAMBER

ENID DINNIS

A REVOLUTIONIZED OUTLOOK

W. DUDLEY CARLETON

Passionist Chinese Mission Society

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May 3	Finding of the Holy Cross
July 25	St. James
Aug. 25	St. Bartholomew
Sept. 8	Nativity of Mary
Sept. 22	St. Matthew
Oct. 28	Sts. Simon and Jude
Nov. 30	St. Andrew
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Dec. 26	St. Stephen
Dec. 27	St. John, Evangelist

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PLEASE WRITE TO:

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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At the Editor's Desk

ACCORDING to the Rev. Charles J. Dutton, pastor of the Unitarian Church in Des Moines, Iowa, the Protestant churches in America are bankrupt. Writing in October issue of *Current History*, he says:

"Widely extended denominational programs," he asserts, "can no longer be supported upon their present basis. Thousands of local churches are finding it almost impossible to keep their plants operating. Many churches are closed, pledges to both church and denominational budgets are not being paid. Money for missionary work is running low, and missionaries by the hundreds, their stations closed, are being called home."

"Church publications have been forced, because of the terrific financial strain, to change from weekly publications to fortnightly or monthly; many have been discontinued. Though denominational activities as a whole are being kept alive, their vitality is low, and there is not a church leader that does not face the future with a heart filled with dismay and fear."

MR. DUTTON'S words are a confirmation of the thesis set forth in the series of articles, concluding in this issue, by Hilaire Belloc, to the effect that Protestantism as the last organized opponent of the Faith is dead. What "New Thing" will fill the "Void" is asked. A tentative answer is given by the distinguished philosophical historian in this issue. Read "What Is Coming?" on pages 145 and 146. Follow up with "Emory Goes on a Strike," in *Categorica*, on page 134. It dramatically portrays the reactions of one honest thinker to a small Missouri community of three hundred inhabitants trying to support four antagonistic Protestant churches, all moribund.

HAVING a merit all of its own, but carrying a special significance as a supplement to Mr. Belloc's article, is "The Constitution of the United States," by Charles Willis Thompson, one of the outstanding publicists and students of politics writing for the Press of America. The article deals with a subject in which all Catholics should be interested—the national turning from the unprecedented attempt to dispose finally of moral questions by the secular seizure of the Constitution. There is no exaggeration in saying that most Americans who claim to be educated are ignorant of their national charter—the Constitution. They are not aware of the fact that it has been and is being amended in radical ways. This began, in Washington's administration, when John Adams was elected, with the abolition (without formal amendment) of the Electoral College as a power, and has continued ever since. The National Recovery Act in the present Roosevelt administration is a constitutional change almost as extreme as Jefferson's purchase of the Louisiana Territory when he succeeded Adams. Owing to the length of the article, Mr. Thompson has had to leave out, or only hint at, the constant evolution of the Constitution itself (only occasionally by amendment process) until the Government under which we live bears but little resemblance to the original set up in 1787.

IN our February issue we published an article, "Should Priests Write?" by One Who Does. In June appeared "Priests and the Press," by a Clerical Scribe. Then came in the August issue "Priests and Publicity," by

a Secular Scribe. And now we have "Priests and the News," by Vincent de Paul Fitzpatrick, Managing Editor of *The Baltimore Catholic Review*. In certain respects we feel that his observations on the Secular Scribe's article may be less than fair, though we print them word for word in the hope that his vigorous challenge may stir up a constructive controversy. In the same issue Frank H. Spearman sounds a clarion call for the establishment of a Catholic Daily. We have read quite a few articles on this subject and it gratifies much to be able to say that this is the best of them. Mr. Spearman eloquently appeals to the hierarchy, the lesser clergy and the laity to take up a task which he shows to be not nearly so difficult as it is usually represented.

A COMPLAINT that can be levelled against Catholics and a suggestion that may help our own better periodicals are contained in this editorial from *The Churchman*: "In the annual report of the Church Periodical Club of the diocese of Newark occurs the following statement: 'Bishop Stearly has asked the C. P. C. to place, as far as possible, church papers in the public libraries of their towns. Other communions are well represented, but the Episcopal Church has neglected this opportunity.' This is in line with the complaint, frequently coming to the editors of our church press, that the Episcopal Church has no adequate representation of its journalism in public libraries, while such religious groups as the Christian Scientists never neglect to see that their papers are available. The Church Periodical Club in various dioceses can do a great service for the Episcopal Church if it will ask its branches to follow the excellent advice of Bishop Stearly. The price of an annual subscription to our journals, to be given to public libraries each year, is a small cost indeed for reaching the number of people who read such periodicals in libraries. Many such readers wonder whether the Episcopal Church has any journals, so barren are libraries of representation in this field."

EVERY religious publication in the United States today needs immediate and increased revenue if it is to continue. This is particularly true of those Catholic periodicals which are trying to give their readers an intellectual content that must be paid for, printed on good paper and manufactured in a Union shop. With increase costs of materials and production under the NRA code, publishers must bear heavier expense. Even the secular magazines are finding their way exceptionally difficult. The Periodical Publishing Institute, which says it represents 75 per cent. of the periodical industry, will be unable to bear any sudden or considerable increased manufacturing expenses resulting from the code of the pulp and paper industry, the institute asserted in a brief filed by its committee on allied codes with the Recovery Administration. "A vast majority of periodicals are losing money or just about breaking even," says the brief. "A few only are showing a profit and in such cases the profits are small. They have been able to do this only as a result of drastic reorganizations and retrenchments."

Father Harold Purcell, S. J.

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CURRENT FACT and COMMENT

THIS year's edition of The China Year Book is characterized by a lengthy article of twenty-seven columns from the pen of Father Pascal M. D'Elia, S.J., who presents this summary of the

Catholic Sacrifice and Service in China

past twenty years: "From an exhaustive inquiry which we have personally conducted among all the heads of the Catholic Missions in China, it

can be said that, during the years 1912-1932, outside of the large number of Chinese Catholics who had often so much to suffer, there were as many as forty-seven Catholic missionaries who were slain [to them should be added Father Stimpfl, O.F.M., Tyrolese, killed on March 25, 1933, in Yungchow Hunan Province] by communists, brigands and other outlaws, and at least 320 who were captured by the same, the duration of their captivity varying from a few hours to three years. . . . All their names, without a single exception, and historical data, and the pictures of most of them, are in our possession, and we hope that they will soon be the object of special publication under the title of *The Witnesses of Christ in China*."

These victims are ranged, in the article, according to the time, rank, nationality, religious society and mission to which they belonged at the time of their capture or murder. As many as 77 missionaries were captured in 1930, while eleven were killed in 1929. Those two years were the most severe years for the missionaries in present-day China. Most of the victims were priests (204 captured and 39 killed), while others were Vicars or Prefects-Apostolic (nine captured and four killed), Mission or Religious Superiors (five captured), Seminarists (28 captured and four killed), Lay Brothers (nine captured) and Sisters (65 captured). As for nationality, the highest percentage of both captured and killed is held by the Chinese (105 captured and 17 killed), whilst the Italians come next for the captured (52), and Belgians for the killed (10). The Chinese secular clergy has the highest percentage for both the captured (89) and the killed (16), thus splendidly bespeaking the heroism of the indigenous Church, which is second to none in this martyrology. The Mission which held the record for the captured is Hanchung (29), while for the killed is, of course, Ichang, the 'Mission of Blood' (7). In this glorious band are found our own three American Passionists, Father Walter Coveyou, Clement Seybold and Godfrey Holbein, who were cruelly martyred at Chenki, Hunan, in April, 1929.

"The Editors of a non-Catholic Review, *The International Review of Missions* (1932, p. 379), after a careful survey of the Catholic Missions of the world, thus express themselves: 'One lesson for non-Roman Churches stands out clearly from any study of Roman Catholic missions, namely, the immense advantage of being one united body under one head,' of possessing 'a unity which embraces and resolves small disunities, and enables the Church to frame a world policy and carry it out on a world scale with an undivided front.' This is particularly true [Father D'Elia

adds] of the Catholic Church in China. She evidently bears to the Chinese a uniform message, the message of Christ, true God and true Man, a uniform Christian teaching and a uniform Christian life. The tiny mustard seed scattered, no one knows exactly when, but certainly very early in this country, planted once more by the children of Saint Francis in the Middle Ages, replanted with care by the Brethren of Saint Francis Xavier, irrigated with the tears, sweat and blood of hundreds and thousands of missionaries hailing from all parts of the world, has already a firm grip on Chinese soil, and will in the near future spring forth into a magnificent tree. With its roots firmly fixed to Eternal Rome, whence the sap has necessarily to be drawn, its branches will gradually extend to the furthest corners of this immense land. Pagan for an endless series of centuries, it has already, thanks to the Catholic Church, undergone a great change of thought, the converts, and through them the Chinese mass at large, being lifted to a much higher standard of moral and religious life. Much has been done by the Church for the development of education, much for the relieving of the sick, the orphans, the abandoned children and the aged people. Undoubtedly much more could be done, if more men and a larger amount of money were available, if the Catholic Church in China could enjoy more peace and liberty. Nevertheless, hope looms up that she will soon become a flourishing member of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. She will, whether in the near or far future, God knows, be Chinese in China, not in the sense that she will sever her bonds from the rest of the Catholic world, and especially from the center of Unity, Rome—which would mean her complete ruin—but in the sense that just as she is French in France and Italian in Italy, she will in China live out her own life, with all the ranks of her Hierarchy filled with her own children. But, above all, she will be Catholic, one in the same Faith, one in the participation of the same Sacraments, one in the same obedience to the same supreme authority, the Vicar of Christ on earth, nay the *dolce Cristo in terra*, the sweet Christ on earth, as called in the enthusiastic words of St. Catherine of Siena."



RECENTLY the Negro employees of a manufacturing plant in a large Southern city received in their pay envelopes a pink slip of paper with this message:

"To all colored employees:
**The Rightful Claims
of the Negro**

"The wages you are paid now are more than this company can pay and stay in business unless each worker produces more.

While we pay more per hour than we paid you in 1929, our competitors in the North pay their white help only 70 per cent what they paid them in 1929.

"If the 'false friends' of the colored people do not stop their

propaganda about paying the same wages to colored and white employes, this company will be forced to move the factory to a section where the minimum wage will produce the greatest production.

"This company does not base wages on color, but entirely on efficiency. We pay twice as much wages to some white employes as to others because they are twice as efficient.

"Our records show that the efficiency of colored help is only 50 per cent of that of white help in similar plants in the North, and the manufacturing company has lost a quarter million dollars in finding that out.

"Stop your 'friends' from talking you out of your job."

According to Julian Harris, writing in *The New York Times*, it should be said, first that the Negro employes of this company receive from 6 to 13 cents daily and five days a week; second that the company displays the NRA Blue Eagle.

It is common knowledge that most Southern employers would prefer to employ white persons, but that they have in the past employed large numbers of Negroes because they could do so for less money. The *Pilot*, of Norfolk, Virginia, has called attention to a hardship that threatens the Negroes. In consequence of the higher wage scale forced by the NRA, employers are dismissing their colored employes and are engaging all white help. The *Pilot* comments: "It would be a grim and most tragic commentary on the national recovery effort if business and industrial regimentation directed to lifting the people out of the depression should operate to plunge the most depressed of them in a worse depression still."

Meanwhile, in an address to the convention of the National Catholic Interracial Federation, Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati called for increased Catholic effort in behalf of the American Negro. With manifest feeling he deplored the vile housing conditions of the Negroes in our large cities, outlined his own attempts to abolish them in Cincinnati, and urged the clergy and laity to assist in removing these tremendous obstacles to decent living. He justly condemned our neglect of the colored. "While we have not closed the doors to our colored people, we have not opened them wide enough, and proclaimed to them that they are welcome. We have not shown them how quickly they will feel at home in the Church . . . taking into account the entire missionary work that has been done in our country by consecrated men and women, we must frankly admit that the Negro has been neglected." The Negroes are "not aware that the Church is deeply interested in them; that it demands justice for them; that it is willing to fight their battles; that it longs to be to them a tender Mother."



BEFORE the recess of the present Congress, Congressman Wright Patman of Texas introduced a bill (H. R. 6097) calling for Federal supervision of the motion picture industry and providing

for the inspection, classifying and cataloging of films by a Federal commission of nine members, four of whom shall be women, to be appointed by

**Wright Patman
Challenges Will Hays**

the President. The bill incorporates word for word the famous code of ethics issued by the Will Hays office on April 1, 1930.

For some time P. S. Harrison, editor of *Harrison's Reports*, an exhibitors' trade journal, has been saying that Deacon Hays would be rudely shocked if some legislator should make his "ethical" code a part of Federal law. Now, in a recent issue of his *Reports*, Mr. Harrison writes:

"Expressing the views of theater owners who became irked at the inability of Will H. Hays to curb the display of immorality in moving pictures, I asked what would Will H. Hays do if some Congressman took the Hays Code of Ethics, commonly known as the Hays Morality Code, and made it the basis of a law? He would have a tough time fighting if the law contained no other

provisions save those that are contained in this Code. That wish of mine has at last materialized, for Congressman Patman, of Texas, has done it; his bill bears the number H. R. 6097. Every word of the Hays Code of Ethics is in that bill."

It seems to us that Mr. Patman has taken the only way of making Hays come clean. What possible arguments can he trump up for not observing his own code. Will he finally be forced to admit that the code was simply a device for obtaining advertising and publicity or, or best, a mere sop to stop the clamorings of Christian people for an absolutely necessary cleanup of the picture industry?

The bill safeguards the rights of the motion-picture producers as it provides that any producer may be entitled to appeal to the Circuit Court for a mandatory injunction to prevent the Federal commission from forbidding his pictures from entering inter-State or foreign commerce. In all probability the bill will be modified in some lesser qualifications and reservations during the process of committee consideration. If the decent citizens of the country will take an active interest in the passage of this bill we may hope to control in some measure a medium of instruction and entertainment which exercises a tremendous social influence. Copies of the bill, with Mr. Patman's explanation of it, may be obtained by sending a three-cent postage stamp to the Federal Motion Picture Council, 7120 Ninth St., Washington, D. C. Ask for bill H. R. 6097.



TO the Most Rev. Thomas E. Molloy, energetic and versatile Bishop of Brooklyn, on the Silver Jubilee of his Priesthood. ¶To *The Sun*, of New York, on the One Hundredth Anniversary

of its Founding. ¶To the Rt. Rev. Paul Marella, Auditor of the Apostolic Delegation at Washington, on his being named Apostolic Delegate to

**Toasts Within
the Month**

Japan. ¶To the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Michael White, Founder and Rector of St. Columba's Church, Newark, N. J., on his Eightieth Birthday. ¶To the Sisters of the Third Order of the Poor of St. Francis on the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of their Coming to the United States. ¶To the Hierarchy of Bolivia on deciding to establish a Daily Paper. ¶To John Moody on being made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. ¶To the Rt. Rev. James H. Ryan, Rector of the Catholic University of America, on being named Titular Bishop of Modra. ¶To Dominic Chang, the first Chinese candidate for the priesthood in the Dominican Order in America, on receiving the Religious Habit. ¶To the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan, internationally known Economist, on being made a Domestic Prelate. ¶To Mr. Edward Kreamer on his unique record of having served Fifty Thousand Masses. ¶To Marydown, a group movement, headed by distinguished English laymen, "back to the land." ¶To His Eminence Cardinal Patrick Hayes, on calling a National Convention to further Catholic Charity and Social Justice. ¶To Harold L. Ickes, Public Works Administrator, who severely castigated the "dog in the manger" attitude of those realtors whose greed forces them to combat the efforts of the Government to eradicate the slums. Excerpt: "Private enterprise has signally failed in slum clearance and has left the slums of America's cities to stew in their own unhealthy juice." ¶To Rev. Thomas P. Doherty, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Somerset, Mass., on having prevented the scheduled appearance of Mrs. Jessie B. Costello in a local dance hall. ¶To Mr. John Ebeck on his election to the Presidency of the Central Verein. ¶To Mr. Arnold Lunn, English Controversialist, and Ernest Hemingway, American Novelist, on being received into the Church. ¶To New York City on its magnificent acclaim of the Blue Eagle Banners of the NRA. "When 250,000 people begin to march, they are going to get somewhere . . . when a line forms and your shoulder touches that of a fellow and comrade, solidarity is about to be born."—Heywood Broun in the N. Y. *World Telegram*.

Father Silvan Latour, C.P.

IT is with deepest regret that we chronicle the death of Father Silvan Latour, C.P., all the years of whose priestly life have been so intimately bound up with the publication and varied enterprises of *THE SIGN*. He died in St. Francis Hospital, Miami Beach, Florida, on September 2, and was buried in the private cemetery of the Passionists at St. Michael's Monastery, Union City, N. J., on September 6. His only immediate surviving relative is a sister, Miss Emily Latour, of Philadelphia. To her we offer our heartfelt sympathy.

For the past two years Father Silvan had been in wretched health, in spite of which he continued to give himself wholly to the strenuous and multitudinous activities of his enslaving office. While on a brief rest period in Dunkirk, N. Y., during the Christmas holidays, he suffered a slight stroke that was symptomatic of an exhausted body. Taken to St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, N. J., he was found to be suffering from an extraordinarily high blood-pressure and alarming complications. With the best of medical treatment and tenderest nursing, his health appeared to have made notable improvement, though his physicians were convinced that medical science could prolong his life for only about two years at the most.

It was then suggested that a pilgrimage to Lourdes might obtain a miraculous cure from Our Lady in this the seventy-fifth anniversary of her appearances to Blessed Bernadette Soubirous. With this thought in mind he was sent to Miami in the hope that adequate rest there might fit him to undertake the long ocean voyage. Accompanied by Father Paul Ubinger, C.P., one of our Chinese missionaries at home on furlough, he left for the South in February. How unaware he was of the seriousness of his illness may be seen from the fact that when he went with Father Paul, who was to be treated for a throat infection, the attendant physician at a glance suspected the gravity of Father Silvan's condition and immediately ordered him to St. Francis Hospital. There he spent the last six months of his unselfish life, in much suffering patiently borne, supported by the messages and prayers of his brethren and friends, strengthened with the daily Sacraments, serenely happy and consciously resigned, as he awaited the end with quiet eagerness.

AUGUSTINE LATOUR was born in Philadelphia on May 9, 1891, the son of Augustine Latour and Catherine Hold. Having finished the grammar grades in Holy Trinity School, he was employed in several mercantile establishments until in August, 1910, he entered the Passionist Preparatory Seminary at Dunkirk, N. Y. The following year he was clothed with the Passionist habit in the novitiate of St. Paul's Monastery, Pittsburgh, and on May 26, 1912, he pronounced his religious vows. Thenceforth he was to be known in religion as Silvan or the Sor-

rowful Virgin. His philosophical and theological studies were made in different monasteries of the Order, and he was ordained to the priesthood in Union City, N. J., on December 18, 1920, by the Rt. Rev. John J. O'Connor, Bishop of Newark.

As the result of a severe illness in childhood, Father Silvan's hearing had become impaired. It gradually became worse, so that after his ordination his superiors rightly judged that it would prove too much of a handicap for his carrying on a missionary ministry. He was, therefore, assigned to work on *THE SIGN*, which had been projected some months before. It would seem as though his very affliction were the occasion of fitting him into a position for which he was preëminently qualified.

Endowed with a variety of exceptional talents, he used them all unsparingly to build up the magazine and the causes it sponsors, and if *THE SIGN* has achieved a large measure of success, that success is due in no mean degree to the persistent and enthusiastic efforts of Father Silvan.



FATHER SILVAN LATOUR, C.P.

interested in home missions also. To help these he established the Passionist Associates chiefly as a means of aiding our neglected Negro brethren, and the enlarged and beautiful School of Our Mother of Mercy in Washington, North Carolina, is but one tangible witness to his energetic zeal in their behalf. He deemed it an honor to be a beggar for Christ and in His Name!

Keenly alive to the sanctity of his high calling, he wore his priesthood unsullied. And though he seldom came into immediate contact with souls through the Sacrament of Penance, he conducted a large correspondence in which he quieted the doubts, the scruples and the heartaches of many a troubled soul. He had something of St. Paul's pronounced gift of sympathy which won for him the warm friendship of those who knew him personally and the confidence of strangers who knew him only through his apostolate of the pen. Many of his letters have been read repeatedly, and are sacredly treasured for their words of wisdom, comfort and encouragement.

We ask our readers to pray for Father Silvan, beseeching God to give him a place of light, of peace and of refreshment, the while we confidently hope that he is beyond the need of any prayer or other suffrage. May his generous soul rest in peace!

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

PRAYER OF A TIRED WOMAN

Mazie Caruthers in "The New York Times":

LORD, when my bedtime comes tonight, I pray
Sleep shall blot out the problems of this day.

Let utter peace pervade, and quietness
This weary frame relax, this heart possess.

But, if through such Nirvana that should gleam
The flickering pattern of little dream.

Then, of Thy goodness, lead my lagging feet
Beside still waters in green pastures sweet,

Until I hear a voice or glimpse a smile
Of those I've loved and lost, a lonely while.

Let me forget all care. So, when at length
Dawn wakens me, I shall have gained new strength

To gird my armor for another day,
And with fresh courage, get me on my way!

EMORY GOES ON A CHURCH STRIKE

MR. EMORY NASH breaks into print for the first time in an article contributed to "The Christian Century," of Chicago, and casts his vote of no-confidence in the leadership of denominational Protestantism:

Our community, a Missouri town of about 300 persons, has four Protestant churches. Not one of them is able to maintain a resident pastor; this past winter, indeed, they have had trouble meeting their respective fuel bills. The four congregations are all moribund, clinging tenaciously to a mere breath of life.

The big men in all denominations have for years deplored, deprecated and decried our competitive denominational systems. But they all end up with some such statement as this: "Leaders cannot move faster than their followers will follow." All but the most bigoted of the church leaders in local fields also agree that we should have mergers and federations. But they end their observations with the prediction that "nothing can be done just now in this town. The movement for union will have to come from the top down."

Meanwhile, we Christian residents of this community face this unhappy dilemma constantly: Shall we bring up our families outside the church or, by our moral and financial support, help to perpetuate a form of organized competitive Christianity which, we feel certain, is essentially unChristian?

For almost a decade after my marriage I was kept in the church by the seeming force of the old familiar arguments: One can work most effectively toward a better day as an insider; any kind of church is better than none; would you want your children to grow up without the advantages of Sunday School and church? But now these shibboleths no longer satisfy me; no church at all is better for my sons than the competitive Christianity for which they were coming to have an unconscious contempt before they had reached their teens.

So I have struck. I have come to feel that it is actually sinful to keep any one of the churches in this community going another week on its present basis. I have not been willing to be passively opposed only. I have tried to let everyone know why I am out of the church and how eagerly I will unite with and support any church which will result from a union or federation of at least three of these four churches, whatever the denominational af-

filiation of the new body. I have tried with the fervor of an evangelist to get as many as possible to join me in this strike.

I make no pretense to being happy or comfortable in this choice of what seems to me to be the lesser of two evils. Though there is reason to hope that we may get action in the not-too-distant future, it has seemed a long time to be deprived of the benefits and pleasures of corporate Christian fellowship. I went on strike only when I became convinced that such action by enough of us was the surest way, probably the only way, to hasten the day when this community will have the kind of church that it can and should have.

I will gladly adopt some other procedure if anyone will make a suggestion and convince me that his method will the more rapidly bring us to that better day religiously. I am breaking into print for the first time in my life (and perhaps the last) in the faint hope that some one will be able to offer me some acceptable advice. I say "faint hope" because I make two reservations in advance.

I cannot consider any effort to start a new church. In all probability, this would merely add a fifth to the little struggling, ineffective congregations of our community. These town churches must somehow be combined into one genuine community congregation.

Secondly, it is a waste of time to urge me to be patient and to hang on a little longer in one of the churches we now have. Here if anywhere is surely a situation where patience has ceased to be a virtue. When I first began to question the denominational system as a youth twenty years ago, the most common remark was that "it is merely a question of waiting for enough funerals." Well, we've been putting away narrow-minded bigots into their last sleep for a score of years now, and we have been steadily raising up a new crop of individuals who continue to keep four churches open in this small village whose population, entirely white and all Protestant, is almost as homogeneous as the members of a single family.

The lines of action which I have rejected would seem to exhaust the alternate possibilities. In joining the very many who are out on a "church strike" in both city and country, and in thus casting a tangible vote of no-confidence in our present ecclesiastical and lay leadership, I am doing the only thing I can conscientiously do from my present point of view.

Is there any other choice for me? If so, what is it? A lot of my friends and neighbors would also like to know.

RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN FRANCE

MR. MARC BOEGNER, President of the French Protestant Federation, writing in "La Semaine Religieuse" witnesses to the vigor that has been infused into French Christianity since the separation of Church and State in 1905:

The separation which the anticlericals desired in order to ruin the Roman Church in France has had the effect of reawakening and revivifying French Catholicism. The active life of the Church is far more vigorous than before 1905. The Episcopate, to which appointments are made by the Nuncio and finally by the Pope, is more free, and is composed of very active men, who often have a keenly alert feeling for social reform. And in the realm of thought and of the spiritual life much work has been done.

I can bear the same testimony as regards Protestantism. There is within our churches a greater readiness for sacrifice; more piety, more life, more desire for collaboration and union. There is no comparison between the Drôme, Ardèche, Poitou of 1933 and the same regions before 1905. Disestablishment has compelled Protestants to take upon their conscience full re-

sponsibility with regard to their churches. There has been confusion; now and then a bad period. But, taking things as a whole, spiritual progress has resulted from that great shock. . . . It is certain that the expectations of those who for political reasons desired and carried out separation, have been disappointed. Christianity is less scoffed at, denigrated, mocked in France than in 1905.

BOY

Robert Marko in "The Sun," New York:

WHO wants to be a boy once more,
With measles, mumps, pains by the score,
With school and baths and daily chore?
With itch and worms and wart and boil,
With medicines and castor oil,
With games that parents always spoil?

To not do that and not do this,
To smile while mamma's friends insist
That you were only made to kiss.
To wash your ears and scrub your neck
To brush your teeth and clean each speck,
To feel just like a girl, by heck.

To not go here and not go there,
To have to comb and brush your hair,
To wear your shoes and not go bare?

How awful sometimes life seemed then,
You bet I'm glad I'm one of men—
But oh-to-be-a-boy-again!

RACKETEERING IN THE NAME OF CHARITY

EXTRACT from an article in "Social Science" by Adolph E. Meyer, Assistant Professor of Education, New York University:

At least \$50,000,000, it has been estimated, are collected every year by charity swindlers, known to the legitimate welfare workers as "gypers," "sharpshooters," or "charity racketeers."

The lowest form of charity swindling is barely different from simple mendicancy. This type of racketeer goes after his profits personally and directly. Of such workers one of the most successful was a New York woman who garbed herself as a Catholic nun and appealed for funds for the needy Catholics of New York. Another, a Negress, who claimed a legitimate right to wear the veil of sisterhood on the ground that "the Reverend Moses of the Baptist Church had made her a Mother of the Church," carried a "charter" signed by the Reverend Moses duly authorizing "the bearer to collect funds." When examined by authorities, she explained that she had relinquished laundry work for welfare work "because she was suffering from high blood-pressure." This type of bogus charity, made up mainly of the smaller fry, in most cases mentally below par, holds the record for arrests and convictions.

Higher in rank and ability are those who employ agents to collect for them. The so-called "products companies" for a long time were among the most common. A typical products company does its bit for the downtrodden by sending out salesmen with choice bargains in toilet articles. "No actual donations are sought," but a percentage of the proceeds of the sales, the customer is assured, goes to a worthy charity. One such company sold perfume for the benefit of an association for the Jewish blind, besides supporting a "mission for homeless persons." To protect the public against unscrupulous collectors, it equipped its representatives with an official shield. That this shield was not unlike the badges of the New York police was assuredly not without its psychological effect on many a reluctant prospect. Collectors received 50 per cent. of the cash obtained. Another products company worked for "the better comfort of the orphan and destitute children" in a "Hebrew kindergarten and day

nursery." Investigation showed that the company simply paid the day nursery a small sum monthly for the use of its name. None the less, the company continued for a long time to announce that "with each purchase you contribute to a worthy charity."

With the watchdogs of the law snapping at their heels, most of the products company magnates have been forced into more regular forms of commerce. An exception, however, was the former president of a products company who organized a society to alleviate the suffering of needy tubercular patients. He broadcast some 60,000 letters, enclosing in each a sheet of 50 special Christmas seals. For one dollar one could keep the seals and have one's name inscribed on the association's Roll of Honor. Every dollar helped "some poor unfortunate afflicted with the dreadful disease." The requests went into the mails just one month before the appearance of the regular Christmas seals. Many people actually bought them in the belief that they were getting the *bona fide* seals to which they were strikingly similar. Of the \$3,500 brought in through the sale of these seals only \$152.25 had gone for actual relief work. The bulk of the society's receipts had been spent for the "purchase of real and personal property."

A "consumptive home, national in scope," started its existence with an intrepid backer and ten go-getting solicitors. A shack somewhere in the Catskills was purchased. Photographs of this, entitled "Our Old Home" were reproduced on "One Dollar Coupons." Three of these coupons entitled the bearer to "receive a membership receipt." On them was also a picture of "the new building we will erect" (which, oddly enough, was an exact replica of the Congressional Library), and the words: "Happiness is to be shared with others if it is to be real. Therefore we appeal to your known generosity. . . . Do your share." Every dollar coupon specifically guaranteed that "every dollar saves a human life." The backers of this home did a superb business.

A truckman purchased 1,200,000 handkerchiefs. Next he scanned the telephone books for names and addresses. To these he sent the handkerchiefs with appeals "to aid the little crippled children." Every prospect was asked to keep three handkerchiefs for one dollar, and was reminded that "all donations would be gladly accepted." A printed form read as follows: "Please look into the following case of a crippled child which I understand is worthy and financially unable to obtain proper surgical attention." The scheme went over in a grand way until the law became suspicious. The society's mail was intercepted through the post-office officials, opened and read. Some 700 letters contained donations of more than \$71,000. The truckman had "expected to clean up \$500,000 in three months, after which he would go to Europe." Instead, he was sentenced to Atlanta for two and one-half years.

World War veterans are another bait often used by the charity racketeer. Advertising that "a nation which forgets its disabled soldiers shall perish from the earth," a league launched its campaign by writing letters to nationally known men, stating that it was organized for the benefit of the ex-service man and asking permission to use the recipient's name as a member of the society's advisory board. In most cases this request was quickly granted. Thus equipped, it now undertook its drive for money. Bundles of lead pencils were sent out with the request that they be kept for two dollars, the money collected to be used for disabled veterans. If the first request failed, a second cut the price to one dollar. To help in getting more members a "national convention" was supposedly held in Atlantic City. When a photographer came to take a picture of the assembled members, the officials rushed to a near-by employment agency to hire "50 white men to act as spectators at a convention." The photographer recognized some of the hired delegates, and the news finally reached the ears of the postal authorities. When the facts were all put together, it was revealed that more than \$278,000 had been collected. For the welfare of the disabled soldiers the organization had spent only \$3,000.

Unless the charity racketeers transgress against the laws of the Federal Government, they are in most instances able to escape with a comparatively light punishment. Indeed, in the city of

New York, because of the difficulty of getting a conviction, the authorities in most cases prefer to drive these defrauders out of their nefarious business rather than to undertake a prosecution against them. To prove wilful fraud is never simple. Hence to curb the charity racketeer laws alone will not suffice. Probably one of the best ways of attacking the whole problem is to awaken the public against the sharpshooter's maraudings. The safest way to protect oneself against the charity racketeer is to make one's contributions only to established and well-known welfare agencies.

CROOKED

By G. K. Chesterton in "G. K.'s Weekly":

THE little picture of the Mother of God
Hangs crooked upon the wall,
Blue and bright gold like a butterfly pinned askew
Only it does not fall,
As, stooping ever and falling never, an eagle
Hangs winged over all.

And it suddenly seemed that the whole long room was tilted
Like a cabin in stormy seas;
The solid table and strong upstanding lamp and the inkstand
Leaned like stiff shrubs in a breeze
And the windows looked out upon slanted plains and meadows
As on slanted seas.

And I knew in a flash that the whole wide world was sliding;
Ice and not land.
And men were swaying and sliding, and nations staggered
And could not stand:
Going down to the ends of the earth, going down to destruction,
On either hand.

And knowing the whole world stiff with the crack of doom,
I pick up my pen and correct and make notes, and write small:
And go in with the task of the day, seeing unseeing
What hangs over all:
The awful eyes of Our Lady, who hangs so straight
Upon the crooked wall.

THE TRIBAL LAW OF GRAVITY

THE kite couldn't keep its balance up there without the string
that holds it down." That's the caption. Here follows the
text by Robert Quillen in "The Brooklyn Eagle":

When kings were absolute monarchs, few were normal men. They found pleasure in wanton murder; they were drunkards; they lived but to gratify their lusts.

And soon or late they became fanatics or madmen or imbeciles. They finished their days in a hell of their own making.

Inbreeding, you will say, made them congenital idiots. But the Pharaohs of Egypt married their sisters, as Abel did, and some of them were great and wise men.

There is another explanation.

Read the history of those possessed of great inherited wealth. You will find few normal people among them. They were eccentrics. A poor man who did things equally strange would be locked up as a lunatic.

How do you account for the "queerness" of wealthy eccentrics? It isn't inbreeding in their case.

The truth is that man is a herd animal, restrained and upheld since time immemorial by tribal taboos and customs. He isn't equipped to live alone. And as he goes mad of loneliness when denied fellowship, so he goes mad for want of restraint when he becomes a law unto himself.

A fragment of a star, wandering in space beyond the attraction of any other body, keeps no regular course because it is free of the law of gravity.

So men and women, free as gods because of rank or wealth, are cut off from the restraints that keep other mortals sane.

They are not equipped to be gods. Yet they have the responsibility of gods, for there is no power to restrain them. They can violate custom and precedent. They can break civil and moral laws.

They are alone and loose. Nothing but conscience controls them. No power under heaven can say: "Thou shalt." The herd no longer gives them mental balance, sympathy or moral support. And the responsibility of absolute freedom breaks them.

Observe the spoiled progeny of the extremely rich—thrice married at 25, unstable, irresponsible, bored, immoral. What is their fault?

They simply aren't normal. Without discipline or restraint, the responsibility of making their own laws makes their minds as abnormal as their existence.

People can't stand prosperity because it isn't their nature to live free of restraints. Let them become indifferent to public opinion and they are as helpless as a rudderless ship.

Man must, at any cost, be free of tyranny; but let him be thankful for the restraining influence of the herd. *It is the tribal law of gravity that keeps his feet on the ground.*

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF BASEBALL

A CLEAN sportsman, a generous friend, and a Catholic gentleman who is a credit to the Faith, Connie Mack rounds out a half-century in baseball. "News-Week" carries this story:

This is Cornelius McGillicuddy's fiftieth year in baseball. His Philadelphia friends planned to honor him with a banquet. Most ball players expect fans and city officials to hand them gifts on appropriate occasions, but Mack rejected the offer.

About to complete his thirty-third year as manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, Connie Mack, as he is known in baseball circles, still aptly fits a description written of him in his youth: "As shy as a 1901 débâutante."

When John McGraw, of the New York Giants, retired last year, Mack survived as the only manager who could recall baseball's rough and nasty era. In his youth ball players were not desirable guests even in third-rate hotels.

But Mack became a ball player because he had to earn money. As a boy his first job was in a shoe factory in his New England home town, East Brookfield, Mass. On holidays and in the late afternoons, he pulled a mask over his face and became the star catcher of a local amateur team. When his father died, leaving a large family to support, Mack accepted a chance to play ball professionally in Meriden, Conn. He reached Philadelphia in 1900 and settled in his present job.

Looking much like an elongated, starved Henry Ford, Mack's lean, lanky figure in the Philadelphia dugout has long been familiar to baseball fans. He is 6 feet 4, and at seventy stands just as erect as he did at seventeen. He never wears a uniform and usually waves a score card while directing his outfields to change positions, or telling relief pitchers in the bull pen to start warming up.

He is lenient and patient with his players, but demands obedience. Though he does not drink or smoke, he asks no such abstinence from others. If they keep in condition, he is satisfied.

Records show best how often Mack's judgment has been correct. For Philadelphia, he has won nine Pennants and five World Series. His only rival is McGraw, who has won ten Pennants and three World Series.

Mack has earned a large salary for years, and he has bought an interest in his team. He lives modestly in Germantown, spending his surplus money on people who are broke. His friends estimate that over a period of years he has given out over \$100,000 to poor widows and boys.

Though he prefers to sit quietly in the evening listening to the radio, he often takes his wife to the movies because "she enjoys them so much." He admits that around the house, he is no handy man, and is helpless if a window is jammed or the plumbing gets out of order. Though bright and nervous in the daytime, at night he looks like a tired contented farmer.

Catholic Social Reform in France

By Denis Gwynn

FOR twenty-five years the Catholic social reform movement in France has been focused very largely upon an annual conference, held during the summer months, which has become famous in many countries outside France as the *Semaine Sociale* or Social Reform Week. It began on a modest scale; but the Catholic social reform movement in Europe owes as much to France as to any country in the world. Many of the pioneers of the movement were French Catholics like Albert de Mun; while a number of great French industrialists like Leon Harmel were among the first to put their theories into practice, in creating joint industrial councils of employers and employed, or in establishing co-partnership schemes.

It was the efforts of such leaders which decided Leo XIII to issue his famous encyclicals on social questions, which culminated in the great encyclical *Rerum Novarum* (On the Condition of Labor) which has since been widely acclaimed as the Magna Charta of the working classes. But to say that those great encyclicals were chiefly addressed to France would be untrue, because the leaders of the Catholic Social reform movement in France found valiant allies in other countries—in Germany and Austria and Holland, and especially in England and the United States. Cardinal Manning in his later years devoted most of his attention to social questions, and his own phrases can be traced in many of the most vital passages of *Rerum Novarum*. He was in close touch with Leo XIII at the time, and the Pope consulted him throughout while he was preparing his program. Leo XIII also was in close touch with Cardinal Gibbons of the United States. Probably indeed the English and the American Cardinals, who had both become protagonists of the rights of the employed to combine in self-defense, had more than any others to say in the drafting of Leo XIII's teaching on social questions.

French Leadership

THE direct pretext which called forth Leo's encyclicals was the arrival of workers' pilgrimages in Rome, led by the pioneers of Catholic social reform in France. They had begun to organize congresses and periodical gatherings at which views could be exchanged, and they went to Rome repeatedly to seek counsel from the Pope. More than any other country, France has led the way in organizing Catholic social reform as a broad program of Catholic Ac-

tion. The French always excel in the definition of programs and in mapping out a general plan of campaign.

In Germany the Catholic trade unions have been organized much more effectively in regard to membership; and the total membership in France has always been surprisingly small, in view of the wide influence it has attained. But whereas Hitler has now forced the Catholic trade unions in Germany to disband, the French Catholic unions remain as powerful and as active as ever. Their small nucleus of enthusiasts and ardent workers are much more concerned with negotiation, and with preparing plans for joint action between employers and employed, than in building up great organizations with large funds and with a formidable membership to back up their demands for improved conditions.

After Twenty-five Years

THE French method has achieved results which must surprise many observers who are accustomed to the large membership and the continual bargaining between trade unions and employers' associations which are usual in industrial countries. Much of the social legislation in France since the War has been inspired, and to a large extent carried into law, by Catholic reformers. The Catholic unions in France often consist of little more than a small group of active leaders who do not contemplate strikes or any such form of pressure except as a last resort. Yet they have always been remarkably successful in rallying a large following when need has arisen; and they do not expect any great increase of membership to continue when they have won their demands.

Most characteristic of France is the annual conference of the social week, at which delegates assemble from all over the country. They meet to discuss a general program of ideas which usually strikes the foreign visitor as being strangely academic. But the French love such exchanges of view; they take one general topic each year, and focus a series of discussions round it, which lead to free exchanges of opinion and of experience under varying local conditions. The value of the discussions lies chiefly in the fact that the *agenda* is always very skilfully prepared, and the principal speakers deal with their subjects with masterly lucidity. In twenty-five years these Social Weeks have become the chief rallying centre for the whole movement; and this year's conference, as the jubilee of their foundation, has been the most im-

portant and the most representative ever held.

Year after year they have been held in various cities, so that all parts of France have become familiarized with the movement and a new impetus is given to it in each district. Last year it met in Lille, the chief city of France's industrial North. This year it has been held in Rheims, the centre of the Champagne country, in a city which was almost obliterated during four years of war and which has since been almost completely rebuilt. Cardinal Luçon—that valiant old archbishop who lived on in Rheims all through the war years, when the front line of trenches ran through the outskirts of his city and its houses were subjected to daily bombardment—died a few years ago. His successor Msgr. Suhard presided at the Social Week, and the Papal Nuncio to Paris, Msgr. Maglione, attended its meetings, as well as several cardinals and most of the leaders of Catholic Action in France, both of the clergy and of the laity.

The general subject for discussion was "Political Science and Catholic Thought." (I translate it thus, though the word used in French is "Christian" Thought; for in France the words Catholic and Christian are regarded as being virtually the same. The modern tendency has been to revive the word "Christian" instead of "Catholic," because the word "Catholic" has through years of political persecution and bitterness acquired a certain political character.) The discussions ranged over a wide field, which had been carefully mapped out to concentrate attention upon particular questions. But the main issue was admirably outlined in a masterly address by the President of the Social Weeks, M. Eugene Duthoit; and the Pope himself sent a letter through Cardinal Pacelli, which contained a most important general statement on the attitude of the Church towards politics. At the end of the week various conclusions had emerged and were put on record, in a series of resolutions which will remain as a new landmark in the evolution of Catholic social teaching.

Church and State

CARDINAL PACELLI'S letter has probably been reproduced in the American Catholic Press and there is therefore no need to quote it in detail. He pointed out the inevitable connection between Church and State in all efforts at social reform, and the folly of any State which believes that it can dispense with the Church's

guidance and assistance—not only because the Church alone can give a right perspective to all efforts for reform, by its insistence upon the shortness of life in this world; but because the Church alone can produce citizens trained in the necessary virtues and discipline of Christian life. He also recalled that admirably neat definition by Leo XIII of the function of the State in regard to individuals—"to supply a perfect sufficiency for life." "It is the business of the State," wrote Cardinal Pacelli in commenting upon the definition, "to provide all those things which the family is unable to ensure for its members for the normal development of their lives."

Present Conditions

IN view of the greatly changed conditions of modern society that brief statement is of enormously far-reaching importance. The industrial revolution and the vast development of international trade have made it impossible for the ordinary family to provide many simple necessities which even a century ago they possessed as a matter of course. Conditions vary greatly in different countries; but in some it can certainly be claimed that provision against sickness and old age cannot now be ensured by the family but must be regarded as a duty of the State. Still more in regard to unemployment. The old security of employment has been destroyed by economic developments which have herded millions of people in cities where their livelihood depends entirely upon factories and offices. If their occupation ceases through no fault of their own, then the State is nowadays obliged to see that they do not starve. If the burden of supporting too large a number of unemployed becomes intolerable, it is the duty of the State to change the whole system and to prevent a recurrence of such calamities.

The subject chosen was intended to be directly applicable to the present worldwide distress, and the Pope congratulated the organizers of the Conference on choosing it. M. Duthoit's presidential address was a most penetrating survey of present conditions. It showed how greatly the powers and the duties of the State have extended in every direction, and how impossible it has become to reconcile the demands made upon it from different quarters. All ordinary life has become affected to some extent by the functions which it has had to assume. One group of people will come to beg the State to protect it from being driven out of employment by underselling from abroad. When the State imposes protective tariffs to assist them, immediately another group appeals against interference with the export trade upon which its livelihood depends. One group makes out an overwhelming case for increased salaries or pensions or grants in relief of distress. Another group shows with equal force that it is being intolerably overtaxed. How are these conflicting interests to be reconciled?

Under the stress of world-wide unemployment and misery, the State has everywhere been obliged to assume wider powers; and the individual and the family must each admit its right to interfere still more with ordinary liberties in consequence. In the past few years the tendency has even been toward establishing dictatorships in many countries. In Russia, Italy and Germany there is practically no limit now to the powers which the State may exercise. In the United States the Executive has been lately entrusted with unprecedented powers. How are such powers to be used? Has the Church no guidance to offer in directing those who have been entrusted with such vast responsibilities? In France, and in many other countries already, there have been frequent declarations by men who command real influence among the intelligentsia, to the effect that men must no longer claim the liberties which have always been regarded as fundamental rights. The State alone, they declare, can save society from collapse. The State alone must decide whether men and women may marry or have children. The State alone must decide what occupation they are to enter.

A close consideration of these problems, and a flat denial of the State's right to encroach beyond just limits in human life, was the business of the Social Week in Rheims. It was, as usual, the opportunity for stocktaking in progress made by every section of the Catholic social movement; and, as always, it has acted as a stimulus to fresh developments and to closer coöperation. Cardinal Verdier, the Archbishop of Paris, attended it and declared that henceforward these Social Weeks must be regarded as a vital part of the Church's organization. Cardinal Lienart (the young Bishop of Lille whom the Pope made a cardinal within a short time after his consecration) was there also. He has spent his life in organizing the Catholic trade union movement and especially in promoting joint action and joint councils between employers and workers. There was a fine symbolism in the presence of these two cardinals, come from France's two greatest industrial cities to assist at a national conference on social questions held in an ancient agricultural center. It was all the more impressive because this year celebrates the fifteenth Centenary of Saint Remi, whose name is perpetuated in the city of Rheims.

Fourteen Points

THE conclusions of the Conference were defined in fourteen points, and it may be well to summarize them briefly. First among them was the fundamental truth that if politics become divorced from Christian teaching they become necessarily diverted from their primary end, which is to serve the interests of every individual. The right to combine for special purposes has become a menace to the State, although

it is absolutely just in itself, and it now requires to be restrained. One of the chief needs of the time is to clarify political thought, which has been brought to chaos by the revolt against traditional teaching. In the attempt to find remedies for social distress and chaos, the new type of Fascist State is declared to be a combination of many diverse tendencies, while the Soviet State represents the outcome of complete materialism, claiming that man is progressive towards a new phase of organized society in which the State will require absolute obedience and will repudiate everything which conflicts with its own aims. On the other hand, the Conference notes that popular government as it has evolved (chiefly in English-speaking countries) is in urgent need of reform, in order to ensure continuity and a clearer definition of purpose and of control. That process will necessitate throwing over various traditions and theories which have been accepted as fundamental while the system was evolving to its present stage.

Politics a "Human" Science

FOR Catholics, the Conference declares further, politics is essentially a "human" science, existing for the furtherance of human needs, and it must be governed always by reference to the purpose of human life as a progress towards its immortal goal. For that reason the duty of the State is primarily to assist humanity in achieving its ultimate end; and its rights are strictly limited by the dictates of natural and moral law, whether internally or in its external relations. Both State and Church have, in their own domain, sovereign rights; but these rights must never be allowed to clash, because the State should never attempt what conflicts with the higher aim of human life.

Bearing these fundamental factors in mind, the modern State requires reform in its different functions—so that elections may be conducted with greater sincerity and integrity; so that the Executive may acquire stronger authority, and the law greater clarity and power, in accordance with the needs of each country. Modern developments have increased both the scope of the State's interference in ordinary life and the growth of sectional combinations. Each of these tendencies must be controlled; so that the State may not exceed its proper function of supplementing and of coöordinating private activity, and so that private interests may not exercise an unjust influence upon the State in its work for the common good.

The thirteenth resolution deserves quotation in full: "These principles must be applied to three spheres in which the State and private activities must obviously coöperate: education, morals and public health. (1) The State must assist the family in order to ensure for it the exercise of all its rights, and in order to make it fulfil its whole duty in regard to education. It must assist the Church in fulfilling its

task of training man in all his faculties for the attainment of eternal life. (2) The State must apply itself to a gradual improvement of morals, while in this respect enlisting the co-operation of individuals, of professional groups and of public opinion. (3) It must strive to safeguard health, but it must take care, either in its efforts to combat social scourges or in the problems of eugenics, that it pays due respect to the rights of the individual and of the family, and that it leaves ample room for the institutions which should intervene between the individual and the State."

Outlined in this form, the decisions of the Congress may appear unduly vague. But in France such definitions always convey a clear background of practical application. The chief value of such conferences consists in the free discussion of actual questions in the light of Catholic principles; and the formulation of such principles, as the conclusion of such dis-

cussion, is of immense help from time to time. They are also attended by increasing numbers of foreign visitors from year to year, and they serve as an admirable international platform.

Personal Rights

THIS year's Conference might have appeared from its *agenda* as an organized effort at propaganda on behalf of individual rights against State interference. But the discussions showed a real appreciation of the shortcomings both of popular government and of the modern experiments in autocracy. They have revealed an intense dissatisfaction with popular government in its present form, and a decided tendency to welcome stronger central government, provided it is restrained from embarking upon legislation which challenges Christian principles. Even Hitler's new program has many admirers in France; and if he would abandon such outrageous

proposals as the new law for sterilization of persons who are believed to have inherited certain diseases or infirmities, and if he could forget his obsession that hatred of certain countries and races is a patriotic duty, he would have many disciples outside Germany.

This latest Social Week has shown once more that the leaders of Catholic Action in France are closely engaged in studying the reform of France's political institutions. When such reforms are proposed, the Catholic leaders will be better prepared than most to bring acute and informed minds to bear upon the proposals. The conclusions of the Social Weeks may become increasingly evident in the reconstruction of society both in France and in other countries—on lines which have been consistently and urgently laid down by all the modern Popes since Leo XIII was first confronted with modern capitalism as a problem and a menace to every people.

The Heresy of Extremes

By R. Burnham Clinton

ONE of the commonest of modern heresies is impatience with the usual. It is not, of course, confined to the present age. When men's minds grow dull they seek to stimulate them with extravagances just as when their palates are jaded they turn to stimulants, exotic fruits, pungent spices, for satisfaction. The healthy mind, like the healthy stomach, is content with a less highly flavored pabulum, the roast beef and potatoes of the home market.

We all know how far the appetite for the unusual has carried us today. Men simply cannot rest content with the plain facts of existence but seek ever further afield for new notions with little concern for their unwholesome effect if only they provide a momentary titillation. We simply cannot or will not believe that the simple truth is enough; we must be different or perish. Of course, pride is responsible for this, since pride is not confidence of strength, but confession of weakness and seeks to erect about itself strange barriers of unreality for protection against the terrifying winds of truth.

Thus Satan was not strong enough to endure the thought of Christ's omnipotence and sought to screen himself with the fiction of his own equality with God. Thus have the proud always sought to hide behind the fiction of their own superiority over other men, and thus today feeble pride of intellect attempts an escape from simple truth in all manner of vain imaginings. Only the humble are strong enough

to rub shoulders with the truth and jostle the facts of existence; the weak and proud are too sensitive and shelter behind the myth that they are somehow "different." Their lungs shrink from the strong air of reality and prefer the perfumed stuffiness of esoteric superiority.

It is fear, then, that drives us to extremes. The glow of the central verity is too ardent, it dazzles and scorches our delicate members, we must seek little shadowed nooks upon the outskirts of existence, and talk as though these were the true centers. The small mind talks big to disguise its littleness, the coward boasts to cover his fear, the weak intellect uses strange tongues to impress his betters and the little local Satan who has escaped into exterior darkness would have us believe that he has established a new heaven and earth

THE great historic example of this, as we all know, was the "Reformation." Pseudo-philosophers talk as though the denial of old beliefs was an emancipation, as though private judgment was a criterion of courage, as though men were thereafter in a better position to find truth and virtue. It is not true. One might as well say that the builders of Babel were in better plight after the confusion of tongues. As a matter of fact, the confusion of ideals, the post-Reformation babel of private judgments, make its prototype seem harmonious by contrast. That confusion, that

babel, has continued and has grown today to its climax. Private judgment is neither an emancipation of the intellect nor a stimulus to courage. It is an excuse for evading truth and an encouragement to loose, obscure thinking. If the truth is left to my interpretation I must be exceptional indeed if I do not interpret it to my personal interest. The devil, we know, quotes Scripture to his purpose. It is the easiest way.

SUCH a training, and the world outside the Church has been subjected to it for more than four centuries, is demoralizing. It weakens the intellect and causes men to avoid the stern established truth. Hence, to return to our original proposition, one of the most common of modern heresies is impatience with the usual. When a man tells you he believes in birth control he is confessing to a fear of the normal realities of life; when he speaks of being a Communist you may feel confident that he would shirk the strong obligations of society; when he says that he has found happiness in Theosophy you may be sure that he seeks refuge in fancies from the onus of clear thought; when he admits himself an atheist you may know that he cannot admit the plain facts of Heaven and Hell. Like Satan, he cannot bear the thought of God's omnipotence.

Today men rush to these things and to a thousand others as indefensible, and yet more vague, so that we find "relativists"

who reduce the world to a mathematical formula and deny the possibility of a straight line; "rationalists" who deny the relation between cause and effect; "scientists" who abolish matter; "philosophers" who reason to the denial of thought. There is no absurdity, no self-contradiction even, that men will not espouse and make a pretense of defending if only thereby they can escape what Wordsworth calls the common light of day; and in every case you will find these protagonists of the impossible claiming superiority of intellect—an esoteric withdrawal from the common herd. Witness Einstein's claim that there were but twelve people in the world who could understand him. The just retort is that he was putting the number twelve too high.

The common man can afford to smile but he must not forget that in well-nigh all of these absurdities there is a germ of truth—distorted, exaggerated, hidden under thick layers of pure folly—a germ of truth that the weak intellect desperately gropes for, hoping thereby to evade the full issue, for even the weakest mind can not wholly escape the soul's inherent dependence upon truth, however it may disguise it. Upon this fact hangs an important conclusion.

As already noted, the motive, often unconscious, which drives men to embrace these extravagances is weakness, fear of the facts of existence; the invariable symptom is pride, a sort of intellectual or spiritual snobbery. But we need not, in turn, be contemptuous, for that is but to yield to the temptation. The fact is that we are all with but few exceptions in danger of falling into this sin of pride in our own judgment and yet, were we left to ourselves, our private judgments would lead us to the same type of error. Who among us does not sympathize with Omar's wish that we might shatter the world "and then remodel it nearer to the heart's desire," and who of us does not fear the stringency of absolute truth and long for some easier philosophy that would excuse our sins?

There is, of course, but one thing that can guard us from the extravagant errors of weak pride, namely, the humility that accepts guidance from one wiser than oneself and for us at least, as Catholics, it is evident that that One is represented by Holy Church. Yet even among Catholics today there are many who seem irresistibly attracted to such extravagant ideas, some, indeed, who even abandon, or are on the ragged edge of abandoning, the Faith because of the subtle appeal offered by these weak heresies. It is too common to hear young men who neglect neither Mass nor the Sacraments speak as though it were neither necessary nor possible to accept *all* the tenets of the Church. They have fallen into that modern heresy with which we began—impatience with the usual, with the obvious—into that weakest

attitude of mind that regards Catholic dogma as merely symbolic, good enough for the ignorant, but not to be taken too literally by the intelligent modern man.

THIS, of course, is a symptom of ignorance, of the weak ignorance that balks at clear thought, that resents the effort of thinking through a proposition, that prefers to rest satisfied with the catchwords and evasions of what passes current for modern thought and refuses to consider strictly the great Catholic system of philosophy in its bearing upon all the problems of existence and action.

Yet only a little acquaintance with historical perspective should act as a corrective to this type of mental cowardice. Any man who knows anything of the true history of thought through the ages can perceive how the Church has stood from the outset for the normal central verities and, by branding as heresies all the extremes of thought, even though the extremes were diametrically opposed, preserved society from that which might have led it to destruction and death.

We are all familiar with the modern folly of declaring that what a man believes is unimportant *if* only his conduct is ethical. This is one of the little *ifs* that make all the difference, for it is obvious that a man's conduct is ethical only in so far as his belief is true. It is tantamount to saying that what a man eats is unimportant if only he retains his normal health. It is easy to perceive in the latter connection what a putting of the cart before the horse is involved. *If*, indeed! It is immaterial whether a man eats opium or arsenic if only he retains his health! Oh, quite so, quite so. It is, I suppose, immaterial if a man believes in theft and murder or, in our modern euphemism, in self-expression, if only he refrains from theft and murder. But will he? Therefore, it is immaterial if a man denies his obligations to God if only he acts up to those obligations. True enough, but who will guarantee his conduct on this premise?

The whole of history is one long illustration that it is a man's or a people's beliefs that govern his or their conduct and the sane man can only cry out and ask, "How can it be otherwise?"

It has been the Church's function throughout the ages to preserve for us the true belief for the single purpose of guiding our actions in the right path to the end of our eternal salvation. It is due solely to her success in this most vital of all functions that we have a Christian civilization or Christian ideals of right and wrong. It is only when we perceive the immediate relation between belief and conduct—and an instant's clear thought will make it evident—that we can understand why the Church has so jealously guarded the Faith and so drastically condemned heresy. She had the life of the world in her keeping and the life of the world, depending on the strictness of her teaching, was threatened on every side by the false extremes that kill.

FROM the earliest days it was so. From the earliest days the Church has resolutely struck at Gnosticism, at Arianism, at Mohammedanism, at Protestantism on one side and on the other, in order that society should not be tainted with the baneful beliefs that would have undermined its health, that, in so far as they have prevailed, have undermined its health by debasing the pure currency of conduct. She is still today standing on Peter's rock, the centre of the true belief, and striking confidently at the weak heresies of fear and pride, condemning on the one side Communism, on the other Industrialism, here the heresy of Nationalism, there the false doctrine of Private Judgment gone mad.

If today our society, our civilization, is in peril of crumbling about our heads, as so many justifiably fear, it will be because, like the ostrich, not daring to face reality and the truth, we hide our heads in the sand of shifting opinion. If, on the contrary, it is to be saved, it must be through turning once more to the full blaze of the sun—the sure guidance of the Church.

Prayer for Wonder

By B. C. P. Weaver

O JESU, Prince, I pray Thee make my life
With boyhood's wonderment to be full rife.

Then common gifts shall never common be,
Flow'rs, trees, the vast blue sky, the awesome sea;

I'll rightly prize, as gifts of worth untold,
Friendship, Thy love, the finest things we hold.

If I'll but view the world through boyhood's eyes
I'll miss not fairyland 'yond starry skies.

In roylly splendid western sun I'll see
The shining outposts of Eternity!

BUONCONTE'S DEATH

A Living Page from Dante
(1289)

By Gabriel Francis Powers

PERHAPS there is too much in that wonderful epic of the *Divina Commedia* for the young student to be able to grasp all its marvelous episodes; or perhaps the tremendous tragic pages of the *Inferno*, and the celestial visions of the *Paradiso* leave somewhat in the shade the middle world of the *Purgatorio* with its more subdued tones of gray and green. Yet the *Purgatorio*, too, is full of dramatic incidents and some stand out with a singular beauty and pathos.

We must confess that we were well past school-days before we even noticed the story of Buonconte's death; and it may be that we should never have noticed it, but that we had the good fortune to hear a great scholar and impassioned Dantist read it in such a manner as to grave it upon the souls of his hearers forever. The verses refer to the battle of Campaldino, fought between Guelphs and Ghibellines upon a plain midway between Florence and Arezzo on June 11, 1289.

DANTE, a young man of three-and-twenty was among the front rank fighters of the Florentines, and it is believed that he came face to face with one of the leaders of the army of Arezzo, a most violent man and great captain, Buonconte, son of the famous Count Guido of Montefeltro of those Montefeltros who afterwards became Dukes of Urbino. The primitive painters of Italy, and afterwards her masters during the Renaissance, have left us the semi-

blances of these descendants of the soldier Guido. Buonconte was high in the favor of the Bishop-Lord of Arezzo, Guglielmino, who, says the chronicle, "wot more of fighting than of the offices of the Church."

IT was precisely Buonconte whom the commander-in-chief sent to reconnoitre before the battle of Campaldino. The envoy returned, saying that the host of Florence was passing great and that he would not advise giving combat; not that the forces of Arezzo were not high of mettle and courage, but that they were by far inferior in numbers, and the Florentines would be at too vast advantage. The counsel of Buonconte was overlooked, and the Aretines went down against their enemy with fury of onslaught and attack. The Bishop-Lord, who was short of sight, asked once: "What is that wall over against us?" They were the massed men of Florence, with their shields upon which was the red lily of Florentia, packed and motionless, "a wall" the Bishop had said.

A letter of Dante still exists in which he owns "that he was sore afraid at first, and afterwards very happy for the way that the battle went." There were many heroic incidents, many deaths on both sides, and "that day the river Arno ran red with blood." The Bishop-Lord fell by the hand of one who, in the midst of a strenuous conflict, detected the tonsure upon the uncovered head and guessed that he was Guglielmino. Buonconte, fighting

to the last pulse and last gasp, was said by witnesses to have fallen upon the field, and they asserted that he was certainly dead; but his body was never found. Neither could any man say with precision just how the chieftain died.

This blank, and the disappearance of one of the bravest and best-known among the leaders, appears to have made a vivid impression upon Dante. No doubt he had seen the chivalrous figure of Montefeltro, and the poet in him was stirred to sympathy even though as soldiers they were on opposite sides. And when Buonconte disappeared, and only various and uncertain reports were offered of his death, the element of mystery was added to the tragic quality of his fate. Dante seems to have felt this deeply. And in the fifth canto of the *Purgatorio*, Buonconte suddenly enters upon the scene.

THE poet, together with his guide, the immortal Virgil, has but entered the place of hallowed purgation, and they find the clambering among rocks arduous and painful. But spirits move around them, and one after the other lays hold of these two strangers, whom they know to be different from themselves, and begs for a remembrance, or for a word of intercession, for they see that they are moving upward. Perhaps these two will attain speedily to that bliss which is still so far from them! The second shade, when the first had finished speaking, seeks to take hold on



THE FOREST OF CAMALDOI. WAYSIDE CHAPEL WHERE THE ROAD TO THE HERMITAGE BEGINS. THE STREAM WHICH LATER BECOMES THE RIVER ARCHIANO



BRIDGE OVER THE ARNO. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN IN MID-SUMMER WHEN THE WATER IS VERY LOW

Dante, and prays "that he may win to his own desire, if he shall show succoring pity to him." Then, unasked, he introduces himself, briefly and forcefully:

"I Montefeltro was. I am Buonconte . . ."

The staggering importance of the declaration, heightened by the philosophic distinction between the verbs: *I was* Montefeltro, that is a noble of high degree, the scion of a famous race and a soldier of no small repute; now only Buonconte, my own being and no more, *I*, the person, a sad soul reaching out hands to you for help. And he adds another word, a complaint, utterly sorrowful, not without bitterness, in which is the deepest and most desolate self-revelation:

*"Giovanna nor none other cares for me,
Hence among these I go with head bowed down."*

GIOVANNA was Buonconte's wife, and more than one chronicler has said this which the poet says. She never showed any care for him after he was gone, nor sorrow for his tragic fate. And the Anonymous Florentine has a word that is painfully eloquent. "Never caused she priest to turn to altar" (for the husband she had lost). Dante, always so significant, conveys to us in an extraordinary manner the idea of the desolateness of the souls who have been abandoned by those they loved on earth. "Giovanna nor none other cares for me." They had not prayed for his release, they had not caused the Holy Sacrifice to be offered for the refreshment of his spirit, and he is not only sad in his abandonment: he is ashamed. "Hence among these I go with head bowed down." At the very beginning of his address he had desired increase of grace to the stranger, if he would but say a word for him "there whence grace comes."

In the poet's answer there is a quick change of subject, almost as if he had wished to take the thoughts of this lonely

soul from its own desolateness. Dante feels the man's sorrow keenly. And at the same time one realizes how that problem of long ago, the disappearance of Buonconte's body from the blood-soaked field of Campaldino, pulses with its poignant curiosity in the question he addresses to the shade, immediately, in this their first meeting.

*And I to him: "What force was it, or chance,
caused thee to stray so far from Campaldine,
that never hath thy burial-place been known?"*

BUONCONTE is almost surprised at the inquiry; that such a matter as this should still be troubling the minds of men, when what happened to him was all over and ended so long, long ago.

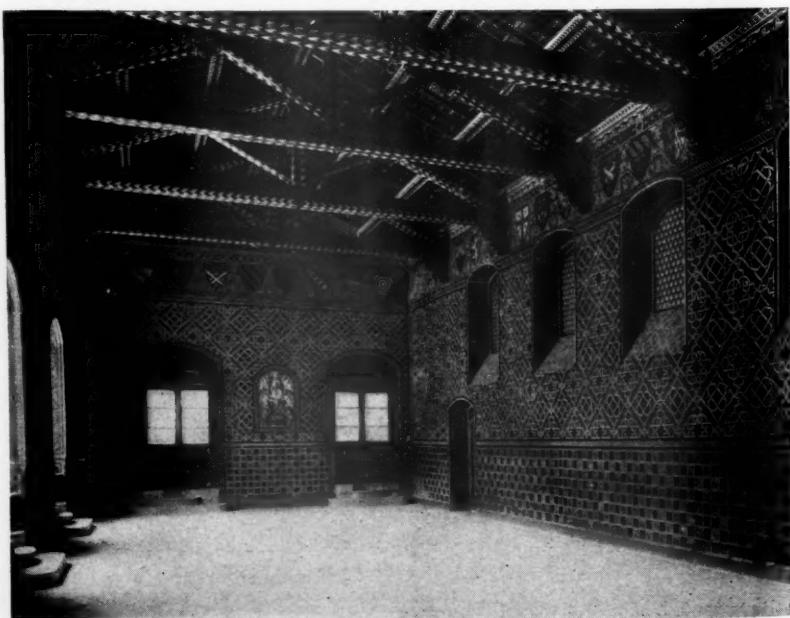
"*Oh!*" he replied. "A river called Archiano flows crosswise at the Casentino's foot, and takes its rise among the Apennines, above the Hermitage. There where its name is lost, I came, a fugitive on foot, pierced through the throat, and staining with my blood the plain. And there it was I lost my sight, and ended speech with Mary's name, and there I fell, and all alone my flesh remained."

THE marvelous beauty of these lines in the original Italian is so unattainable that no translation can even distantly convey it. We must confess that when we heard them read by that eloquent voice that seemed to be feeling all the tragedy of Buonconte's unaided passing the sorrow of them pierced us through. But the reader knew that the dying man had found one supreme, sole solace speaking the Name of Mary, and in that Name he died. For all the desolation of the scene, for its unspeakable abandonment, we could not help thinking: What a beautiful death!

*"There my sight lost I, and my utterance
Ceased in the name of Mary."*

The great love of Dante for Madonna, a love proclaimed a thousand times over in some of the most perfect verses ever penned, cries out again to her from the pale lips of Buonconte; and the poet gives us clearly to understand that the death, for all its forsaken anguish, was most enviable.

Personally I almost wished that the reader's half of sympathy, and the space of silence, had not been followed by any other words. What other word could ever equal this that Buonconte had died breathing the name of Mary? But the dramatic



GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE OF POPPI, WHERE DANTE WAS THE GUEST OF COUNT GUIDI AND HIS FAMILY FOR NEARLY A YEAR. THE HALL WAS REDECORATED IN 1907

story must hasten to its close (translation of Courtney Langdon):

*The truth I tell, tell thou among the living.
God's Angel took me while the one from Hell
cried out: Why dost thou rob me, thou from
Heaven?*

*Thou bearest hence this man's eternal part,
because of one small tear that takes him from
me;*

but I shall with the rest deal otherwise!

*Well knowest thou how damp vapors in the
air,*

*as soon as they ascend to where the cold
affects them into water change again.*

*He joined that wicked will, which asks for
naught*

*but evil, with intelligence, and stirred
the mists and wind, by power his nature gave.
The valley thereupon, when day was spent,
he covered o'er with fog from Pratomagno
up to the mountain-chain, and made the sky
so lowering o'er it that the pregnant air
to water turned; the rain poured down, and
what*

*the soil absorbed not reached the rivulets;
then, having joined the torrent-brooks, it
rushed*

*so swiftly toward the royal stream, that naught
could hold it back. The wild Archiano there
hard by its outlet found my frozen body;
and as it swept it on into the Arno,
loosened the Cross which with my arms I
made*

*upon my breast, when sorrow's pain o'er-
whelmed me;
along its banks and bed it rolled me on;
then covered me and wrapped me with its
spoils.*

THREE was an extraordinary familiarity about the narrative; the places, the names, seemed somehow a part of my own life. I closed my eyes, wondering why this sort of evocation, this sort of inner consciousness clamored within me. Had I ever known Buonconte? Assuredly not. But how



THE PLAIN OF CAMPALDINO SEEN FROM A WINDOW IN THE CASTLE OF POPPI. THE TOWN TOOK ITS NAME FROM THE NUMEROUS GROVES OF POPLAR TREES: POPPI

many of those painted warriors, in thirteenth century frescoes upon the walls of ancient churches and palaces, wore their hair hanging and cut straight at the edge as he did, and silver armor, and the storied tabard over it displaying the armorial bearings of his house? And did I not know the effigies of later Montefeltros, scholarly men in flame-colored robes and caps, courtly men in hose of black silk and mantles, in the palace of Urbino?

But that was not what memory was trying to say. It was something quite different. I knew the world Dante had conjured up. I knew every one of the single spots he mentioned. It was holiday time in summer, and we were resting in one of the loveliest regions Italy herself can offer, Casentino, where the pleasant Tuscan tongue is rich and sweet; a very tranquil country, solitary and serene. Mountain lines in the distance, gentle hills nearer, with sheep browsing, and thoughtful boys

and girls watching them silently. Peaceful green valleys, where the broad river-bed of the Arno winds under the fretting foliage of the poplar-trees, soaring high against the blue, and the chatterful women come down to wash their linen upon the border stones.

DANTE said "Casentino!" And sometimes we used to come beneath the great mass of the Pratomagno, a huge mountain where, on the summits, the snow stays late, and opposite is the "Mountain-chain," the poet calls it by its proper name *Gran Giogo*, the great yoke, part of Italy's mountain spine. One day we had driven to the vast plain, planted with vines now, at the edge of which a small memorial column bears the name of Dante Alighieri, and the date June 11, 1289, and the driver had pointed with his whip lest the monument escape our notice: "The battle-field of Campaldino."

There is a tiny chapel further on, at Certomondo, and there it is said that, secretly at night, the Franciscan Friars buried the body of Guglielmino who had been Bishop of Arezzo, and whom they picked up from among the dead. But most vivid among our recollections was the Archiano, for we had ascended on foot through the awesome penumbra of the immemorial forests of firs on the way to the *Sacro Eremo*, the holy Hermitage of Camaldoli,* and on our way we found the loveliest, jolliest, noisiest torrent that we have ever met in our lives. It did not flow down, it shot down; where it encountered level barrier it leaped over, laughing, in one long cascade; and where an obstruction of rocks, it hurled its waters sportively at each single rock of the group, pelting each one successively, and roaring in glee. The

*St. Romuald founded the famous Abbey of Camaldoli in 1012, and in 1046 the *Sacro Eremo*, considerably higher up the mountain, was built for those monks who wished to live in complete seclusion. It consists of a group of isolated cells around a central church where Divine Office is solemnly recited by the solitaries night and day. For several months of the year the Hermitage is completely cut off by the snow and no tidings reach it from the outer world.



THE CASTLE OF POPPI BUILT BY LAPO, FATHER OF ARNOLFO DI CAMBIO, IN 1230, FOR COUNT GUIDO DI BATTIFOLLE. IT WAS STRONGLY FORTIFIED, BUT FELL TO THE FLORENTINES IN 1440. IT IS NOW A PUBLIC BUILDING AND MUSEUM

happiest, merriest stream it is possible to imagine! And when the sunlight pierces through at points and finds it, the water laughs the more, breaking into masses of white spume, and flinging back its own gleaming glory to the sun.

DANTE had seen the stream, and it stands clear that he loved it. We had seen it, too, and loved it, as anybody must who wanders across the deep shade of the fir-woods. As a matter of fact, today, this portion of the torrent is called *Fosso di Camaldoli*, (Stream of Camaldoli) and the branch further to the east—from its birth near Badia Prataglia—is called Archiano; but they are like the two upper limbs of a capital Y, and from the point where they join, and run in one to southward, only the name Archiano remains, until that too hurls itself into Arno and is lost.

We have seen the mist, "spread over all the valley when the day is spent"; and in October, when the autumn rain pours down, the tranquil, meandering water-courses turn to boiling fury and carry broken boughs and fruit snatched from their native trees by violent storms. Dante knew it all. That was how the body of Buonconte was caught in the impetuous tide of Arno, rolled in its bed, and "wrapped about with spoils." He, dying, had folded his arms to make a Cross over his heart.

And it is strange that at the beginning of his speech, Montefeltro says: "The truth I tell, tell thou among the living." Had the poet, in the course of his wanderings through this region, picked up some legend, some tradition, concerning the manner and circumstances of Buonconte's death? His narrative is full of a deep sympathy, and does not seem at all the description of the fall of an enemy, written by a man in the opposite ranks. But when Dante penned those lines, probably during the latter years of his life, an exile in far Ravenna, many years and many experiences had passed between the long ago of the battle of Campaldino and his more recent memories!

The whole of the Casentino is full of recollections of the great poet. And though his biographers are not always able to say, "At this date he was at this spot," there is a mass of evidence to show that in the prime of life, and in mature years, he was—maybe three or four times—in Casentino. He was unquestionably one of the most distinguished men in Florence, he had been one of the Priors, chief magistrates of the city, and his genius made him inevitably sure of himself.

It is thought that he may have come first to this neighborhood with an embassy sent by his own city of Florence; and afterwards, when he was banished, several times over to the Lords of the Castles, to try to win them to the support of the Emperor; for Dante was deeply convinced that the salvation of Italy lay in the strong, unifying power of one prince, and that if

the feudal rulers would consent to accept Henry,* it would be for the peace and welfare of all.

Almost the whole of the Casentino belonged territorially to the Counts Guidi, and it is history that Dante Alighieri was the guest of the head of that house in his superb Castle of Poppi; of another Guidi in the mansion of Pratovecchio; and again he stayed with Simon and Alexander in the famous stronghold of Romena; beautiful Romena of the Romanic church and towers! The dwelling of the Counts at Pratovecchio is now a convent of cloistered nuns, they themselves having made it over to their daughter when she took the veil. The Castle of Romena, immortalized by Dante in his tragic account of the falsifier Adamo, who yearns in Hell for the cool waters of Fontebranda (the fountain, overgrown with ivy, is still there but the spring has ceased to flow), Romena remains as a splendid and romantic ruin, two towers erect over a portion of the keep and walls.

BEST preserved, and in fact recently restored, is the palace fort of Poppi. The elegant tower flung high, Arnolfo so raised his springing structures into the blue, is a landmark for miles around. It is certain that the great poet in exile spent nearly a year in this lovely spot, an honored guest in the household of Count Guido. Three letters, identified certainly as his and now treasured in the Vatican Library, were written from Poppi. They were addressed

*Henry VII of Luxembourg elected Emperor of Germany in 1308 and invited by the Ghibellines of Italy to assert the ancient claim over the Holy Roman Empire. (1262-1313.)

by the Chatelaine of Poppi to the Princess Margaret of Brabant, wife of the Emperor, Dante acting as scribe; and they concern that matter of the proposed coming of the Emperor, with the assistance to be given to him by the feudal lords of Italy.

It has been suggested that Alighieri perhaps went to the Guidis as the envoy of Margaret of Brabant. This is not certain, though it is possible. What is certain is that he abode among the Guidi for a considerable time, and that at Romena he urged the local Counts to take sides with and support the Emperor, "Cesar" he always calls him. It is clear, from many passages and allusions in the *Divina Commedia*, that the poet knew the Casentino well and that the poetic beauty of its scenery had impressed him deeply.

A GERMAN critic said, to our mind, a searching word, when he suggested that it was the ascent of the steep flanks of Pratomagno, with its austere ruggedness and sudden visions of unparalleled loveliness, that became, in the imaginative process of his creation, Dante's mystic ascension, alone with the guide who in the *Divina Commedia* leads him upon his arduous way. However that may be, for our subject there is a special importance in the close and intimate association of the poet with the Guidis, for two daughters of Buonconte di Montefeltro had married, one a Lord of Romena and one a Count Guidi of Poppi.

The letters written by Dante were signed "C. di Battifolle," and the initial may stand for Caterina, Buonconte's daughter. Battifolle was the surname of the Guidis. There were two chatelaines at Poppi at the time, but one is said to have been Gherardesca, daughter of Count Ugolino of Pisa. It has seemed to us that the deep sympathy and poetic insight with which the death of Buonconte is described may be due to the poet's converse with the chieftain's daughter.

In the long winter evenings over the fire, and in the pleasant hours of summer leisure in the gardens, who knows how many things my lady may have said? Buonconte, sore wounded and fleeing, may have been seen upon the plain or near the Archiano's edge. Some witness may have reported to this gentle woman, circumstances the official historian did not know. It always struck us as worthy of note that Dante should place upon the lips of Montefeltro the solemn assertion: "The truth I tell, tell thou among the living." Was it toward Poppi and toward the refuge of a daughter's love that he fled, dying? For that was the direction of his course.

Sacchetti, in one of his tales, describes how the two chatelaines of Poppi were one day walking out in the direction of the plain, and one said to the other: "Madonna, see how fair the fields, and how promising the harvest." "Ay," answered her companion, "fair indeed. But who could ever eat the wheat of Campaldino?"

Alchemy

By Sister M. Eulalia

I LIGHTED up the rusty forge
To test all bitter-sweets;
I gathered all the past could give
Of follies and conceits.

I watched the flames leap up and
crawl
And spread as if on oil,
What gallant timber they had found
To stimulate such toil!

Lo! while I gazed, all did not burn;
Some glowed with fragrant flame;
Were they the deeds that humbled
pride
And made my wild heart tame?

But these that glowed with holy light,
I did not count as gain;
Now, all the joy the past has held
I find was wrapped in pain.

WHAT IS COMING?

By Hilaire Belloc

The Last in a Series of Twelve Articles on the Break-up of Protestantism as the Last Organized Opponent of the Catholic Church

THE Void must be filled. In part it will be filled, no doubt, by an extension of Catholic influence; by a strengthening of Catholicism throughout our civilization. The Void represents a break-down in morals and order, the danger of which will be more and more acutely apparent as time goes on. In contrast with that Void stands the Catholic Church, as an obvious alternative and an obvious corrective; therefore it would seem to be impossible but that in the near future the influence of Catholicism should extend not only through the action of numbers, but still more through the effect of ideas.

But, as I have said, this extension of Catholicism in the coming years will not fill the Void. It does not seem humanly possible that it should, nor is it consonant with the lesson we must learn from history. The Faith has never stood unchallenged; it has always had opponents. Now what is its coming opponent going to be? What can we predicate of its probable nature? What will that thing be which will fill the Void wherever Catholicism fails to fill it and which, when it appears, cannot but appear as the new opponent of the Divine religion which we have inherited and which we must defend?

A New Religion

TO answer that question in definite and concrete form is manifestly impossible because no man can visualize the picture. One cannot say, "The new opponent of Catholicism will have such and such a name; will promulgate such and such doctrines; will practise such and such a ritual; will propose such and such defined ideals for mankind!" But one can, from the lessons taught by the past and from our knowledge of the nature of man, predicate on the largest lines certain necessary conditions which cannot but attach to the new enemy we shall have to face.

In the first place it will be a religion. Even though it calls itself only a philosophy, even though it be no more than a bundle of opinions, groups of men differing among themselves, as during the Protestant period the various Protestant sects differed among themselves, yet we may be certain that the new thing when it comes will be, as Protestantism was in its day, a

religion. That is, it will bind its adherents by a common moral bond; it will have certain main doctrines running through it which even though they do not pretend to solve the great transcendental problems or to explain, as Catholicism does, the whole nature and end of man, will at least direct, conduct and produce a definite moral atmosphere recognizable as the special personality and quality of the new thing. This coming opponent will have a name, for nothing human, however loose its organization, can long endure without, as it were, "growing" a name for itself. It will be known for what it is; it will proclaim and glory in its title; and that title will be descriptive of it to its friends as to its foes.

Unlikely Developments

WHAT will it be? It will not be Communism, because Communism is not a religion. It is an economic system, based upon one or two false doctrines, very hateful in its character and poisonous in its effects, but not enduring because it is not comprehensive. Further, Communism could never arise as a permanent organized enemy of the Catholic Church because it involves the government of the very many by a minority of officials and it is not possible, man being what he is, for the few to remain long in power without taking advantage of their privilege over the many. Communism—that is the making of all men slaves to the State under State officials—if it is to maintain its essentially servile character, must soon transform itself into the servitude of the very many to the few officials, who will necessarily seek their private advantage. In other words, Communism cannot long survive, and, therefore, the New Thing will not be Communism.

Can we predicate of this coming thing that it will be Pagan—that is, filled with the spirit that man is sufficient to himself? Or rather, to put it more accurately, that though man may not be sufficient to himself, he has it not in his power through revelation to supplement that insufficiency. We cannot predicate it with certitude, for the coming opponent of the Catholic Church might take the form of a pretended new revelation. It might take the form of a man or an institution proposing answers

to the great transcendental questions and claiming Divine authority for his or its message.

Such a development is possible; but it is, in any but a remote future, unlikely. Such things come after a long period of decay and confusion. There may be an opponent of this sort raised up against the Catholic Church many generations hence, after what I am here calling the "New Thing" has run its course: but the New Thing itself, the next opponent we shall have to face, will hardly be of this character, and for the following reasons:

There have been held out before modern men certain promises of material well-being, and there are present among them certain novel powers of production upon a large scale, certain conquests over the material forces of nature, and knowledge of how to harness these forces in the service of man, which knowledge and opportunities are opposed to the acceptance of a new continuing enthusiasm. The minds of men, outside the Catholic Church, have, as it were, been switched off from the contemplation of eternal things, and from the attempt to answer the great questions. Mr. Wells put it very well when he said that science had not so much contradicted religion as elbowed it out of the way.

Man Must Worship

M R. WELLS, of course, in making that remark did so in ignorance, imagining it to apply to the world as a whole, for he has not enough contemporary experience (and still less historical sense) to appreciate what the Catholic Church is. But though the statement does not apply to the world as a whole, it does apply to the non-Catholic part of our western civilization, to the non-Catholic part of what used to be called Christendom. What, then, is there left of a religious character? Man must worship; the mere Void cannot continue any more than mere hunger can continue. Men will eat some kind of food if they are hungry; and after the destruction of one worship men will soon erect another.

Well, what will the New Thing adore? It is only a tentative opinion, but I suggest that there is nothing for it to adore save itself—that is, humanity. In the absence of the Faith men have adored for

brief spaces many things; the commonest and most powerful among the false gods has been the nation. But the worship of the nation does not sufficiently satisfy. There must be a vision more universal, some object of affection or fear which men can seize, indifferently to mere national boundaries or even mere race distinctions. We, of the Faith, know what that is for us and are content because we possess the truth, that is, because we are in tune with reality. But those who shall be outside the Faith in the future—and they will be very numerous—though they will not be in touch with full reality, as we Catholics are, will demand some object of worship of which they can predicate that it exists, it is true. Now humanity is such an object. When men worship the State or the Nation, they are worshipping themselves; when men are passionate for the good of their fellows, without referring it to the love of God, they are worshipping an ideal of humanity, that is, of themselves. And this, as it seems to me, will probably be the religious object of the near future, set up against the Catholic Church. The motive for conduct will be the immediate and temporal good of man.

"Religion of Humanity"

HERE some one will say to me, "Do you, then, predicate a resurrection of the curious isolated faith called Positivism, which petered out within a lifetime of its birth and was never overtly proclaimed by more than an insignificant number of 'high-brows'?" The resurrection of what was called Positivism in the nineteenth century does indeed seem absurd; but that which was the living spirit of Positivism, humanity's worship of itself, having survived, may take control in the near future of whatever is not Catholic among white men. I think it probable that this will happen. Again I say I only put it forward as a tentative opinion; but that seems to me to be the trend of things. The New Thing will, on a much larger scale, singularly resemble that tiny and rather ridiculous model to which in the nineteenth century its author, Comte, gave the curious name of Positivism. There will be a "religion of Humanity."

It is an appalling vision, fraught with every possibility of wickedness; but it must be faced as a probability.

Will it have a ritual? I think so. Any worship takes on ritual as a matter of course. This is so true that nowhere is ritual more violent than in those who profess most strongly to despise it and to be able to do without it. Thus in England for the last three or four centuries ritual has, by the mass of Englishmen, been particularly ridiculed in connection with the true Church; yet nowhere is there more exact and detailed ritual than among Englishmen. Civil ritual in the English State is of the most complicated sort; all those occasions upon which the nation bears witness to itself, to its own passion-

ate patriotism, are accompanied by a mass of ritual, any breach of which would be regarded with horror. The Parliamentary system is actually clogged with ritual, and so are all the main great English institutions, military, naval, academic. Whenever men feel strongly and permanently, ritual appears; therefore, I make certain that ritual will appear here and that the New Thing will have its ritual sooner or later set up against the Catholic ritual.

An Active Opposition

AND, lastly, it must be asked, why should we regard this New Thing as necessarily an active opponent? To this I reply that whatever strong emotion of a religious sort exists side by side with the Catholic Church necessarily becomes hostile to that Church and inevitably meets it in a duel to the death. In other words, the New Thing will persecute, when persecute it can. It will persecute with the more zeal because it will proclaim itself incapable of persecution. It will persecute in the two allied names of common-sense and humanity. Or perhaps, substituting science for common-sense, it will say, "You must obey this law because this law is based upon what is certainly true, to wit, the discoveries of physical science." And it will say you must obey these laws because we are applying those certainly true discoveries to what is equally obviously the good of mankind. That is the form in which the antagonism between the New Thing and the Catholic Church will become concrete and take on flesh, so far as I can gauge the modern trend of affairs.

Take a particular instance. The New Thing may say, "We must sterilize the unfit." Certain anti-Catholic districts have already said that, for instance, the Canton de Vaud in Switzerland. In the

name of humanity this abomination will be committed and enjoined. Those who resist will be proclaimed as resisting what is obviously true and obviously beneficial, and resistance will be denounced as morally intolerable—in other words there will be persecution.

As with this particular evil, so with the laws on marriage. For example, the prohibition of marriage save by license from the State, the compulsory limitation of children, the prohibition of permanent vows, or, at any rate, the public declaration that they shall not be recognized in any way by the State. There will be to hand for this New Thing the machinery already erected in this our transitional period, when the Protestant hegemony was declining and the Void had appeared. For instance, it will find as an instrument to its hand that mechanical universal State-imposed instruction of children which is perhaps the most powerful weapon for the victory of this or that idea which has ever been devised. It will have to its hand the modern instrument of suggestion, by which men can be got to believe almost anything, if that thing be only presented sufficiently often in identical form. It will repose upon doctrines, now implicit, of what mankind should seek, upon the temporal good of man being his only goal, and upon fixed ideas as to what that temporal good certainly is.

I hold that Protestantism is dead. I see the next opponent of the Faith, the next author of persecution as a Materialist Positive, a man-worship, organized, I think, as a religion and counter-Church. That is what I think it probable will next arise; but it is only an opinion, a judgment, a vague presentiment. Whenever that New Thing dates from, I shall be no longer here to see it.

For a Golden Jubilee of Priesthood

By Atun M. Evneb

NOW half a hundred golden years are gone;
For so you saw them in the vibrant haze
Of youth's enchanted morning, till the day's
Young splendor paled and passed, and high noon shone.
Look back along your road before the wan
Grey ashes of the twilight quench the blaze
That gilds again more gloriously the ways
Your feet have trod as though God smiled thereon.

Is it indeed life's transient sunset light,
Aglow with memories that shift and fade?
Or is it He Whom on the western height
The poet saw in "pomp of blood" portrayed?
From feet and hands and Heart the red rays smite
The golden road His alchemy has made.

THE CONSTITUTION of *the* UNITED STATES

*Most Educated Men are Ignorant of that
"Dark Secret, the Constitution." It is
Being Amended in Radical Ways as well as by
the Process Provided in the Constitution Itself*

By Charles Willis Thompson

AS State after State goes on voting to repeal the Eighteenth or Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution, a remarkable fact which needed no demonstration continues to be demonstrated, daily and hourly, all over the land. It is that the deepest secret of all secrets is the Constitution. Everybody talks about it, talks confidently and cocksurely, but it is only a slight exaggeration to say that nobody knows anything about it. Moreover, the ideas of it that most people entertain are not only wrong, but the reverse of the fact; and this applies not merely to its details, but its general intent and purpose. Neither is this condition limited to ignorant or half-educated people; it includes most of the highly educated.

A New Departure

IT would be interesting to know what infinitesimal percentage of the people who are now voting for Repeal are aware that this is not the usual way of amending the Constitution; that it never has been done before; that never before have the people voted on an amendment to the Constitution, though it has been amended twenty times since it was adopted. They have never had the chance. Yet it is taken so much as a matter of course that nobody seems to give it a thought. The year 1933 does not supply any new proof of the general ignorance on this particular phase; on the contrary, so far back as 1920 and ever since it has been the favorite argument of the Wets that Prohibition was "slipped over" when our young men were in the army and could not vote on it. In all these years it never occurred to our Wet orators and publicists that if there had been no World War, no American Army, and everybody had been at home, they

could not have voted one way or the other about it, and the Eighteenth Amendment would have been adopted just the same.

The Drys were no better informed about that dark secret, the Constitution. In 1924 President Coolidge's Attorney-General casually announced that he had received hundreds of letters inquiring why he did not prosecute Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler for treason. When he said this he was a new appointee, so in the ensuing years the hundreds of letters must have been multiplied into thousands. That this ignorance of the Constitution was general among the Drys is evident from the constant repetition in print, in all these years, of arguments that the Wets were guilty of treason, of sedition, or of enmity to the Constitution. Neither Wets nor Drys possessed any monopoly of this abysmal innocence regarding what the Constitution is. And this mental darkness concerning it is not limited to the Prohibition question, but extends to everything else in our national charter.

Constitutional Rights

TO most people the Constitution is an instrument defining and protecting their "constitutional rights." The fact is that those rights were not in the original Constitution, which was adopted for another purpose explicitly defined in its preamble. Our "constitutional rights" were added in the first ten amendments, which were submitted in a block after the Government was functioning and doing business satisfactorily. These amendments insure the free exercise of religion, free speech, trial by jury, and the other "constitutional rights" which, to hear people talk and to read what they write, you would think

amounted to pretty nearly all of the Constitution.

There was nothing new about them. They were already in force in most of the States, and had been in most of the Colonies, in one form or another, and the States did not invent them; they were mostly derived from the English Bill of Rights enacted by Parliament more than a century before, with such additions or improvements as different conditions made advisable. The Constitution-makers did not put them in when they made it because they were anxious to leave everything they could to the States, but the Congress created by them found there was not sufficient uniformity, and so made sure of that desirable quality by the first ten amendments, accepted in a mass by the States.

Methods of Amendment

AS for the present process of undoing the Eighteenth Amendment by popular vote, that unprecedented procedure results from the fact that Congress, in submitting the Prohibition question to the States—not, technically, to the people—provided that the Repeal amendment must be acted upon, if at all, by conventions held in the separate States, not by the Legislatures. Article V of the Constitution gave Congress the power to prescribe either method, but the ratification of the first twenty amendments was always by the State Legislatures; and the reason why the convention method was thus demanded for the first time by Congress was to prevent any of that legislative lobbying and bulldozing by organized minorities which had on five different occasions procured the legislative votes necessary to adopt an amendment submitted by Congress. Two of these five amendments were thus

jammed through precipitately within the last dozen years.

Meaning of Treason

THE misconception about "treason" reached its limit of absurdity when it was directed against the Wets, but its track runs all through our history. There was a lot of talk about it during the World War, for instance, and multitudes of people imagined the Government to be remiss in not prosecuting talkative pacifists or pro-Germans as traitors. The Government had no such power; the Constitution-makers took care of that by strictly limiting the definition of treason, and they did so with exactly such a state of affairs in mind as a possibility. Article III, Section 3, Clause 1, reads:

"Treason against the United States shall consist *only* in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort."

So strict is this clause that not even the raising of an armed force constitutes treason. That was decided in the administration of Jefferson, when Aaron Burr was on trial for treason. He had raised, or begun the raising of, an armed force in the West. It was open to question whether he intended to start a rebellion with it or not, but Chief Justice Marshall ruled that that question was immaterial. It made no difference what Burr intended. Under the Constitution, the Chief Justice ruled, you cannot think treason; you will have to act treason, before the law can be invoked against you. Whatever your intentions, you are not guilty of treason until you levy war against the United States, with or without foreign allies.

It is extremely probable that the Constitution-makers would be amazed if they could see what their creation has become. They might not be amazed by the twenty amendments, but from the beginning the Constitution entered on a process of silent alteration without formal amendment. It was amended mainly by judicial interpretations, but these decisions have almost always followed the beckoning finger of public opinion. On the rare occasions when they have not, the Supreme Court has subsequently reversed itself.

This power of the Supreme Court and its subordinate courts was not definitely foreseen by the Constitution-makers. At first the Supreme Court had little or no power, little or no activity. Chief Justice John Jay resigned for that very reason; he did not want to waste his time presiding over such an ineffective vermicom form appendix. Chief Justice Marshall began the process of seizing the right to determine whether a law passed by Congress was constitutional or not. Many people deemed it a usurpation; but it was clear that the power must reside somewhere, else Congress could destroy the whole Constitution piecemeal. That this was no visionary possibility was sufficiently demonstrated by the revolutionary proceedings of Con-

gress in President Johnson's administration, just after the Civil War.

Marshall did not evolve this assumption of power out of his inner consciousness. Like the Constitution itself (for there was virtually nothing new in the Constitution except the pathetically still-born Electoral College experiment) it was an evolution and had been in many men's minds. Its most ringing statement had been issued in 1782, five years before the Constitutional Convention met, in these words contained in a decision of Judge Wythe of Virginia:

"Nay more, if the whole Legislature, an event to be deprecated, should attempt to overleap the bounds prescribed to them by the people, I, in administering the public justice of the country, will meet the united powers, at my seat in this tribunal, and, pointing to the Constitution" (he meant the Constitution by which Virginia was governed), "will say to them, 'Here is the limit of your authority; and hitherto shall you go, but no further.'"

But, like all the other latent powers in the unwritten Constitution made possible by the limited written Constitution, there was no uniformity among the various States in this extension of the power of judicial interpretation. There were Wythes in some States, but not in all. Marshall's great service was in seizing this power and, from his central seat in Washington, making it uniform, as so many other things were to be made uniform in the rival and clashing States—for that is what they were, for a long time.

The Electoral College

NOT only has the Constitution been legally amended twenty times in the manner prescribed in Article V; not only have its limited original powers been extended through the interpretation by the courts; but where both these methods have failed, the people themselves have by tacit consent effected a change, usually not an extension but a curtailment. They began it almost at once by silently and tacitly annulling the one original feature in the Constitution, the election of President and Vice-President not by the people, but by an Electoral College. That provision, Clause 2, Section 1, Article II, was intended to prevent the people from having anything to say about their Chief Executive. The Electoral College was to be an "Assembly of Notables," to borrow the name of a famous French expedient which also did not work well in practice. Each State was to choose its Notables, who were to deliberate separately and pick out the wisest and greatest men they could think of for President and Vice-President. The persons who should be so decided upon by the largest number of these august creatures should hold those offices.

It never dawned upon the Constitution-makers that there would be political parties and that the people would prefer to elect their President by means of those parties, or indeed that the people would have any-

thing to do with it. But, as soon as Washington's two terms expired, the States by tacit consent extinguished that portentous creation. It still stands in the Constitution, and every four years the people go through the form of choosing an Electoral College, but the Electoral College in turn goes through the form of ratifying the decision already reached by the people in November, and is an absurd anachronism.

The Fifteenth Amendment

IN the same manner, the Fifteenth Amendment has been tacitly abrogated, so far as its purpose went. It was aimed at the South and was designed for a political purpose, which was to keep the Republican party in power. It ordered the States to give the ballot to the Negro, who was at that time sure to vote the Republican ticket. It is not necessary to record here the struggle to enforce that amendment, nor how it finally subsided into an acceptance by the whole nation of the invincible determination of the Southern States to settle that matter for themselves, each State in its own way. Yet the Fifteenth Amendment still stands in the written Constitution.

The Eighteenth Amendment was a nullity from the beginning throughout most of the Union, and finally became null in all. The reason why it is now being repealed, instead of being tacitly nullified like the two mentioned and some others, is that its presence in the Constitution brought a train of unbearable evils on the land. They were unforeseen, but as long as that amendment remains the written law, even though its purpose is and always has been nullified, those evils will continue. Hence an unspoken amendment by popular will cannot avail, as in the other cases it did; and so, State by State, the people are voting to repeal it. It is the first time in our history that such a thing has been done or even attempted on any large scale.

Despite this evolution of the Constitution, educated men continue to talk of it as if it were a charm against evil spirits, or as if it were the True Cross, or the Ark of the Covenant. Gladstone rhetorically said that it was the mightiest work ever struck off at a single time by any body of men. In truth it was the foundation for the real Constitution. For nearly a century and a half wise men have contrasted the virtues or defects of a written Constitution, such as ours, and an unwritten Constitution, such as the British. Wendell Phillips, who did not like ours, put his objection in this forcible, but mistaken form:

"The English Constitution, always found equal to any crisis, is an old mansion, often repaired, with quaint additions, and seven gables, each of different pattern. Our Constitution is a new clapboard house, so square and sharp it almost cuts you to look at it, staring with white paint and green blinds, as if dropped in the landscape, or come out to spend an afternoon."

Yet when Phillips said this the Constitu-

tion had been undergoing "repairs," "additions," "gables" of "different patterns," for many decades. I said in beginning this article that ignorance of the Constitution was not confined to the uneducated. The Constitution-makers themselves had no such opinion of it. Phillips's derisive comment, turned inside out, is the same misconception as Gladstone's undeserved eulogy of it, "the grandest work ever struck off by the hand of man at a given time." But Madison, one of the two or three men who did most of the making of it, only defended it from its critics at the time by saying that, considering all the circumstances, "it was the best we could do." The history of this country, since the Constitution was submitted to the States in 1787, vindicates no less than does English history the wisdom of Mackintosh's pregnant saying, "Constitutions grow; they are not made."

Constitutional Gaps

MANY gaps were left in the Constitution then, some by design and some not. Not all of them have been filled up yet. The most astonishing of them all is that no provision was made for the Presidential succession, in case of either a vacancy or a dispute, and that that gap remains still unfilled. It has been sarcastically said of the English, and by themselves, that their polity is that of "muddling through." Our own may or may not deserve that expressive description, but it certainly is true that we never prepare for any emergency and, when the emergency is upon us, meet it by constructing a makeshift. Sometimes the makeshift turns out so well as to become imbedded in our unwritten Constitution; sometimes it turns out that we have only improvised a jury-mast to weather a storm, and then it goes by the board when the hurricane passes. Both these outcomes have been written in our history in this matter of the Presidential succession—once in 1841, once in 1877. It might be well to add 1886, when the so-called "Presidential succession bill" was passed, but that experiment has never been tried yet, though some day it doubtless will be when an emergency arises.

We are so accustomed to the Vice-President's becoming President if the President dies that it is difficult to imagine there is no such provision in the Constitution. That custom is only ninety-two years old, and arose out of a sudden emergency. Anybody might have foreseen that emergency and the Constitution-makers did, but they put nothing in the Constitution to provide for it. The emergency was the death of the President. The Constitution was fifty-four years old before the emergency arose, and then it was met by the decided action of one man, which action became a precedent and has been followed ever since.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the Constitution-makers left this question open purposely. They wanted to leave everything they could to Congress. They

cannot be accused of thus passing the buck because of cowardice; they passed it because they could not foresee the occasion in which such an emergency might arise after they were dead, and because it was better not to tie the hands of those who should come after them.

So they only provided that in case of the removal, death, or resignation of the President, or his "inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office," the Vice-President should assume those powers and duties. But they did not provide for his becoming President. They left open the question whether he should be President or only a functionary discharging the duties of the office until Congress should take action.

President William Henry Harrison died in 1841. In Congress the expectation of the leaders was that Vice-President Tyler would discharge his "powers and duties" until Congress could decide on how to elect his successor. There was back-room discussion among Congressmen whether Tyler should sign official documents "Vice-President," or "Acting President." Tyler threw a bomb into these deliberations by issuing a proclamation signed "John Tyler, President of the United States." He followed it up by immediately acting in all respects as if he were the elected President. There was a good deal of consternation, and not a little of the talk was bitter; but Congress submitted, not being prepared with any plan, and Tyler was President for virtually the whole of Harrison's term, Harrison having died only a month after his inauguration. The four years were spent in violent quarrels between the President and Congress, but the precedent Tyler established has never been questioned since.

"Muddling Through"

IF the Constitution-makers had faced that question, they would almost certainly have decided that the Vice-President could only be the "Acting President." This is the unavoidable deduction from the fact that they coupled the words "death" and "inability" together. In either case the Vice-President was to act as President, and the coupling of the two words indicates that he was intended so to act only temporarily. To make it clearer, suppose that when President Wilson was incapacitated Vice-President Marshall had assumed his "powers and duties" under that clause, as he was urged to do, by the leaders in Congress, and as he flatly refused to do. Suppose that Wilson had ultimately regained his health; Marshall would of course have turned over the "powers and duties" to him and become merely Vice-President again. The coupling of the words "death" and "inability" makes it nearly certain that the Constitution had in mind just such a merely temporary occupation of the Presidential office in either case. Tyler settled all that for good, and settled it in the opposite sense.

But suppose the President and Vice-President should both die, who would succeed? The Twelfth Amendment, in so many words, put that question up to whatever Congress might be in session at the time; and Congress never did anything to provide for that contingency, except the "muddling-through" provision to be mentioned immediately. It may seem that such a contingency as their simultaneous deaths is impossible, but it is not. The thing almost happened once, and nothing prevented it from happening except an assassin's loss of nerve at the very moment when he was about to commit the murder. When Booth killed President Lincoln, he arranged to have Vice-President Johnson killed at the same time. His fellow-conspirator entered Johnson's hotel, and even Johnson's presence, revolver in pocket. At the moment when he should have drawn it out and shot the Vice-President, his heart failed him and he hurried off; which did not save him from the gallows later. To make everything sure, Booth had arranged to have the Secretary of State, Seward, killed at the same time; and the man deputed to that task did make his way into Seward's room and stab him—mortally, as he supposed, but Seward ultimately recovered.

What happened once may happen again, and at another time with a larger and better organized gang of conspirators than Booth's. Yet not even this moved Congress to make any preparation. Twenty years later, in 1885, Vice-President Hendricks died. Cleveland was President, and if he should die or be killed there was no one to take over the "powers and duties." At the instance of Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, Congress did then pass a so-called "succession bill," providing that in case both President and Vice-President are dead or disabled, the "powers and duties" shall be discharged by the highest member of the Cabinet left alive—this in remembrance of the attempted murder of Secretary Seward.

A Fantastic Possibility

BUT the law did not provide that a Cabinet officer so succeeding should become President. Again, as in the case provided for by the Twelfth Amendment, only the "powers and duties" of that office should descend to him. Again it was left up to Congress to decide what should be done. In case of such an occurrence, Congress could continue the Acting President in office or call a special election, or perhaps elect a President itself. That last possibility may seem fantastic, but it is what Congress tried to do in a slightly disguised way when it impeached President Johnson and planned—without the slightest constitutional warrant—to place the President *pro tempore* of the Senate, Wade, in his place. As it takes a two-thirds vote to remove an impeached President, and as the attempt to remove him failed of that

number by only one vote, this revolutionary inroad on the Constitution did not succeed. But if it had, it would have been, as was Tyler's innovation in 1841, a precedent; a precedent that would have afforded strong temptations to future anti-Administration Congresses.

It is true that in order to provide for the succession Senator Hoar's bill would have had to be cast in the form of a constitutional amendment instead of a statute. But that it is easy enough to get the States to agree to that kind of amendment has just now been proved by the prompt ratification of the Twentieth Amendment, better known as the "Lame Duck" one or as Senator Norris'. It cannot even be said that in 1885 and 1886—the succession law was not passed until the latter year—Congress did not know by experience how easily amendments can be put through, for the easy ratification of the Eleventh and Twelfth had already demonstrated it as clearly as has the ratification, only yesterday, of the Twentieth. No, Congress preferred as usual to adopt the American method—which in our national egotism we superciliously describe as the British method, and never dream we illustrate it more conspicuously than the British do of "muddling through." The characteristic cap-piece of this illustration of this quality is that, although three new Cabinet offices have been added to the seven existing at that time, Congress has never taken the slight trouble of amending that law so as to include the holders of them in the succession list; though there is no earthly reason why the Secretary of Commerce should not be as eligible to the succession as the Postmaster General.

Disputed Elections

WHAT may seem more astonishing than their failure to provide for the succession is the fact that the Constitution-makers made no provision for the very probable event of a disputed election. This was a much more serious matter, for a disputed election might easily mean civil war. That they never dreamed of such a thing is due to the fact that they had no idea the government they were creating would immediately change into a government by political parties. They busied themselves providing against dangers which have proved to be imaginary, and never conceived of the real dangers of which the nineteenth century was to give many an illustration. This of the disputed election was in time to prove the most inflammable of the dangers. But, though there were no political parties in 1787 and the Founders did not dream of any, there were parties as early as 1792—one of them, that founded by Jefferson, exists today—and there was as much time to make the necessary provision against that danger, by amendment, as there was to pass the ten block amendments called the Bill of Rights. The same statesmen who made the 1787 Constitution were either in Congress or in

other high places then. They simply passed the buck again.

The danger caused by leaving this tremendous hole in the Constitution flamed into actual existence in 1876 and 1877. The country was, as might have been expected, on the verge of civil war. No one knew whether Hayes or Tilden had been elected President, and no one does know to this day, or ever will. Each party claimed that its candidate had been elected. Not only was there no constitutional provision for such a disaster, threatening the very existence of the Republic, but there was not even a statute.

The Electoral Commission

SUCH a civil war, which was threatened by innumerable voices, would have been far more terrible than the one then so lately ended. That war had been—not with precision, but roughly—a war between sections of the Union. The civil war that loomed in 1877 would have been between city streets and country roads, all over the Union, a war of neighbors with no dividing line like Mason and Dixon's; for there were Republicans and Democrats everywhere, even—at that time—in the South. President Grant began quietly making military preparations for the expected catastrophe.

The calamity was avoided, though there was no statute and nothing in the Constitution even remotely touching on it. The Republican Senate and the Democratic House agreed to set up an unheard-of creation of the moment called an Electoral Commission, and leave the question to this body. It was a desperate device, without the slightest warrant in law or precedent, judicial or otherwise. The only reason it cannot be called an illegal device is that both Houses made it legal, to avert the destruction of the nation by a war which would have left hatreds for centuries, however it might have ended; for no war is so hate-engendering as war between neighbors. The Commission, to respect whose decision both Houses had agreed, decided by a majority of one vote in favor of Hayes, the Republican. But this terrified expedient, necessary as it was to avoid worse things, bred such national dissension that it never will be a precedent, never will be resorted to again.

What did Congress then, to prepare for the same emergency arising in the future? It did nothing. It never has, though that was fifty-six years ago. It passed the buck. It trusted again, and still trusts, to muddling through.

Neither was rebellion ever defined until 1861. Nor was there any idea, originally, of conscription, and aside from the regular army no military force except State militia was provided for, and even that not until the Second Amendment was passed. Both the Union and the Confederacy resorted to conscription, and thus amended the Constitution without any formal amendment. In the World War this precedent was

greatly extended by a stronger draft act. Between 1861 and 1865 the first Ten Amendments, the Bill of Rights, were set aside whenever occasion required, in both sections. Thus, again, a precedent was created, followed in the World War.

Article I, Section 9, Clause 2, reads: "The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it." But what was rebellion? Most of the Constitution-makers did not consider secession to be rebellion, and if they had they could not have got the States to ratify their work. President Jackson, forty-five years later, considered it to be rebellion and made military preparations for it, but the storm passed over. It was still a moot question in 1861, eleven States and a large minority in many others denying that secession was rebellion. But President Lincoln and Congress decided that it was. He suspended the right of habeas corpus whenever he saw fit, with the assent of Congress. Other parts of the Bill of Rights were similarly disregarded, both by him and by President Davis, with the approval of their Congresses and the majority of their people.

Citizenship Defined

THOUGH even educated people do not know it, or have forgotten it since they left school, there was constitutionally no such thing as a citizen of the United States until after the Civil War. Americans were citizens, not of the United States, but of the States in which they lived. The emergency arising, the Fourteenth Amendment was then passed, and Americans became constitutionally citizens of the United States. That amendment begins with the definition, "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside," and continues, "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States," etc.

Such questions as the adoption of popular suffrage contrary to the Founders' intent, the gradual increase of the President's powers through a long series of encroaching precedents, and many other silent amendments without formal amendment, are matters not for a magazine article but for a book. The purpose of this article is only to give the most outstanding examples of what a *terra incognita* the much-talked-of Constitution is. It is unknown to nearly all citizens except those who, like constitutional lawyers, have had to study it. The teaching of it in school makes no permanent impression on the minds of the pupils. Yet everybody talks as glibly of the Constitution as if he knew what it was, and none so glibly as the soap-box orators, stump-speakers, and the like, who, in the course of my observation, know less about it than the ordinary man in the street.

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions + Answers + Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

E. R. K., Medford, Mass.—Communicate with Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh, D. D., American Foreign Mission Seminary, Maryknoll, N. Y. The Society is about to open a leper hospital in South China, under the supervision of the Rev. James Sweeney, M. M. The novitiate of the Holy Ghost Fathers is located in Ferndale, Conn.

L. J. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.—The author you mention made a mountain out of a row of mole hills. He is not to be trusted.

E. A. G., Portage, Wash.—We find no mention of the condition you name in the canonical process of annulment.

M. O'C., Pittsburgh, Pa.—The case is too involved to venture an opinion. It should be submitted to the matrimonial court of the diocese.

A. R. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.—You worry without cause. No one falls into mortal sin "without warning." Have more confidence in God.

W. F. C., Joliet, Ill.—You will find a good explanation of clerical celibacy, as well as other doctrines of the Catholic Church, in that excellent book, *The Question Box*, by Rev. Bertrand Conway, C. S. P. It can be obtained through THE SIGN. Price 50 cents, paper; \$1.00, cloth. Postage 10% extra.

MATERIAL OF CRUCIFIXES SUITABLE FOR INDULGENCES

Is it true that a celluloid crucifix does not carry a blessing? I have been told that only wooden crosses do.—C. L. HAMILTON, O.

Any kind of crucifix may be blessed, at least with the sign of the cross, but only crucifixes which are made of durable material may be blessed with the apostolic indulgences, the Stations of the Cross, and a happy death. Crucifixes made of tin, lead, glass, or other similar material cannot be blessed with these indulgences. It is not necessary to have wood in the crucifix in order to be blessed with the indulgences. The blessing is annexed to the corpus, and not to the cross. The answer to your question, therefore, depends on whether the celluloid is durable or not.

SECRET MARRIAGE

(1) *Is it possible and permissible under the rules of the Catholic Church for a Catholic couple to get married and have it kept secret until they wish to disclose it? (2) What steps does a Catholic couple have to take to be married away from home secretly? (3) Is a priest obliged to marry a couple if they threaten to be married by a Justice of the Peace, if it cannot be done by the priest secretly?*—L. L., Brockton, Mass

(1) The Church does not approve of so-called secret marriages. Marriage is a public act, and as such should be entered into openly. Canon Law prescribes that the banns of marriage shall be announced for three successive Sundays or feast days of obligation, in order that the community may know about the impending marriage, in this manner giving all those who know of impediments to its valid and lawful celebration an opportunity to reveal them to the proper authorities. This is the rule. In some cases it is possible for good reason to obtain a dispensation from the banns, either partially or totally. Catholics cannot be

married validly unless they go before an authorized priest and at least two witnesses. In an exceptional case of conscience marriage may be entered into before the priest and witnesses only, who are obliged to keep the secret. (2) Catholics are obliged to be married before the pastor, or his delegate, where they have a domicile, quasi-domicile, or residence of one month. Those who have no legal residence anywhere may be married by any authorized priest. If they desire to be married outside these places, they must receive permission from the proper pastor. If this permission is granted, they must also have two witnesses besides the priest.

(3) By no means. Catholics who are determined to disobey a grave law of the Church and also to contract an invalid marriage cannot be restrained by physical force. The Church has no army or police. But such couples sin with their eyes open, and must take the consequences.

AN ANGLICAN MINISTER'S VISIONS

I am inclosing an article taken from the magazine section of The New York Sunday American. It claims that the Blessed Virgin and angels have appeared in the Protestant church of All Saints in East Anglia, England, the Rector of which is Rev. Frank Clive Lugent. Do you think that there is any truth in the article?—O. V. C., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

We did not experience the slightest temptation to believe the article when we read it, and our skepticism has been confirmed by a letter from England. We thought it worth while to communicate with the Rev. Editor of *The Catholic Times* of London, asking him what was to be thought of the account. He answered: "Our files here give no credit to the Rev. Lugent, and —, our oldest newsman, says it is all a mass of self-advertisement on his part and notoriety seeking. The whole Catholic Press of this country treated the matter with disdain, and that in itself looks suspicious."

Just as we had anticipated. We take this occasion to warn our readers again to cultivate an attitude of healthy skepticism towards the articles which appear in the magazine sections of the Hearst newspapers, especially the Sunday editions. The aim of the editor seems to be to impress and even to shock his readers with stories of the unusual, the grotesque, and the scandalous. Catholics would save themselves many inquiries if they shunned such articles. And if they read them, they should have a very large supply of salt handy.

PASTOR CHINIQUY

Will you kindly publish something about a book entitled Fifty Years in the Church of Rome, by a Father Chiniquy? A young lady in my office is deriving great enjoyment from her reading of this weighty volume, and states that it contains some enlightening information about our Church; "authentic," too, because "written by an ex-priest who was Abraham Lincoln's lawyer."—R. V. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The lady is known by her tastes. Pastor Chiniquy (1809-1899) was an unfortunate priest who was suspended from his priestly functions because of gross immorality with girls. "For many years he denounced in highly prurient books and pamphlets, notably that called *The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional*, the alleged abuses of the Catholic Church. It is admitted that he had been twice suspended by two different bishops before he seceded from the Church, and there is no room to doubt that these

suspensions were motivated by grave moral lapses of which the bishops in question had full and convincing information, though, as often happens in such cases, the girls he had seduced could not be persuaded to face the exposure involved by substantiating the charge publicly upon oath. Certain it is that, while in his early books after leaving the Church, he makes no charge against the moral character of the Catholic clergy, but rather on the contrary attributes his change of faith to doctrinal considerations, in his later works, notably his *Fifty Years in the Church of Rome* (1885), he represents himself as forced to relinquish Catholicism by the appalling scandals he had witnessed. . . . But by that time he knew what the Protestant public demanded, while all who could effectively confute his statements were dead." (Father Thurston, S. J., in *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. vii, page 703.)

This short account will give you an idea of the character of the writer. You can obtain a copy of *Defamers of the Church*, containing an account of him and other impostors, from *Our Sunday Visitor*, Huntington, Ind., for 20 cents.

THE TRAPPISTS

Could you give me some information about the Trappists?—W. S. C., LOWELL, MASS.

The Trappists are a branch of Cistercian monks, who follow the constitutions of the Abbey of La Trappe in France. The community is a reform of the Cistercian rule, which was accomplished under the Abbé De Rance in 1664. In 1892 the Trappists were absorbed into the Cistercians of the strict observance, and therefore have ceased to exist as a separate body. For further information we advise that you communicate with the Reverend Prior, Monastery of Our Lady of the Valley, Cumberland, R. I.

CATHOLIC CHURCH IN UTAH

What progress has the Catholic Church made in Utah? I understand that most of the people there are Mormons.—J. F. R., HARRISON, N. Y.

According to the *World Almanac* (1932) the total number of church members in Utah is 369,591. Of this number 337,200 are Mormons, 14,595 are Catholics, and 3,837 Protestant Episcopalians. The *Catholic Directory* of 1933 lists 83 converts to the Catholic Church in Utah last year.

VOCATION TO RELIGIOUS STATE

Recently a well-informed Catholic said that nuns and Sisters have not a vocation in the strict meaning of the word, that is, a calling from God. The religious life appeals to them as a good life, but the idea of God choosing them as He does a priest is not true. He quoted "you have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you" (John 15:16) as applying to priests alone. Won't you please tell me whether or not nuns and Sisters have a true vocation?—H. D., ELMHURST, N. Y.

The essence of a vocation to the priesthood and also to the religious life has been a matter of dispute in recent years. Some theologians have insisted that the candidate to the priesthood and the religious life must have an interior illumination and inspiration calling him to these states of life. Other theologians claimed that such interior graces were not necessary, but only fitness for these states, together with the right intention of serving God in them. The matter was brought before Pope Pius X for decision. He decided that there were three things necessary for a candidate to be truly called to the sacerdotal state, namely: a right intention, suitability of character, and the call of the bishop for ordination. The moral and intellectual qualities, with the intention of living according to the rules of the sacerdotal state, were signs of an internal vocation; the call of the bishop was the external call. By virtue of this external call of the bishop, candidates were "called as Aaron was." (*Heb.* 5:4.)

The same principles hold for a vocation to the religious state. Just as the Divine plan calls for a succession of sacred ministers who shall dispense the mysteries of God at the call of the bishop, so the same Divine plan provides for souls who will agree to live

according to the evangelical counsels of poverty, chastity and obedience. The vocation to the latter kind of life is made known in the same manner as vocation to the sacerdotal state, that is, by right intention, suitability, and approbation of superiors. When an aspirant has these things he is considered to have a vocation to the religious state. Canon 538 says that any Catholic can be admitted into religion who is fit to bear its burdens, has a right intention, and is not detained by any impediment.

CONDITIONS FOR ADMISSION INTO SISTERHOOD

I have been told that any girl is eligible to become a nun, even if she isn't a virgin, had been married, whether her husband is dead, or if she is merely separated from him. I have been under the impression that after a girl passed the age of sixteen, she was too old to enter a convent. Also, that she must be a virgin. Please explain.—H. J. D., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Among the conditions for valid admission into any religious novitiate are the following: (a) the Catholic Faith; (b) the requisite age; (c) the state of being unmarried. The age of sixteen complete is required for the validity of the first profession of temporary vows; the age of twenty-one complete for the profession of perpetual vows. The individual community may set the maximum age limit for admission; the Canon Law does not. Persons who are married and whose partners are living may not be admitted into the novitiate without special permission of the Holy See. Widowers and widows may be admitted. While every postulant should bring to the novitiate a soul unsullied by impurity, we do not believe that it is universally required by religious superiors that they be virgins. As long as they are of good reputation, and possess the other necessary qualities, they may be received.

BODILY DEFECT AS IMPEDIMENT

Can a lame person enter the priesthood or a lay brotherhood of any Order? I have been told by some people that he cannot.—J. W., BAYONNE, N. J.

Men who have a bodily defect on account of which they cannot safely or with due dignity perform the sacred functions of the altar are irregular, and may not be ordained. (Canon 984.) It depends on the decision of the bishop whether or not the lameness is sufficient to impede a candidate for the priesthood. With regard to candidates for the lay brotherhood in a religious community, greater leniency may be extended. It depends on the decision of the religious superior.

MANIFESTATION OF SINS: CURE FOR SCRUPLES

(1) *Will the mortal sins of a person be exposed to the world at the last day, even though he has repented and done penance for them? Would not this be a cause of great confusion to such an one?* (2) *What is a good remedy for a scrupulous person?*—R. M., CORONA, N. Y.

(1) It is a truth of the Catholic Faith that, after the general resurrection, there will be a universal judgment conducted by Christ, in which all men shall render an account of their works. This truth is contained in the Apostles' Creed—"Who shall come to judge the living and the dead"; and in the Athanasian Creed—"at Whose coming all men shall rise again with their bodies and shall render an account of their works." The matter of this general judgment will be the whole life of everyone, embracing whatever of good or evil they have done by thought, word, deed, by commission or omission: "there is nothing covered which shall not be revealed, nor hidden which shall not be made known." (*Matt.* 10:26.) "The Lord will bring to light the hidden things of darkness and will manifest the counsels of hearts." (*I Cor.* 4:5.)

This general manifestation is considered necessary in order that each one's sentence, whether of salvation or damnation, may be justified. This manifestation, while it brings confusion to the reprobate, will not be a cause of sadness and shame to the elect, for the revelation of the latter's sins will also be accom-

panied by their sincere sorrow and repentance, which will show how generously they have corresponded to the grace of God. The sins of St. Peter and St. Mary Magdalene do not worry them in Heaven, nor do we think less of them because they sinned. Rather, they praise God for His gracious and tender mercies, and we take heart from their example. So with the elect on the last day.

(2) Absolute obedience to one's confessor. This is the one cure.

INFANTS DYING WITHOUT BAPTISM

(1) *What happens to a baby who is born dead? Will Baptism of desire on the part of the mother take it to Heaven? (2) Is there a soul in the body from the time of conception?*—E. C. M., DORCHESTER, Mass.

(1) The opinion that the desire of Baptism on the part of parents would supply for Baptism of water, when the latter was impossible, in the case of babies, was held by a few theologians. But such an opinion has never been received in the Catholic Church. There are only three kinds of Baptism: of water, of blood, and of desire. Unless one of these means is used, there is no Baptism. The infant being incapable of a Baptism of desire, one of the other means must be used for salvation. It is the common opinion that, while infants who die without Baptism of water or of blood cannot attain to the Heaven of the Blessed, they do not suffer any pain. God, Who loves infants more than their parents can conceive, will provide for them as only He knows how.

(2) It is Catholic teaching that the rational soul is infused by God at the moment of conception.

LAWS OF FAST AND ABSTINENCE

Please explain what the law of fast and abstinence obliges one to do.—A. J., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The law of fast prescribes that only one full meal may be eaten on the day to which it applies, but it does not forbid a little food being taken in the morning and in the evening. The approved custom of the place is to be followed regarding the quantity and quality of the food to be eaten on a fast day. Thus, in this country the Lenten regulations usually ordain that a small quantity of tea, coffee, or thin chocolate, with a piece of bread, may be taken in the morning, and a moderate collation in the evening. The law of abstinence prescribes that meat and the juice of meat may not be eaten, but that eggs, *lactucina* (milk products), and any condiments made of the fat of animals may be taken. There are days when abstinence alone binds, as Fridays outside Lent; and days when both fast and abstinence bind, as on Fridays in Lent.

ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICANCE OF WAKES

When did the custom of "wakes" originate? Is there any religious significance attached to staying up at night with the dead?—C. J. C., PATERSON, N. J.

The word "wake" comes from the Old English *wacian*, meaning *to watch*. The custom of watching by the dead is very ancient. In its origin it was either a Christian observance which was attended with the chanting of psalms, or if in a measure adapted from paganism, the singing of psalms was introduced to Christianize it. In the Middle Ages, among the monastic Orders the custom, no doubt, was pious and salutary. By appointing relays of monks to succeed one another orderly provision was made that the corpse should never be left alone without prayer. (*The Cath. Encycl.* vol. III, p. 77.)

The monastic custom was followed by secular persons, and apparently for the same reason as that of the monks, namely, respect for the body of the deceased, prayer for his departed soul, and comfort of the bereaved family. The custom appears to have lost its significance in many cases, and what was intended to be an office of religion and charity all too often became an occasion of many abuses, especially in the matter of intoxicating

drink. "Waking" the dead is gradually dying out, due in great measure to the above abuses.

HORRIBLE ARTICLE ON BERNADETTE

That was a horrible article by Aileen Mary Clegg which you printed in THE SIGN. For Heaven's sake let us know how it is that just this month she was made a Saint, when I have been praying to her for 60 years, and for 50 years hundreds have been going to Lourdes. I don't understand.—J. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.

It is news to us that Bernadette has been declared a Saint. No doubt she will be in the near future. She was beatified in 1925. The process of canonization does not usually coincide with the devotion of the faithful. By that we mean that the faithful regard servants of God as Saints before the Church officially declares them to be such. They are finally declared Saints because the Church finds, upon severe examination, that they are truly what the faithful have considered them to be. We cannot imagine what you found in the article which would justify you in calling it "horrible." Moreover, Blessed Bernadette has been dead only 54 years, having died in 1879.

SINGING DURING LOW MASS: CHILDREN AND GANGSTER MOVIES: UNCHARITABLE SPEECH: NEWSPAPER

(1) *Should hymns be sung during low Mass? (2) Should children go to see gangster movies? (3) When the sin of uncharitable speech is mentioned in confession is it necessary to mention that it was against a priest? (4) Is the Chicago Herald suitable for a Catholic home?*—N. E. S., ALBERTA, CAN.

(1) If the custom obtains, the singing of prayers or hymns in the vernacular, e.g., in honor of the Mystery or the Saint whose feast is celebrated, is permitted at a low Mass; but not at a solemn or high Mass. (*Matters Liturgical*, Wuest-Mullaney, p. 186.)

(2) By no means. And parents should see that they do not.

(3) It is necessary to mention the object of uncharitable speech when the integrity of one's confession demands it. For example, if by detraction or calumny one deprived a priest of his good name, a penitent would not satisfy his obligation of making a complete confession unless he told the confessor that the detraction or calumny was directed against a priest. The reason is that in a case of this kind two sins are committed, one against charity or justice, as the case may be, and one against religion; in so far as the good name of God's minister is destroyed. If, however, it is a question of mere "kitchen chatter," it is not necessary to mention the object of it.

(4) We do not know anything about the paper. Your pastor should be consulted for his opinion.

APOSTLES AND DISCIPLES: WITCHCRAFT BIBLE

(1) *Kindly explain the difference between apostles and disciples? (2) Is witchcraft mentioned in the Bible? Where?*—M. M., LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

(1) Apostle means "one sent, a messenger." Disciple signifies "a pupil." The terms apostle and disciple are often used interchangeably to designate the close followers of Our Lord. But strictly speaking the term "apostle" is given to the twelve whom Christ chose, and whose names are given in St. Matthew (10:2, *et seq.*) There is a difference between those called apostles and the others named disciples. The apostles received the fulness of the priesthood, that is, were bishops; they were given a world commission to preach the Gospel; and they had the complete power of binding and loosing, in union with but in subordination to the primacy of St. Peter. The disciples were those added by Our Lord (*Luke 10:1*) to assist the apostles in their work.

(2) Witchcraft is mentioned in many places in the Bible. In the Douay Version a witch is called a "wizard," and witchcraft "wizardry." Here are a few places in which mention is made of these things: *Deut. 18:10*, *Ex. 22:18*, *Lev. 20:6-7*, *1 Kings 15:23*, *2 Paral. 33:6*, *Gal. 5:20*. (Have you read the review of Father Thurston's latest book *The Church and Spiritualism*, which appeared in THE SIGN for September, page 122?)

RUBRICAL ALTAR

In the July issue, under "Toasts Within the Month," there is a toast to the United States Liner for the beautiful and rubrical altar on their new transatlantic liner, the S.S. Washington. Would you kindly tell me what is a rubrical altar, and what is required for such an altar?—J. J. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A rubrical, or liturgical, altar may be said to be an altar which is correctly constructed according to the requirements of Canon Law, the rubrics of the missal, the decisions of the Congregation of Rites, and also the Ceremonial of Bishops. There are so many things involved in this matter that it would take too much space to set them out in detail. Every altar ought to be a rubrical altar. But in many instances the above requirements have not been correctly followed. One point about a rubrical altar, which is generally admitted to be necessary, is that the tabernacle should stand free and be able to be completely surrounded by the tabernacle veil. The tabernacle on the altar of the S.S. *George Washington* cannot be so surrounded because it is set into the small steps on the *mensa*, or table, of the altar. Our "Toast" was based on inaccurate information.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

I. K., Elizabeth, N. J.; M. J. C. K., Avalon, Pa.; M. R. B. W., Detroit, Mich.; F. A. B., Brighton, Mass.; M. B. C., Rye, N. Y.; M. Z., Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. F. R., Kittanning, Pa.; A. T. M., East Boston, Mass.; M. E. M., Cambridge, Mass.; M. J. S., St. Louis, Mo.; M. T. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. O. K., McKeesport, Pa.; E. G. L., Jamaica Plain, Mass.; M. E. M., Millvale, Pa.; A. E. M., New York, N. Y.; M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; P. J. B., Watertown, Mass.; S. M. M., Mauch Chunk, Pa.; I. Mcl., New York, N. Y.; M. J. P., Buffalo, N. Y.; A. W., Buffalo, N. Y.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, I. K., Elizabeth, N. J.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, Little Flower, M. P., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Paul, St. Gabriel, B. G., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, K. McD., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Infant of Prague, Mary Immaculate, J. McG., Glenshaw, Pa.; St. Therese, Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Victory, St. Joseph, M. R. B. T., Canton, Ohio; Sacred Heart, M. E. W., New York, N. Y.; St. Ann, M. McA., New York, N. Y.; St. Joseph, J. G., Etna, Pa.; St. Joseph, M. E. P. R., Middletown, Ky.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, St. Teresa, Little Flower, A. T. D., Camden, N. J.; Blessed Virgin, E. M. C., Owensboro, Ky.; Poor Souls, M. O'B., Philadelphia, Pa.; Sacred Heart, B. Z., St. Louis, Mo.; Sacred Heart, A. W., Kearny, N. J.; St. Paul, St. Gabriel, M. B. C., Rye, N. Y.; Blessed Gemma, S. M. A., La Grange, Ill.; St. Anthony, J. F. R., Kittanning, Pa.; St. Gabriel, M. C. D., South Boston, Mass.; Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, M. J. H., Detroit, Mich.; Blessed Gemma, I. S. C., Louisville, Ky.; Sacred Heart, M. B. N., Chicago, Ill.; Blessed Lady, St. Anthony, M. M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Blessed Mother, St. Anthony, St. Theresa, E. G. L., Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Sacred Heart, M. A. M., Philadelphia, Pa.; Sacred Heart, M. B., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, A. W., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, M. M., Port Washington, N. Y.; St. Margaret Mary, Sacred Heart, L. H., Fredericton, Can.; St. Anthony, M. E. K., Harrison, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

FOR A CRUSADE AGAINST RACE PREJUDICE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In a recent issue of your very wonderful magazine, THE SIGN, Rev. Father Vernimont from Denton, Texas, has a letter deplored the poor housing conditions for Negroes who are dependent upon white landlords. I wish to commend Fr. Vernimont's many efforts to call attention to the injustice dealt out to the Negro people. Why could not more of our priests speak, not only in the press, against the injustice meted out to Negroes but also from our pulpits. It seems that this problem is left to a few, who are giving special attention to the colored race. Many of the clergy seem not aware of the fact that many practical Catholics are so stricken with prejudice that they would not kneel at the altar railing beside a Negro, and it is my opinion that if every priest came out boldly against this unjust attitude among Catholics toward Negroes, prejudice would soon break down, for this is, our leaders say, the great obstacle to the Negroes' conversion. It is appalling the number of Catholics who don't seem to realize that Christ died for any but themselves, and in their pseudo-Christian notions, fool themselves into the idea that they love God.

This double injustice of putting our priests to the task of breaking down white prejudice before they can proceed with Christ's work among the Negroes is unspeakable. If it takes dynamite to uproot the pride from certain white Catholics, then why not use dynamite? It seems to me this self-worship or race worship, or what you will, could be cured or, at least, greatly reduced by giving it more publicity from our pulpits.

LAURENCE, ILL.

ADA MARY GOETZ.

BOOK OF THE MONTH: A SUGGESTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It was with deep interest that I read your magazine this month. What especially attracted me was your kind reply to my question concerning the Inquisition. The treatment of this perplexing subject was concise, straightforward and to the point. You certainly settled a bothersome question for my friend and myself, who are, needless to say, enthusiastic readers of THE SIGN. Since thanks!

While reading the book notes a thought occurred to me that may be of some value. It is this. There are a number of Catholics who would like to keep in touch with the Catholic Book of the Month selection and have no knowledge of how to go about it. Indeed, I myself must read the book notes carefully in the hope that somewhere among the columns mention may be made. My suggestion is to have a little box set apart, say in the middle column, immediately under the caption, "Notes On New Books," announcing month by month the Catholic Book of the Month. In this way your readers are informed of the best reading matter easily and handily. It will be a great service to your subscribers. NEW YORK, N. Y.

JOSEPH H. GOODWINE.

REMAILING CATHOLIC LITERATURE: A PLEA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is said that the pen is mightier than the sword. We see people with all kinds of papers and magazines, but what a blessing it would be if we could put the right kind of papers and magazines into their hands.

I am making an effort to distribute Catholic papers and magazines among the patients of this hospital and also in many homes in the Southwest where churches and Catholics are few. May I ask the readers of THE SIGN to remail their copies to me, and also to remail Catholic books—for example, the Catholic Book of the Month—or any other good Catholic book.

Many of our patients while convalescing would appreciate such a book. It would be encouraging to find our people reading spiritual books to find comfort in times of illness and distress by fixing their minds on spiritual and eternal truths.

ST. ANTHONY'S HOSPITAL (Rev.) BARTHOLEMEW O'BRIEN, AMARILLO, TEXAS. CHAPLAIN.

FROM AN EX-CATHOLIC

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I received a letter from you in regard to the renewal of my subscription. I was brought up a Catholic, but of late I have been reading History and making a study of the Faith. I find that some of it is so different from what is written in the Bible that I have about made up my mind that it is all a lot of bunk and also a lot of graft. . . .

I am the mother of five children, but from now on I shall try to have them understand religion as well as the way of salvation as taught by Christ, and not as taught by a lot of grafters.

TROY, N. Y.

MRS. ONCE A CATHOLIC.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. "Once a Catholic" might at least have signed her name, so that we might see whether or not she has made full payment of her subscription. As to becoming in somewhat of a sudden a "Bible Christian," we might suggest that she meditate upon the Acts of the Apostles (chapter VIII), especially the confession of ignorance by the eunuch, who asked of St. Philip the *explanation* of the prophecy which he was reading from the Bible (verse 34). Studying the Bible is one thing; understanding it is another. We advise that you continue to approach God in a spirit of simple faith, and also to study *The Question Box*, by Rev. Bertrand Conway, C.S.P., in which your many charges against the Church are clearly explained. Moreover, remember the serious obligation resting upon your conscience to provide for the spiritual welfare of your five children. There must be something very good about you, when you have five children. We recommend that you read with attention the awful threat of Christ against those who scandalize children. (*Matt. 18:6*.)

"THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The letter which appeared in the August issue of THE SIGN relating to "The Voice of Experience" was read by me with great interest. Consequently, when I happened to see the above title on the front page of "Psychology" I bought the magazine and read it.

In the article I learned this man who goes under the pseudonym of "The Voice of Experience" (his real name is Dr. M. Sayle Taylor) possesses a peculiar charm, a magic "which draws innumerable souls at certain hours to shut out all the world that they may listen to him. What quality or power lies in the sound of this single human voice that can so arouse and uplift that as one hearer said, 'Always after I have heard the 'Voice of Experience' I feel as though I had had a mental bath.'"

The article claims that Dr. Taylor has received over two million letters in the last seven and a half years. "Thousands, battling with desire to take their own lives, have reached to him for reasons why they should go on living; murderers have confessed to him; every form of "triangle" or marital liaison has been presented to him for solution. Those in deepest or extraordinary trouble seem drawn as by a magnet to this man."

Dr. Taylor's life ambition, according to the above quoted article, is to serve others. He started out to become a surgeon, but met with an accident which prevented the fulfilment of his desire. Then, in the midst of profound disappointment and melancholy, the thought came to him that, though he could not minister to the bodies of others, he could be instrumental in relieving the troubles of their minds and hearts. Hence, he blossomed into "The Voice of Experience."

While it may be admitted that Dr. Taylor has afforded many relief from worry and alarm, there is an element of danger in his broadcast, as witnessed by the following: "Almost a sixth sense I believe this man has, and not too far fetched does the statement seem that I heard a friend make recently when he said, 'Something Dr. Taylor has, something he gives out, that is so vital, so much needed—why, it is almost a *new religion*.'"

I think that we have already enough religions, and to spare, and consequently no need of another one: And if Catholics would take their moral problems to our priests there would be no business, at least for Catholics, for "The Voice of Experience."

He is sponsored by the makers of Musterole, Zemo, and Mo (a laxative), the virtues of which "The Voice" reveals over the air.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

S. P. E.

ONE VOTE FOR "VOICE OF EXPERIENCE"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your wonderful magazine for August a subscriber finds fault with one of the radio features of Station WABC—"The Voice of Experience."

Being an aspirant to the religious life and coming of a family whose code of morality is almost carried to an extreme, I wish to say that I have listened numberless times to this feature without being scandalized. Brother and I are twenty-one years of age, but despite this fact, if mother heard a program on the radio which was not fit to listen to she would destroy the set rather than have anything impair our faith in Catholic teaching.

The topics spoken of by this person are only in answer to questions asked by the listeners. It is true that this well-meaning individual is not of our faith, and hence Catholics would have less confidence in him, but his general advice is most helpful. He informed you correctly when he said that he advises Catholics to consult their priests, that he is against divorce, etc., for our family has heard him use these expressions.

He has a God and is doing his best to serve Him. He seems to possess great humility, and the object of his broadcast is to aid suffering humanity. Anyone who listens to him with an open mind will say he is doing a good work.

HOLLIS, N. Y.

"A SATISFIED LISTENER."

ONE VOTE AGAINST "THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Recently one of your readers inquired about "The Voice of Experience." I think that the enclosed clipping cut from the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* is interesting. It does seem to be the truth in view of the type of broadcast that "The Voice" now presents. Perhaps popular opinion will soon rid the air of this thoroughly objectionable feature.

In my home THE SIGN is one of the month's bright spots. The articles presented are excellent. Categorical and The Sign-Post, however, are of special interest. My nieces and nephews argue about who shall read your magazine first when it arrives. (This is great praise in view of all the popular non-religious publications that contest your popularity with them.) The Church has a powerful champion in a strong Catholic Press, and certainly THE SIGN should be proud of its position in the front ranks.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ISABELLE G. HAZELETTE.

[ENCLOSURE]

A great compliment to the intelligence of Brooklyn theatergoers is paid by the news that the Brooklyn public refrained from going to see "The Voice of Experience" in such large numbers that the Fox, Brooklyn, suffered its worst week in three months when aforesaid "Voice of Experience" headed the Fox's stage bill.

M. S. Taylor, who broadcasts under the alias of "Voice of Experience," is a former sex show lecturer who was ordered by the authorities to stop calling himself "Doctor," a title to which he had no right.

Despite his history, the Columbia Broadcasting System permitted him to go on the air and he has acquired quite a following among the class of people who used to fall hard for medicine men. His racy broadcasts have caused critics to suggest that a better name would be "Voice of Sexperience."

The fact that Brooklyn cold-shouldered him when he played here should be a warning to others of his kind to stay out of this area. They aren't welcome

"THE KINGDOM, THE POWER AND THE GLORY"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In looking over the May issue of THE SIGN I noticed the explanation of the Protestant ending of the Lord's Prayer, to which I wish to add these few lines.

The ending "For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory forever, Amen" (*Matt. 6:13*) is not a Protestant addition to the original text because that is the ending in the old Slavonic translation, and that translation was made by St. Cyril and St. Methodius from the Greek text. It was approved by Pope Hadrian II, by whom Sts. Cyril and Methodius were elevated to the bishopric.

The same ending occurs in connection with the Our Father in the Mass constructed by St. Basil the Great, in the Mass of St. John Chrysostom, and in the Greek Catholic Pre-sanctified Mass of Pope St. Gregory the Great. All of these Masses are in usage in the Greek Rite Catholic Church at the present time, with the approval of the Holy See.

I hope that all this will prove that this so-called "addition" is not a Protestant addition, but that it was in usage in the early Church, right after the apostolic time, and in the time of the Fathers of the Church, long before the [Greek] schism or Protestantism.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(REV.) C. S. ROSKOVICS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The doxology "For Thine is the kingdom, etc., " was not of Protestant origin, but borrowed from the Greek liturgy by the translators of the King James Version of the Bible. Since it appears only in the Protestant versions of the Bible in English, it is usually considered a Protestant addition. Embolismus explains the doxology in the Greek liturgies.

MAGAZINE FOR FOSTERING VOCATIONS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In reference to your answer in The Sign-Post to M. R. O'H., in your September issue, may I inform you that I recently chanced upon a quarterly magazine entitled, "Come Follow Me," published by The Little Flower Mission Circle, an organization fostering vocations among girls. I am enclosing a copy of the magazine.

Perhaps M. R. O'H., may be interested in joining the Circle, as well as subscribing to the paper. For further information she may communicate with Reverend Joseph J. Strauss C.S.S.R., 389 East 150th Street, New York City.

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

EDITH AMRHEIN.

"A WOMAN OF THE DREXELS"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN, September issue, page 77, has a remarkable essay by Helen Grace Smith entitled, "A Woman of the Drexels." God bless Helen Grace Smith for bringing that great woman to the notice of the American public. She says, "Mother Drexel should be known not only here in America, but throughout the world, that missionary helpers may flock to her standard." She needs help from the clergy and laity, since she works for the uplift of the Negro race, which is the most difficult mission in this country on account of the white man's silly prejudice against the defenseless and humble Negro brother.

Sometime ago a selection was made of the twelve greatest women in the United States. Among these were movie stars, but Mother Drexel, who is worth more in the sight of God than all the movie stars in the world, was not mentioned—a proof that we have lost appreciation of true values. May the worth of Mother Drexel soon be appreciated.

DENTON TEX.

(REV.) RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

MR. GOLDSTEIN ON CATHOLIC JEWS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am so ardent an admirer of the informing answers to questions in your division of THE SIGN that it is only the urge to "keep the record straight" which prompts me to get off my soap box for a few moments to put down a word regarding your answer to the query, "Are Catholics Jews?" in the August issue.

I had thought, my religious inheritance being Jewish, that when I came to the realization that the faith of my fathers blossomed into Catholicity with the coming of the King of the Jews, and was regenerated in the waters of Holy Baptism, that I became an unqualified Catholic. But no, according to The Sign-Post of August, I am still a Jew, a "Jew Catholic."

I not only failed to cease being a Jew religiously, but I remained a Jew nationally. A Jew, we are told, who happens to be born in Ireland can never be an Irishman, for "Jews remain Jews in regard to their nationality, no matter what religion they profess."

Still more, if the *Standard Dictionary* referred to is correct, I am also a "Jew Catholic" racially. So a man born in Ireland, other than a Jew, may be an Irishman nationally, a Celt racially, and an unmodified Catholic religiously. But poor me! What would I be in the Isle of Saints? A "Jew Catholic" nationally, racially, and religiously. Surely, different words must represent different things or degrees of things. Were it not well, then, to make a distinction between the terms by designating as Jews those persons who believe in the Torah; as Hebrews when referring to them racially, as of Semitic origin or to their language; and as Israelites when considering their by-gone nationalistic status?

LINCOLN, NEB.

DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It would be the unkindest cut of all to question Mr. Goldstein's sterling Catholicism. But we think that even Mr. Goldstein would admit that, though he changed his religion, he could not change his racial origin.

FATHER BLUNT'S ARTICLES ON THE PASSION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

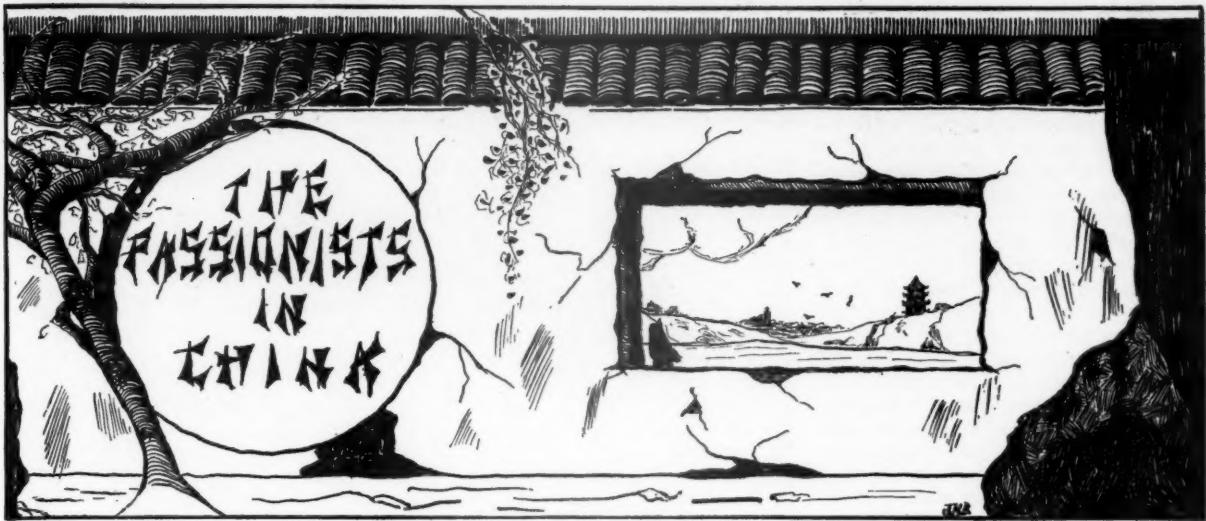
In an article entitled "The Third Station," by Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D., in the August issue, appears the statement (page 53) which says that Christ stumbled—"His hands were helpless, tied to the wood of the Cross." Is this true? None of the Stations depicts Christ with His hands tied to the cross. In fact, the sixth Station—Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus—depicts Christ in the act of handing back the cloth. Should this seem to merit a reply through The Sign-Post, I would appreciate it.

To me, The Sign Post is very helpful. It explains things of common interest in a way that helps those of us who are in contact with non-Catholics. I have read different articles and stories in THE SIGN for several years now, and have sometimes wondered at the accuracy of some statements. Sorry I have nothing specific in mind at the moment. This may explain my reason for questioning the statement referred to above.

TORONTO, CANADA.

THOMAS E. McDONNELL, JR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: There are many contradictory opinions entertained by historians and scriptural exegetes concerning the details of Our Lord's crucifixion. Therefore, it is easy to understand how an individual writer may state things as facts which are really a matter of dispute. Father Blunt is not writing a technical treatise but a series of devotional articles on the sacred theme, in the treatment of which there is room for the exercise of the imagination. In this way the awful tragedy of the Sacred Passion is made vivid. We shall always be glad to answer the questions of our readers on matters of Catholic faith and practice, and it is needless to say that we spare no pains in order to be as accurate as possible.



Yuanchow Our Goal

By Sisters of St. Joseph

TE Deum Laudamus!" It was from grateful hearts that this hymn of praise ascended on the morning of April 6, when our little missionary band arrived at the church in Shenchow. We rejoiced with our companions, the Sisters of Charity, that they had reached their destination in safety; and, for ourselves, that we had come to another milestone on the journey to our Mission.

We were welcomed by the Sisters of Charity, as members of their own community, but our sojourn there was not long. Anxious to reach our Mission we were delighted to hear that arrangements had been made for us to leave on Saturday, April 8, for Yuanchow. On the morning of the eighth, we assisted at Mass in the convent at 4:30. It was very impressive to see the little girls from the school coming to the Holy Sacrifice at that early hour.

After breakfast, we bade farewell to the Sisters who had been our companions in travel since February 6. It was then that we first began to experience the real difficulties of a journey in the interior of China. The boatman had waited until morning to buy his supplies and hire men to pull the boat. It was eight o'clock before we were again on our way up the Yuan River on a junk about half the size of the one we had left two days before.

During the night there was a thunder-storm and rain found its way through the fragile roof. After placing basins to protect the bedding from water, we slept peacefully until 3:30. Then, carrying lanterns, we found our way to the Mission at Luki, where we assisted at Holy Mass.



SISTER ETHELBERTA CARSON OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, CONVENT STATION, NEW JERSEY, SAILED FOR THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS IN CHINA ON AUGUST 12. SISTER ETHELBERTA IS A NATIVE OF SALEM, MASS. SHE RECEIVED HER EARLY EDUCATION IN ST. MARY'S SCHOOL IN THAT CITY, AND HER BACHELOR OF MUSIC DEGREE FROM CHICAGO UNIVERSITY. SHE WAS PROFESSIONED ON DECEMBER 28, 1913. LATER SHE TAUGHT IN THE SCHOOLS OF ST. AGNES AND OUR LADY OF VICTORIES AT PATERSON, NEW JERSEY, AND ST. JOHN'S, ROXBURY, MASS. SHE HAS AT LAST ACHIEVED HER AMBITION TO LABOR FOR SOULS IN THE FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS

Father Antoine, C.P., had his cook prepare breakfast, and we partook of it before returning to the boat at daybreak.

When we reached Pushih, the boat pullers refused to go farther, saying they had to return to their farms the following day. Other men were hired to make the trip to Chenki that night. Unfortunately, these men were opium smokers. Just after dark three of them dropped the rope and went off to smoke, and the fourth was thrown over the cliff as the boat went swiftly back over the rapids. God, in His mercy, came to the rescue and sent a strong wind which carried our little bark out of this danger. By that time, the men had finished smoking and resumed their work as though nothing had happened.

THE next morning, after we had heard the Holy Mass in Chenki, fireworks announced the arrival of a funeral procession. Returning to the church we found a huge casket hewn out of logs, tied with heavy ropes and covered with a pall. We were greatly edified to see a large number of the faithful approaching Holy Communion at this funeral Mass.

On leaving the church, Father Jeremiah, C.P., introduced us to the children, who took us to see their school. They were lamenting the loss of the Sisters of Charity, who had left only the week before, to return to their Mission in Shenchow. We regretted that we could not remain with these little ones and continue the work that had been so nobly advanced by the Sisters during their two years' stay there. However, other souls were awaiting us in

Yuanchow. Accompanied by these little ones and a number of the older folks who had come to greet their former pastor, Father William, C.P., we made our way to the boat.

We had traveled a few miles when we saw a junk caught in the wall of a fish hatchery. While some of the men bailed out water, others transferred the baggage to sampans. This was the second boat we had seen going to destruction. It made us realize more fully what a feat of skill and daring it is for a man to guide a vessel on these perilous inland waters of China.

Progress that day was slow. Small as the junk was, it proved to be too large for the shallow water in the Mayang River. The boatman, who had guaranteed to take us to Kiang Kou in five days, announced that it would require another day to make the trip. Soldiers and carriers had been engaged to meet us at this town on Wednesday, April 12, and if we did not arrive at the appointed time they could not be depended upon to wait. The climax was reached when at noon the sailors again stopped to smoke opium. We moved to a smaller boat with the hope of reaching our destination in due time. All the while, Isabel, the faithful Chinese woman who accompanied us, assured us that God would provide. Her living faith and confidence in God are sufficient proof that the work of the missionaries has not been in vain.

THE junk we left required four pullers but this one was easily drawn by two men. Needless to say, conditions were even more crowded than before. We had descended step by step from the modern luxuries of the palatial and smooth-sailing "President Crant" to the inconveniences of a crude sampan. Without taking the airplane into consideration, there now remained only one mode of travel that we had not tried in this country and that we were to experience on Thursday.

The little sampan made excellent time. The men were reliable, and although the rapids were the worst we had yet seen, we arrived at Kaotsum that evening where we were cordially welcomed by Father Cormac, C.P. After spending the night at the Mission we again had the consolation of Mass and Holy Communion before beginning our last day's journey on the river.

It rained almost constantly but we arrived at Kiang Kou on schedule, and found our soldiers and carriers there awaiting us. At daybreak on Thursday we started our overland trip in chairs. It was still raining and even the sure-footed carriers with their straw sandals found difficulty in walking through the slippery mud. At noon the coolies stopped for rice. We had brought lunch with us so we entered a Chinese inn to eat. It would be hard indeed to describe in a fitting manner that one story building consisting of a bedroom and dining room. We were so busy looking at the strange surroundings and watching the chicken that seemed to have charge of



Prayer for Missionaries

ALMIGHTY GOD, Lord of the harvest of souls, we pray Thee to guide and bless all those who have gone forth to preach the Gospel of salvation in distant lands.

Pour out Thy Holy Spirit upon them to strengthen their weakness, to comfort them in their trials, to direct them in all their efforts, and open the hearts of the heathen to receive Thy message delivered by them.

Give unto them the spirit of power, and love, and of sound mind, that in all their work they may set forth Thy glory and move forward the salvation of souls, that the heathen may become Thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth Thy possession, through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

keeping crumbs off the floor that we almost forgot to eat. But time was fleeing and one of Hunan's highest mountains lay before us. As soon as possible we were again on our way. Ascending the mountain was difficult, but the descent on the other side was even more dangerous. Here again Saint Joseph, under whose special protection we were making the journey, watched over us and guided us safely to the Mission.

Words cannot describe our joy when, in the distance, we recognized our Sisters who had brought the children to the city wall to meet us. After a hearty welcome we walked with them to the convent. We

were nearly deafened by fireworks before we could reach the church. Our first visit to Our Lord had to be shortened because the Christians had gathered to welcome the new Sisters. When we were finally able to make our holy hour of thanksgiving, we did not fail to ask God's blessing on those who, by their prayers and sacrifices, had made it possible for us to answer the Master's call. We trust that our friends will continue to intercede with our Crucified Savior that He bless the work which we began in this pagan land on the day on which His Sacred Passion is especially commemorated.

The Gospels in China

By Nicholas Schneiders, C.P.

LIfe in the United States is far different from life in China. There are variant customs, differences of dress and an alien language. There is especially a tremendous difference between the people of these two countries in their respective outlook on life.

In the United States there is constant change. Fashions are not the same as they were ten years ago; customs of twenty years past are superseded by new ones; and there are even constant changes in language. It is not so in China. There are but few changes here, and even those few take a long time. This refers, of course, to the interior of China where people rarely come in contact with Western influence.

When we consider this lack of change, this constancy in China, it is not surprising that we are able to find many texts in Sacred Scripture which have quite a clear meaning in changeless China, but have become obscure in the ever-changing States. Customs of Our Lord's time are still observed in this land where so many thousands upon thousands have never even heard of Christ and His Church.

Take, for example, the very first chapter in the Gospel of Saint Matthew. There the genealogy of Our Blessed Lord is traced through Saint Joseph instead of Our Blessed Mother. In China, as amongst the Hebrews of Our Lord's time, women play a most inferior part in the scheme of life, and they are given but little consideration. In many homes here there is a placard giving the names of the heads of the family

for many generations. Yet very seldom do these inscriptions bear the names of the mothers of these families. Many a present-day Chinese who kowtows before this placard in his home, burns joss sticks and imitation money and seeks the favors of the spirits of the family clan, will consider only the fathers of the tribe to the exclusion of the mothers.

Saint Matthew also records Our Lord's warning "not to swear at all, neither by heaven, for it is the throne of God: nor by the earth, for it is His footstool; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king: neither shalt thou swear by thy head." These texts have a special application in China. Here, a person accused of some crime who wishes to establish his or her innocence, will say: "May my head be cut off if I have done this or that." A parent will call son or daughter and swear: "May my child be killed, if what I say is not true." The newly married couple will say: "May we have no children," and the expectant mother will swear: "May my child be born dead." The boatman will hope that he be drowned, the shopkeeper that fire from heaven may consume his goods, and the man in the field that he may be struck by lightning, if what they say be not true.

ALITTLE further on the Gospel of Saint Matthew, as well as in all the other Gospels, we read of Our Lord curing some sick person and telling him to "take up his bed and walk." This sounds peculiar to people in America. Here in China, however,

this is very commonplace. A missionary, in traveling, brings his bedding along. The floor, a few boards or a door serve as a bed. When a native travels from one place to another and intends to stay at this place of arrival for some time, he, too, brings his bedding. On a boat, especially in winter time, when the boatmen require all the quilts they have, it is necessary for each traveler to provide his own bed-clothing. One never travels far in the interior without meeting someone who is carrying his bedding.

IN the same chapter of Saint Matthew's Gospel which records the cure of the paralytic, we are told about Our Lord giving life again to the daughter of the ruler. There were "minstrels and the multitude making a rout." Saint Mark, recording this same event, says that there was "a tumult and people weeping and wailing much." More than one missionary in China has lost hours of sleep when someone died in the neighborhood of the Mission. For musicians are called in for the wake. The beating of their drums and the clanging of their cymbals is heard for hours, interrupted or accompanied by the wailing of the mourners. This so-called mourning is often nothing but a huge farce and just a matter of "face." Many a wife who had a most cruel husband, and who suffered on his account every day while he was alive, will carry on most vociferously when he dies.

I had occasion once to go to the funeral of a Christian who, being more attached



EVERY NEWLY ARRIVED MISSIONARY IN CHINA REMARKS ON THE STRANGE WAYS OF TRAVEL TO WHICH HE MUST ACCOMMODATE HIMSELF. ONE OF THESE MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION IS THE SEDAN CHAIRS. WHILE THE WORD SEDAN SUGGESTS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF LUXURY IN WESTERN COUNTRIES, IN CHINA IT INDICATES A BAMBOO RIG, WITH A COVERING THAT IS MEANT TO BE WATERPROOF. THE AFFAIR IS CARRIED BY COOLIES



FOR CENTURIES CHINA'S EIGHTEEN PROVINCES AND VAST OUTER TERRITORIES E B
 THROUGHOUT THE AREA, SKETCHED ABOVE BY FATHER JOACHIM BECKES, C.P. E. T.
 PRIESTS. THE PASSIONIST MISSION TERRITORY, HERE OUTLINED IN THE PROVINCE
 OF CHINA'S PROVINCES TO OPEN ITS DOORS TO WESTERNERS, HUNAN IS TO THIS DAY
 BLOOD FROM THE MISSIONARIES WHO ARE THERE ABLE



CHINA HAS BEEN A FERTILE FIELD FOR THE CHURCH'S MISSION ACTIVITIES. SCATTERED
OVER THE LAND ARE TWO AND A HALF MILLION CHINESE CATHOLICS AND OVER A THOUSAND NATIVE
PROVINCIAL MISSIONS. THE PROVINCE OF NORTHWESTERN HUNAN, HAS A POPULATION OF FIVE MILLION SOULS. THE LAST
OF THIS DAY, THE CHURCH IS PIONEER TERRITORY. IT HAS EXACTED A HEAVY TOLL OF LABOR, SACRIFICE AND
THERE HAS BEEN GREAT SUFFERING IN ESTABLISHING THE OUTPOSTS OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.



THE NEW HOME OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY AT SHENCHOW. AFTER THE BURNING OF THE ORIGINAL CONVENT IN THAT CITY, THE FATHERS HAD TO ACT QUICKLY BECAUSE OF THE APPROACHING ARRIVAL OF A NEW GROUP OF SISTERS. FORTUNATELY, THIS HOUSE, BUILT BY A CHINESE GENTLEMAN, WAS FOR SALE. IT IS LOCATED ON A FAVORABLE SPOT NOT FAR FROM THE YUAN RIVER

to his opium pipe and his dice than to his religion, had given up the latter in favor of the former. His wife had suffered much from the dope fiend. An inveterate gambler, he had sold rice field after rice field to pay his debts. She realized that she would be left penniless should her husband live very long. While it was a great relief to her when her husband died, yet she carried on terribly at the funeral. During the wake, when there were many guests, she sat down at the side of the coffin, cried loudly for an hour or two, got up to see to the comfort of her guests, and then took another crying spell. When the time came for the funeral she carried on extravagantly again, throwing herself on the ground, going into hysterics, and indeed "weeping and wailing much." An hour after the funeral she was calmly bickering over the division of the deceased's property. Then she served quite a banquet, wine flowed freely, the musicians played lustily, the guests ate heartily and, in general, a pleasant time was had by all except, very likely, the renegade Christian.

THE next incident in the Gospels I wish to comment on, calls for a confession. Your scribe is an inveterate Question Box addict. He lets no "Sign-Post," or "Ask and Learn" or any other Question and Answer Column go unread. Perhaps you have the same hobby. If so, you must surely have read the often repeated question: "Who were the brethren of Our Lord?" about whom Saint Matthew speaks. It is this particular question that furnished the idea for this article. These texts seem quite a stumbling block to many persons, yet are easily explained if we would use Chinese terminology. If two brothers marry and these two brothers have sons, these sons will also call each other "brother." For example: James and Joseph, brothers, each have a son, the one of the former being

called Paul, and the one of the latter being named Peter. Now, according to the Chinese viewpoint in the matter, Peter and Paul are brothers.

IN this Mission is a lad of about eighteen years of age, John Wang. His uncle's son, a boy of ten, named Augustine, goes to our school. These two always refer to or call each other elder and younger brother. I defy any man to come to China and persuade these two lads that they are not real brothers. "Haven't we the same grandfather?" they will ask you, and you must answer "Yes." "Then we are real brothers," they will reply. It is their final, indisputable argument and no amount of talk on your part will convince them otherwise. They will simply come back with, "If we were not brothers we would not have the same grandfather." The case quoted is a simple one, but there are others more complicated, so you will see what a difficult task it is at times for the missionary to settle marriage cases.

In various parts of the New Testament there is reference to "the watch." This way of reckoning time is still followed in the interior of China and in country places. The night is divided into five watches, the first beginning about nine o'clock in the evening and the last about five in the morning. Thus, when we read that Our Lord came walking upon the sea in the fourth watch of the night, that would be, in the Chinese manner of computing time, between one and three o'clock in the morning. In many places in China the old custom is still observed of a man going the rounds of the town every two hours with a sort of wooden clapper. He is supposed to scare away thieves and to comfort the sleepless with the reassuring news that all is well in that particular spot of the world.

When the watchman returns from one

of his tours, he lights a joss stick. As this burns out he starts his next trip. Five joss sticks will last a night. Of course, thieves may break in and rob when the watchman is not making his rounds. He is not held responsible for that. Or one may have the experience which I had a year or two ago, when stationed at Wangtsun. The wall around the Mission compound had not yet been built, and though Wangtsun boasted of two or three watchmen we did not put much faith in them, but hired a watchman of our own. And, sure enough, one night the town's watchman of our particular beat was caught stopping off at the Mission, while making his rounds, to steal some boards, a few bricks, a handful or two of lime, and other small amounts of building material. A visit to his home revealed that he had gathered nearly three hundred bricks on his nightly visits. What was needed in Wangtsun was a watchman to watch the watchman.

We read in the twenty-second chapter of Saint Matthew's Gospel, as well as in the accounts of Saint Mark and Saint Luke, how some Sadducees came to Our Lord one day saying: "Master, Moses said: 'If a man die having no son, his brother shall marry his wife.'" This is not an uncommon occurrence here in China. I know of several cases where the younger son married his elder brother's wife after her husband had died. In one particular case the boy objected. The father's reasons for forcing the marriage were that it would be less expensive if the lad married the widow than if the father would have to find another wife for him. In the latter case he would have to give presents at the espousals and a compensation to the parents for the loss of their daughter. The marriage feast, which takes place before as well as after the marriage in China, had been prepared and the guests invited. But during the course of the pre-matrimonial banquet, which would immediately be followed by the wedding, the bridegroom-to-be escaped unnoticed and ran away. It was not until the widow had been given in marriage to someone else that the lad returned.

THE subject of wedding banquets reminds us of Our Lord's words about those who "love the first places at feasts" and of the warning: "When thou art invited to a wedding, sit not down in the first place, lest perhaps one more honorable be invited . . . and then thou begin with shame to take the lowest place. But when thou are invited, go, sit down in the lowest place." How typically Chinese. Not only at weddings, but at every other banquet, there is always much ado about the place where one must sit. Each one, with much false humility, tries to take the lowest place, in one accord refusing the highest. Many reasons are brought forward why one should go to the head of the table. At one time four other guests and myself went to a banquet. The custom is that eight peo-

ple sat at one table. Two others who had been invited were unable to come. The food was getting cold while the guests argued who should take the highest place. The argument must have lasted at least fifteen minutes, and was finally settled by leaving the place of honor empty. But during the middle of the banquet, uninvited, the magistrate moved to the higher place, giving as his reason that the man next to him would have more room.

The case of the boy whose father wanted him to marry the wife of his brother leads naturally to the case of the Sadducees who told of the seven brothers. When the eldest died, the next eldest married his brother's widow and so on until the widow had been the wife of the seven brothers. The Sadducees asked Our Lord, "At the resurrection whose wife shall she be?" The pagans here have a ready answer to this question, for it is their firm belief that, even though a widow should marry again and again, she remains the wife of the first husband and after death belongs to him alone.

Those who know something about China and the Chinese viewpoint of life realize that, to the people here, one of the most important if not the all-important thing in life is for a man to have a son, so that his branch of the family may not die out. So it is common that, when the younger son who marries his elder brother's wife has two sons of his own, one of these will be considered the son of the deceased brother. He will be his heir and it will be his duty to carry on the family. This custom is much in accord with the law of Moses in Deuteronomy. The Sadducees referred to this old law in this particular incident as recorded in the Gospels.

HERE in Luilincha lives a lad of about twelve, named Charles Tsang. His father is dead and the lad has no brothers. One of his two uncles has a daughter; the other has no children. The boy has an excellent character, is very bright and most obedient. His conduct is edifying to the other Catholic boys as well as to the pagans. The lad has pleaded to be permitted to go to our little seminary, but the two uncles depend upon him to carry on the family name. They have steadfastly refused to let him go. May I ask the readers of these lines to say a little prayer that the good Lord may change the hearts of these two men and allow Charles to start his journey towards the goal of the holy priesthood. While this is a sad case, there is compensation in the fact that most unexpectedly two Catholic brothers, and the only sons of the family, have been permitted by their pagan parents to go to the seminary. They started about a year ago and are doing well.

In reading of the Passion of Our Lord we find several incidents that have a clearer meaning here in China than they have in the United States. For example, it may seem strange to you when you read in the

Gospel of St. Mark that the people laid their garments upon the colt which Our Lord used when He went to Jerusalem just before His Passion. This would not seem strange if you lived in the interior of China. Time and again I have seen a person riding a mule or a pony while over their saddle was spread some gaily colored cloth or a bedspread. About two years ago a lad who was working for me was married. According to Chinese custom, he and his wife were to call at the home of the girl three days after the wedding. The girl rode in a chair carried by two men. The lad asked to borrow my horse for the occasion. Not owning a bedspread he borrowed this from someone else. Then, to be quite stylish, instead of the ordinary Chinese round hat, he borrowed a felt hat from a friend. Since it threatened to rain, another person lent him an overcoat. No one made any adverse comments about the bridegroom borrowing so many things. In fact, he had "great face" because he had so many friends willing to lend him things.

YOU remember how Our Lord told Saint Peter that "Before the cock crows" he would deny Him thrice? In China we say "before the cock crows" as the equivalent to the English expression "before dawn." When a missionary is anxious to get a very early start on one of his journeys, he makes arrangements the day before with the men who are to ac-

company him to call at the Mission "when the cock crows," so as to get started at daybreak. I remember that once when I made a hurried visit to a little country place about thirteen miles from the Mission, I went without Mass kit or supplies. Before retiring, I told the lad who was with me to call me at cock crow, since I wanted to get back to the Mission in time to say Mass. The boy put a rooster in the room in which he was sleeping. Perhaps it was the unaccustomed surroundings, though roosters and chickens are usually kept in the house at night in China, but for some reason or other that particular rooster started to crow at midnight. We got dressed and waited for the dawn. Having no watch with me I could not tell what time it was. Certainly we had a long wait that winter night before we could start on our journey.

HERE is another verse in the history of the Passion which reminds me of a recent experience. We read how the wife of Pilate came to him and urged him to "have nothing to do with that just Man (referring to Our Lord) for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." The Chinese are ardent believers in dreams. Their interpretations of them, however, run in opposites. If a person dreams that a thief came to rob him, that person will get money. If the shopkeeper dreams that he lost all his goods, he will do a thriving business soon. There are other



A GROUP OF CATHOLIC BOYS AT THE PASSIONIST MISSION IN YUNGSHUN. FATHER MICHAEL CAMPBELL, C.P. ACKNOWLEDGES THAT MUCH OF THE MATERIAL FOR HIS MISSION NOTES COMES FROM THESE LADS. THEY ARE ALWAYS READY TO GIVE THE MISSIONARY INFORMATION ON FLOWERS, TREES, SUPERSTITIONS, THE CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE AND THE REACTION OF PAGAN NEIGHBORS

interpretations. When one dreams that he lost an eye or a hand or a tooth, it means that someone, perhaps a son or daughter, is going to leave home. Since a hand or a tooth is a part of the body the loss of any of them means a separation; so the dream is interpreted as a coming separation in the body of the family. You must be careful all day long should you have been frightened in a dream. Your heart may be at peace if in your dreams you have seen a coffin, for that is a sign of a long life. These are some of the examples my catechist gave me when I asked him to tell what the natives think of dreams. He added that if Pilate had been Chinese, he certainly would have listened to his wife and her dream. May it not be a possible explanation why Pilate did not at first condemn Our Lord to death; that the Roman governor was inclined to give some credence to his wife's dreams?

RECENTLY I persuaded a Christian, who had become neglectful of his religious duties to make a new start. I was happily surprised to see him at Holy Mass the following Sunday. I was anything but happily surprised to see the same man a few days later burning imitation money, shooting off firecrackers, lighting I don't know how many joss sticks and carrying on lots of other superstitions at the river bank. When I asked for an explanation he simply said that it could not be helped. He declared that he did not want this superstition, and did not believe in it, but in a dream his dead wife told him she wanted ten thousand dollars, five thousand firecrackers and some other things. "But,



James," I argued, "you are a Christian and should not perform such superstitions." "I know, Father," he answered, "but my wife was not a Christian, and she wants these things, and if I do not fulfill her wish she and the other devils will haunt me."

According to Father Martindale's commentary on the Passion of Christ, "When a condemned criminal was taken to execution, it was usual to conduct him along busy streets, in order to add to his degradation and to strike fear into the minds of the people. Consequently, on His way to execution Our Lord passed through the lower part of the city." So in China, when a criminal is condemned to death, the shooting off of a gun at the entrance of the jail, or at the magistrate's gate, informs the people that someone is about to be led forth to execution. A procession is formed and marches through the city. As in the case of Our Blessed Lord, so here in China, executions take place outside the city wall. Of the many death sentences which I have

seen carried out, only three did not take place outside of the city wall. Two of these were in a small town which has no wall. In the case of the third it was a matter of convenience, for after the execution the head was brought to the coffins of the two persons he had slain and offered to them. It was then taken back and carried, with the rest of his body, outside the wall.

All four Evangelists record that a placard or title was fastened to the Cross, with the inscription proclaiming Christ the King of the Jews. The old custom in China, still observed in many places, is to fasten a small board to the back of the criminal, giving his name and, in one character, the crime which he was condemned to death, for example, "Lee Wang Fang, Thief," or "Fang Wang Lee, Murderer." This custom, however, is not observed much now. Instead a notice is posted on the city wall or in some other convenient place, after the execution of the criminal, stating his name and the crime for which he was put to death.

I HAVE set forth some of the texts of the four Gospels which have a clearer meaning here in China than in the United States. In a future article I shall consider some of the texts in the letters of the Apostles.

In death Christ was proclaimed the "King of the Jews." Since Christ is "now no longer dead, but reigneth forever," may the day soon come when He will be proclaimed the King of every nation and the King of every heart. And do you, dear reader, please say a little prayer that God may bless the efforts of His missionaries who are striving to establish the Kingship of Christ in this part of China.



THESE RIVER SAMPANS, UNDER SAIL, FROM A DISTANCE HAVE ABOUT THEM AN AIR OF THE PICTURESQUE. OUR MISSIONARY PRIESTS AND SISTERS WRITE THAT TRAVEL ON THESE CROWDED BOATS IS NOT THE MOST PLEASANT OF EXPERIENCES. THERE IS BESIDES A REAL ELEMENT OF DANGER FROM THE BANDITS AND FROM THE TREACHEROUS CURRENTS AND RAPIDS OF THE RIVER ITSELF

THE CATHOLIC DAILY

By Frank H. Spearman

THE discussion concerning the establishing of Catholic dailies in our country persists. It is a healthful sign—the more so because the verdict of our expert writers on this subject seems to be that such projects are doomed to failure; yet I regard their coming as inevitable—as almost a final measure of self-defense for the Church in this country.

Years ago a great merchant told me he needed a man to take charge of his tea department, then one of the largest in the country. As it chanced, he named a brother of mine for the job. "But," I protested, "he knows nothing about teas." "That's why I want him," explained the merchant dryly. "We have had experts running that department until they have run it into the ground—one more expert would completely bury it." Since that incident, while I respect experts, I no longer regard their opinions as infallible.

Most verdicts are subject to appeal. Even well-informed writers, who are quite entitled to their meed of respect, do not constitute a court of last resort. The harm they do, I conceive to be that they discourage those of our Church authorities who should be the prime movers in the Catholic dailies project. I say "prime movers" because no one holds that these papers are to be viewed primarily as a profitable investment. The primary object is a spiritual one. Secondarily, they must be, after a fair and extended trial, in great part, or wholly, self-supporting. The worst thing I could wish for a Catholic daily would be to be born with a gold spoon in its mouth.

FOR my part, I have yet to see one conclusive argument against the practicability of forming a chain of such dailies in our large cities. Should I read tomorrow, however, that a great Catholic daily were to be founded in New York City with a backing of \$4,000,000, I should experience a sinking of the heart. I should much rather start a boy out in life with barely enough to feed and clothe him than with \$4,000,000. The Catholic daily must, like many another great project, creep before it can walk and walk before it can run.

One of the great newspapers of this country is the Chicago *Daily News*. Although not in the least interested in the founding of newspapers at that time, I bought a copy of its first issue. As I recall it now after many years, it consisted of a single sheet, about tabloid size, of four pages; it could not have been over eight. It was an infant to be sneered at by the

Press giants of its day—just as a Catholic daily would be sneered at today—and, in matter of fact, precisely as our one persistent printed-in-English Catholic daily is sneered at by our own sophisticates. But sneers may be tonic as well as disheartening.

AS to the Chicago *Daily News*, Victor Lawson, if I am right, had a printing plant. Melville E. Stone, a newspaper man, had an idea, and it was lodged in an editorial head—such was the birth of a great newspaper.

Another newspaper was founded in Chicago with ample resources—the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. It sprang full-panoplied into the newspaper world; it is now only a memory. An almost priceless opportunity in a later day was lost when it was not bought at auction, with its valuable press franchise, for \$100,000, to be made into a Catholic daily.

Today, an Associated Press franchise is no longer priceless: news sources for young newspapers are plentiful; all one needs is money enough to buy what is needful, and that does not mean a fortune for such secular items as a Catholic daily needs. We have, too, thanks to our hierarchy, an excellent Catholic news bureau at Washington. I don't see what more is needed for it except larger income from more customers.

Really, the most vital factor in the success of the Catholic daily is its editor. If it may be said that writers are born and not made, so it may doubly be said of editors. Whether the editor be priest or layman is not of the slightest importance; he should simply be an editor.

It so happens that three of our very successful Catholic editors are priests. Not so many years ago one young unknown priest from an obscure parish in Michigan tried to sell an idea to our American Hierarchy. After being left to cool his heels in a number of ante-chambers he at length succeeded in convincing Archbishop Quigley of Chicago that his idea was a good one. The result was the great Church Extension Society and *Extension Magazine*. Bishop Francis Clement Kelley was an editor.

So, too, of Bishop Noll. Father Noll had an idea and a great one. The result was *Our Sunday Visitor*. Similarly, our most conspicuously successful magazine editor today is a priest, though decency forbids mention of his name in these pages. But do not imagine that *Extension Magazine*, *Our Sunday Visitor*, or *THE SIGN* were born with gold spoons in their mouths. They

are the products of natural-born editors and poverty-fighting editors who had to dig up their own resources.

I am not writing of Catholic magazines. If I were, who could omit mention of the father of us all in Catholic periodical literature, our beloved Fr. Daniel E. Hudson of the *Aw Maria*, and his brilliant young successors in the editorial chair?

Likewise we have eminently successful Catholic laymen as magazine editors; their number and their achievements are notable. I simply see no point in raising the question of priest or lay editors for Catholic dailies. Give us only men with editors' ideas.

It has been said, I think with some degree of justice, that our most provincial Americans are New Yorkers. Some excuse for the paradox may be found in the fact that their community is so big in itself that it absorbs their vision.

This undoubtedly accounts for the fact that they know or hear so little of our one Catholic daily, the *Catholic Tribune* of Dubuque, Iowa. Denied a metropolitan centre, it carries on bravely in a city of 50,000, and that with a Catholic minority.

I live at a distance of 2,000 miles from Dubuque. Yet I read, and have read for years, this excellently edited paper. Why do I do this when it takes three days for the paper to reach me? Because it gives me the news—and, in matter of fact, I don't know where else to look for it.

ILIVE in a city of a million or more people. We have two big morning papers. Notice that I do not call them newspapers. They are not: they are organs. They supply the news that they think the reader ought to have—news that will not, for example, reflect discredit on some pet project, or person, or policy of their own. In politics they are violently partisan and being concerned primarily with local news—as clever editors should be, for circulation—news from the far-away world is neglected. Neither of them is of any value to me politically because of their partisanship. With them, the "business confidence" of the community must not be disturbed—hence no news of bank, corporation or other such important embarrassments or failures. Perhaps a favorable Public Utility policy must be followed; or a certain section of a large city may be injured by news—a heavy advertiser may be displeased. The average secular editor is enmeshed in forbidding Lilliputian bands.

Again and again I have found in the Dubuque *Tribune* secular news of primary

importance that was purposely omitted in my Goliath Daily. The news was two or even three days old. But what does that matter compared with not getting the news at all?

And who can estimate the harm done to Catholic thought and Catholic morals, to young and old, by leaning for diversion on the widely circulated Sunday magazine section of one of our big dailies? In this, pseudo-philosophers preach atheism and infidelity *ad lib.*, and offer to immature minds tempting speculation on moral questions; while its alert editors gather, like Bunyan's muckraker, the current indecencies of the world to supply reading for long Sunday hours in urban Catholic homes, after father and mother, son and daughter have complied with their religious duty by hearing Mass and a twenty-minute sermon. What influence can an earnest priest hope for in a twenty-minute appeal once a week as against the hours and hours of destructive reading with which his congregation divert themselves during the rest of the week? Can the practice be otherwise than deeply deplored by our pastors?

AS to advertising, while it is the material life blood of a newspaper, advertisers are frequently bullies, and even the Goliath Daily must suppress news that offends them. What I say will apply, I feel confident, to most of our big dailies outside, let us say, of *The Chicago Tribune* and *The New York Times*. Many times I have blessed the poverty—however uncomfortable to the editors—of my Catholic daily which prints the secular news without fear or favor of advertisers or big business.

Note that I am speaking of purely secular news. For the Catholic daily is needed not for Catholic news alone. It is needed for secular news also. The most important national chain of our big newspapers is adept at suppressing news. Its slogan is, "For people who think," but

its policy is, "We think for people." Papers of this type ought to "go big" in insane asylums—nowhere is thinking more active. And if mere thinking were a virtue, every crazy man could qualify as an expert. The only trouble with the thinking of the lunatic, like that of the thinking of so many not yet under restraint, is that they think so many things that are not so.

I FEEL, therefore, that from the reader's viewpoint—since I speak from experience—columns of objections to Catholic dailies are futile. My own Catholic daily proves to me, year after year, that from the viewpoint of *secular news alone*, it is superior to its secular rival, and it has need to spend only a fraction of what its rival spends, since crime is given only its news value and filth is excluded from its make-up.

Of course, no recipe for pudding ever lacked hopeful advocates and bitter opponents. But the table is the final test, and we have seen served on the table in this country, under extremely adverse conditions, a Catholic daily—and it was, and is, good.

Will our people buy the little Catholic daily in our big cities? If a cardinal, an archbishop or a bishop were to get behind such a project in a great Catholic centre; if he were to hammer at the subject early and late; put his parish priests to the test and enlist even one-tenth of them enthusiastically in the cause—it might not succeed everywhere but it could not fail everywhere. And if it succeeded once in ten times, it would start a revolution in this country for a clean Press.

If you will analyze the content of a single copy of your big daily, you will realize how little real news it offers; and how much space is filled with crime stories, scandal, "human interest" stories, surmise and mere gossip. Since the day of the old *New York Sun* when ability was devoted to telling a news story in the briefest possible compass, the fashion has changed to telling the news story at the greatest possi-

ble length. Reporters are profiting by the example of Browning in "The Ring and the Book," with its 20,000 lines of telling the same story in a dozen different ways. Indeed, the big daily has now taken on the character of a magazine, a characteristic further emphasized by its many departments for men, women, children, and

cranks. This is all done to build up circulation—and it does. Will people buy a mere newspaper in competition? Our sophisticated authorities say, No. But possibly the trouble with our sophisticates—as with most sophisticates—is their inability to project themselves out of their own milieu into that of simpler folk.

The backbone, to my mind, of our Catholic laity is our simple folk—not our sophisticates. It is the simple among our people—God bless their simplicity—who would buy an inexpensive and unpretentious Catholic daily. They have backed up and put over great religious projects in the past; they will do it again.

CAN any believe that if St. Vincent de Paul were among us today he would not have his Catholic daily? Look not among our sophisticates for readers of unassuming Catholic dailies, but among the men who carry the lunch pail, who wear the uniform of the motorman or conductor; look among the policemen who touch their hats when they pass our churches; among the Holy Name men who receive Communion in common by the hundreds and thousands, among our St. Vincent de Paul men and our hosts of laymen, unattached, who share in common with these stalwarts of the Faith their devotion to its principles. It is among such as these that Catholic dailies may look for and reasonably hope to find readers.

Come, Your Eminences, Your Graces, come Your Excellencies, come Right Reverend Doctors and Monsignori, come Reverend Fathers and simple-minded, devout Laymen: let's get at it!

A Dirge for Summer

By Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

DEEP sleep her warm bright eyes has sealed;
The soul of summer days is fled.
And wood and glade and sedge and field
Are dun in mourning for the dead.

The shady groves she loved to haunt,
Some warbler's lilting lullaby
To list, re-echo now a poignant taunt,
The sable crow's discordant cry.

And jade-hued pools, in whose clear eyes
Her gleaming sun-shafts once had danced,
Lie dull beneath the stone-gray skies,
No longer by her charm entranced.

The rich green fields of waving grain
That lisped her praises as she passed,
Long since have hushed their soft refrain;
The stubbled landscape stares aghast.

Chill autumn rains, and sodden leaves,
And low winds wailing 'mong the hills. . . .
How cold the tears of him who grieves,
Though sorrow not his spirit fills.

PRIESTS and the NEWS

By Vincent dePaul Fitzpatrick

MAY I say as a newspaper man who has been on both sides of the fence that I offered a prayer for patience when I read, in the August issue of *THE SIGN*, the article, "Priests and Publicity," written by "A Secular Scribe." I assume that many priests who read the article also prayed for patience. "A Secular Scribe" does not rate them high in the matter of intelligence.

Though prompted by virtue of my profession to be charitable, I cannot refrain from commenting on the patronizing attitude assumed by "A Secular Scribe" towards Catholic editors, priests and others in general. There was one paragraph in particular which tempted me to be choleric. Let me quote it:

"Some priests, however, feel that they owe it to their diocesan or local Catholic weekly to withhold news from the daily paper until the weekly is published, so it will not be 'scooped.' This is a fallacy, for the religious paper is not competing with the daily in any sense of the word, and it is not likely to lose any readers simply because news appears first in the daily press. The daily papers, on the other hand, are forced by this procedure to publish 'old stuff' and they suffer."

How naïve and how fallacious! First of all, "A Secular Scribe" who, apparently, has not edited a Catholic weekly, presumes to tell the priests how the Catholic editors feel about discrimination against them in the furnishing of real news. Then he tells, the priests they do not know how to reason, do not know what everybody else knows—what is news. "A Secular Scribe's" say-so is sufficient.

The scribe goes on to say that Catholic papers do not compete with the secular daily. In the same breath he confesses unintentionally that they do compete—by his protest against the giving of "old stuff" to the secular press. Give it, says he, to the Catholic papers. Let them suffer.

As a managing editor of a Catholic paper, who, as I have said in my first paragraph, has been on both sides of the fence, I feel I am in a better position than "A Secular Scribe" to tell how Catholic editors feel on the subject.

I have been a managing editor for twelve years on a Catholic weekly in one of the best-known archdioceses in the country. Before I entered the Catholic journalistic field I covered considerable territory as a reporter and editor on one of the outstanding dailies of the country. As a reporter, I covered police news, murders, suicides, forgeries, jail-breaks and a thousand and one other things. I reported the consecra-

tion of Catholic bishops and the sessions of Protestant conferences. I reported the burning of mortgages in Protestant churches and the dedication of Catholic churches and schools. I covered ball games, prize-fights, track and field meets; I interviewed former Presidents of the United States, diplomats, senators, congressmen, governors, mayors and plain aldermen.

As a Catholic editor and secular reporter I have covered three International Eucharistic Congresses. I have sent stories home to my paper from thirty-seven States in the Union, from Canada, Mexico and seven European countries. I have covered military encampments, and have made a masculine mess of fashion shows. I have worked on the city desk, telegraph desk, sports' desk, and have been night editor and make-up editor on the aforesaid secular newspaper. By this time I know what is news and what is not news. At least those who are my employers now and those who were my employers in the past think I do.

IHESITATED in my acceptance of the managing editor's job on a Catholic paper until I received assurances that my paper would get fresh Catholic news and would not have to clip stuff from the secular papers.

The paper which was the predecessor of my present one went on the rocks because the daily papers in my home city got all the real Catholic news first. The people stopped subscribing for that Catholic paper because it published the "old stuff" which "A Secular Scribe" thinks good enough for the Catholic papers, but an imposition on the secular papers.

"A Secular Scribe" forgets that practically every Catholic reads at least one secular paper. Catholic readers of the secular papers form the overwhelming majority of readers of a Catholic paper. What is new stuff in a Catholic paper is therefore new stuff for the majority of readers of the secular press. The Catholic news which secular papers publish first is "old stuff" for practically every reader of a Catholic paper. I hope you can follow me.

I know what I am talking about. The readers of the paper of which I am managing editor will tell you that the secular papers in our territory are glad to reprint the Catholic news which the Catholic archdiocesan weekly publishes.

In the beginning I found the secular editors felt aggrieved when they failed to get Catholic news first. Like "A Secular Scribe" they seemed to feel the secular papers had a right to such news. They were not bothered about what the Catholic

editor thought. They changed their minds when they found they were butting up against a stone wall.

The Catholic paper has something to sell to its readers and advertisers—a paper with news, fresh news. The Catholic paper that tries to sell second-hand stuff will find itself in the position in which merchants who sell second-hand stuff invariably find themselves—bankruptcy.

If a Catholic paper does not compete with a secular paper in the publishing of religious news and Catholic doctrine what mission, then, has a Catholic paper?

The Catholic editor acknowledges he has no intention of entering into competition with secular editors in the printing of stock-market reports, Hollywood scandals, divorces, prize-fights, marathon dances, politics and flag-pole sitters. He emphatically says he is in the field to show the Catholic people in his territory that if they wish to obtain comprehensive, accurate, enlightening news reports; if they wish to know the real situation of the Church in Mexico, Spain, Russia and other countries; if they wish to know the principles of Catholic philosophy and ethics, they must read the Catholic papers. I think the Catholic editors can declare modestly that they have succeeded in driving home this conviction in the face of tremendous handicaps.

The secular papers have money to back them; the Catholic papers have not. The secular papers can pay high salaries to foreign correspondents and can stand huge cable tolls; the Catholic papers cannot. And yet I ask you, from which papers do you learn the real news about the persecution of the Church in Spain, Mexico, Russia and the other countries? From the Catholic or the secular papers? Why, with all their advantages, do not the secular papers publish such news? They do not have to depend upon parish priests for such information.

THE News Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has correspondents the world over—not highly paid correspondents—but intelligent men who are eager to write the truth for their co-religionists throughout the world. They tell the Catholic people what the secular Press does not tell them: Shall we, then, crush the Catholic Press by having our priests and bishops give all the good local and diocesan news—the changes among the clergy and the members of Religious Orders, the appointments of domestic prelates, the building of new schools, churches, colleges, seminaries, etc.—to our secular papers. Do that, and you take a weapon

of defense from out the hands of the Catholic people.

Our priests are not fools and our Catholic editors are not unreasonable. No venerable pastor asks the reporter on a secular paper to print the details of his golden sacerdotal jubilee five days after it has happened, nor does the sorrowing pastor ask the secular reporter to withhold the notice of his beloved curate's death until publication of the report by the Catholic diocesan weekly two days after the beloved curate's burial.

What the Catholic editors ask, and what they have a right to expect, is the coöperation of bishops, priests and others in breaking big Catholic news in the Catholic papers. If the secular papers do not want old stuff, neither do the Catholic papers.

IF I were a priest, the patronizing attitude of "A Secular Scribe" would make me gnash my teeth. Catholic priests, according to my interpretation of the findings of "A Secular Scribe," are green-coated antediluvianists. They are so absorbed in the reading of their breviaries they cannot see

the aeroplanes passing overhead. They do not know what news is when news stares them in the face. The Protestant ministers! Ah, they are the bright fellows, the forward-lookers! I am not saying this in a bigoted sense.

After twelve years as a managing editor of a Catholic weekly I say that cardinals, archbishops, monsignori, priests, members of religious sisterhoods and brotherhoods do know what news is. The columns of our Catholic papers prove they do. They are, in great part, the sources of the news which you see in your Catholic weeklies. Moreover, all those whom I have enumerated (or most of them) know how to think sanely, write naturally and humanly. A few may hold commerce with the skies as they write their spiritualistic contributions, but the members of the editorial staffs rewrite their copies and bring the news down to earth.

"A Secular Scribe" points to the stories about Protestant churches in the secular papers. I read many secular papers, the best in the country among them. What do we see on Monday morning? Half-

columns and columns on sermons by ministers who have preached according to requests sent to them by the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club or the Sponsors of "Keep Healthy Week." The Catholic priest may get a few sentences from the sermon which he preached on the Gospel of the Day.

"A Secular Scribe" must be resigned to the inevitable. The Catholic priests will preach with one thought in mind—his responsibility for immortal souls. A Catholic priest who would frame his sermons for the price of a bribe—space in the secular newspapers—is a Judas.

A FEW words in conclusion. By all means let the Catholic priests and others keep in friendly touch with the editors of our secular papers, but do not let the secular editors tell the Catholic priests how they are to run the church. If secular papers want real Catholic news, let them have on their staffs Catholic men and women who are well grounded in the teachings of their Church, who know how to get news and know how to write it.

FRIENDS and ENEMIES

The Ninth of Twelve Chapters in a New Life of Blessed Bernadette Soubirous

By Aileen Mary Clegg

THE first effect of the Apparitions at Lourdes was to thrust a publicity on Bernadette from which she shrank with every fiber of her calm but sensitive nature. She had been hidden all her life. Now every word she uttered, every gesture she made, her every movement, became the property of an eagerly interested crowd. Among them, it is true, were many who were her well-wishers; but in a sense these were the most difficult to put up with, for they insisted on revering her as a saint. They wounded in this way not only her humility but also her common sense, which was one of her strongest characteristics.

AS for those who were unable to make up their minds on the problem of whether she was a friend of the Mother of God or a despicable little fraud, they wearied the poor frail creature with their interminable questionings. Her patience in dealing with these was quite heroic. Last of all there were her openly avowed enemies. They were of many sorts.

First on the list were a considerable number of officials. Between them they covered the whole ground of the administrative powers, civil and religious. A grown-up person in Bernadette's case might well have been fearful of them, for they were united in one thing only—their enmity to her. Yet this weak child succeeded not only in convincing them of her sincerity but also in routing their attacks on her, solely by the moral weapons of loyalty, simplicity and truth.

Heaven, it must be added, always supplied her with the just answer in a difficulty (sometimes inspired her native wit to marvels of unanswerable repartee). The Imperial Procurator, for instance, a man of considerable intellectual distinction and of immense importance in local society, had an interview with her in which he tried to put an end to her visits to the Grotto.

He began by assuring her that the apparition was imaginary. So she had thought at first, she acknowledged cheerfully, but she had rubbed her eyes hard

and still it was there. Then, too, she had seen it several times. Moreover it had talked to her.

But, objected the Procurator, the Nevers Sisters had told her it was only an illusion, and she would surely agree that they were incapable of saying what was not true.

If they had seen what I do, answered the child mildly, they would believe as I do.

Seeing he could gain nothing by persuasion he became less conciliatory. He told her her conduct was scandalous. She was making herself run after. She must promise at once not to go to Massabielle again. She would not promise, and he was forced to say lamely,

"That is your last word?"

"Yes, Sir."

THE Procurator, at strife, not with one worthy of his wits but with an illiterate little peasant, could think of nothing further to say. He was compelled to dismiss her, therefore, with nothing more conclusive than a curt, "I'll look into the matter."

It was defeat for him and he was forced to recognize it as such.

Interviews of this kind must sometimes have been unspeakably fatiguing for her. She said herself that during a bout of questioning this same Imperial Procurator kept her and her mother standing for three hours.

"I did not mind for myself," she says, "but you can imagine how I suffered for my mother. At the end of these three hours the Procurator's wife who happened to pass said, 'There is a chair. You can sit down.' Mother was silent but I, who was bad, answered, 'No. We might dirty it!'"

When the Police Commissioner threatened her with imprisonment and her parents were nearly out of their minds with anxiety, she comforted them in this way: "They will not do all they say they will and God is stronger than they are. Don't be afraid. You see I am not. If they do put me in prison they'll only have the bother of taking me out again."

It will be seen that Bernadette, poor child, was taking on her own small shoulders not only her own difficulties but those of all her dear ones.

When officialdom first took cognizance of her existence it treated her as an impostor; but with such bitter feeling that the Commissioner of Police went to extraordinarily undignified lengths to prove she was only shamming. For instance, he went down to the Grotto during an ecstasy and he and a policeman stood in front of her and tried their utmost to disturb her in her prayers. An aunt who happened to be there protested energetically. The crowd, too, was far from sympathetic. The Commissioner retired crestfallen. The witnesses of the incident probably indulged in a not too pious jubilation.

AMONG Bernadette's friends on one of these occasions there were two soldiers who forced a passage through the crowd for her when it was too dense for her to make the ascent on her knees into the Grotto. The two good fellows pushed out right and left with shouts of, "Make room there, now! Make room!" And one stopped shouting for a moment to call out enthusiastically to his comrade, "Here! I say! And they'll come and tell us there's nothing in it! Ha! We'll have something to say to that! . . . Now then! Make room!"

Such rough friends were reflecting in their own way the enthusiasm of the best elements in the crowd. They made attacks on Bernadette less easy than they might otherwise have been.

The police persecution naturally involved the whole Soubirous family, so that they had no peace or privacy from the moment that rumors of the Apparitions began to get about. Imagine for yourself what would happen if a child of fourteen among your own acquaintance began to have visions of Our Lady. What would happen in that case happened to Bernadette and her family. Their friends

were sometimes unendurably importunate. Their enemies quickly turned into tormentors.

LISTEN to what Estrades, who was in Lourdes at the time, has to say on this point:

"The Police were sure that the Soubirous meant to restore their lost fortunes by putting up their daughter as a sort of medium and using her to exploit popular credulity. A whole system of secret spying began round the old prison in the Rue des Petits Fossés. The least movements of the father and mother were watched, and the children were cleverly tackled in efforts to get some disclosure out of them.

"During the night mysterious individuals came and glued themselves to the door and window, to peer through the cracks and see what went on in the suspicious abode. Last of all, under color of charity, false friends came to the house with misleading gifts of money. All this spying, all these ruses and all these police dodges only proved one thing—that the Soubirous family was honest, and further, incorruptible.

"The reopening of a still unhealed wound, however, brought new sorrow to this unfortunate household. In the year preceding the visions, the father—victim of a detestable calumny—was accused of the theft of wood and flour, and on this pretext he was imprisoned for a week. The police, doubtless exceeding their chief's intentions but wanting a reason to explain their movements, resuscitated this unfortunate affair and let it be understood that what they had in hand was of the same kind but that it was being kept dark. They omitted, however, to remind people that it had been recognized that there was no foundation for the accusation, and that the judge in charge of the case had insisted on the prisoner's discharge."

Thus the Soubirous could scarcely make a movement or utter a word without the whole world knowing it. In only too many instances their utterances were more or less wilfully distorted to serve the ends of the Father of Lies. Their home was continually invaded by strangers, some of them insolent. It must have been with extreme difficulty that they got their meals. The local newspapers, too, were soon making the most of an extraordinary piece of publicity. They were mainly the enemies of the truth. Circulation, after all, is so often in direct proportion to vituperation. In this case the "gutter press" was as ready as it is today to twist the facts. It unwittingly rendered, however, one signal service to the right cause, for, growing rhetorical over the dangers incurred by religion at the hands of a superstitious peasantry, it declared the clergy did not consider what had happened worthy of serious attention. In this way they publicly and gratuitously freed the clergy forever from any possible charge of complicity in recent events at Lourdes.

Good Monsieur Estrades had a sister living with him. She, like her brother, has left us a memorial of the Apparitions. She was a pious lady of a slightly infuriating kind. She has given us, with a rather wonderful complacency, some idea of the sort of thing the Soubirous had to put up with. Thus Mademoiselle Estrades who had been present at an Apparition for the first time:

"The time came for everyone to leave the Grotto. We lost sight of Bernadette for a minute, then we were told she had gone into the Savy mill. We went there to look for her. Bernadette was sitting down with her mother beside her. I sat down next to the woman. I did not realize at the time that it was she who had given birth to Bernadette. I was not long in finding out. She was perspiring freely. She was very pale and from time to time she cast an anguished look at her daughter. I asked her if she knew the child.

"Alas! Mademoiselle, I am her unhappy mother!"

"Unhappy mother! Why?"

"You see for yourself what's happening! The police are threatening to imprison us. Either people laugh at us or they pity us because they say our child is ill!"

"Bernadette's mother was a piteous sight. She sighed grievously. She dearly loved her daughter, and this dear child of hers had become, so to speak, the laughing stock of the town."

"It was not enough for my pious curiosity," she writes in another place, "to have seen Bernadette in ecstasy. I wanted to see her close—to talk to her."

ALAS! poor Bernadette! This was the attitude of everyone else in the place. Then, as now, it is to be feared, pious curiosity was the source of a good deal of trouble and a vast amount of indiscretion. And when it is remembered that Bernadette was an invalid suffering from chronic asthma, and deprived by narrow circumstances of much that is usually considered essential to life—room to move in, adequate food and clothing and so on—the interrogations she underwent must very nearly have amounted to "Third Degree."

"How many people have we seen," exclaims Mademoiselle Estrades, "who were never weary of hearing Bernadette talk!"

It did not occur to them, apparently, that the child herself might be exhausted.

Here is another case of indiscreet questioning that must have hurt Bernadette. Our Lady had taught her a prayer for herself alone and had exacted a promise that it should be kept secret.

"I kept on insisting she should tell it me, but she would not," writes our pious friend.

People even tried to induce her to prophesy. "Do you think there will be a chapel and shall we go in procession to the Grotto? Will there be many people in the processions?" She answered them all as best she could, with unfailing simplicity, patience and generosity.

When her good faith was no longer in question it was said she was subject to hallucinations. In sum, that her brain was sick. This theory was a particularly dear one to the civil authorities. If they could once show that she was out of her mind the law would sanction her removal to a lunatic asylum. In such a place she would be more surely, more irrevocably detained than in any prison. Doctors were sent to examine her, with this end in view.

ONE doctor tried to hypnotize her. He would be able to report her suggestible if he were to succeed. It would not then be difficult to maintain that the visions had no existence apart from a fervid imagination. The child had not the faintest idea of what he was trying to do. She submitted to his passes, but the only result of them was to give her a headache. The doctor went away discomfited. He had never come across anyone less suggestible than Bernadette.

The next effort against her was a more serious one. A commission of two doctors was formed to make an enquiry into her mental state. One was a dear friend of the Imperial Procurator. Both of them belonged to Lourdes. Both had been loud in denying the supernatural nature of the facts occurring at the Grotto. Both knew what verdict was expected of them. They had already openly pronounced it. They examined Bernadette's skull. Her head was normal. They questioned her minutely. Her replies were clear, calm and unaffected. They could see she was chronically asthmatical but they were too expert to conclude that therefore she was mentally deficient. Being honest though prejudiced, the utmost they could conclude was, that it was *possible* she was suffering from hallucinations *in one respect*. Here is their verdict in detail:

"There is no evidence to show that Bernadette wanted to impose on people. The child has an impressionable nature. She may be the victim of an hallucination. Probably her attention was fixed by a ray of light near the Grotto; and her imagination, swayed by her religious nature, gave the ray a shape striking to children, that of statues of the Virgin such as are to be seen on altars.

"In consequence the undersigned are of opinion that the girl Bernadette may have seemed to be in a state of ecstasy on several occasions; and that this is a disturbance of her intellectual nature whose effects explain the phenomena of the vision.

"Ought this disturbance to receive treatment?

"The illness we think Bernadette is suffering from cannot possibly harm the child as far as we can judge. On the contrary, it is possible that when Bernadette has taken up her ordinary mode of life again she will cease to think about the Grotto and the wonderful things she relates."

On this report the Prefect—incredible

as it may seem—made up his mind to have Bernadette shut away as a lunatic.

About this time he had to meet the local Mayors on other matters. He therefore took the opportunity of letting them know what he intended should be done in the matter of the Apparitions at Lourdes. He began by telling them that the scenes at the Grotto were bringing true religion into disrepute.

This surprised the local worthies because up to that day the Prefect had not appeared to care much whether true religion was brought into disrepute or not.

He went on to point out that the Grotto was being turned into a public oratory, and that this was illegal. He ordered everything in the way of objects of devotion left there to be removed. He ended up by saying that if anyone said he saw a vision at the Grotto he was to be arrested and taken to Tarbes to be treated as one sick in his mind. And anyone who spread tales of visions was to be prosecuted for lying reports.

He was obeyed solely in the matter of the establishment of an oratory. With great difficulty, after unending refusals, a donkey and cart were hired to convey the pious objects from Massabielle to the town hall where their owners were to claim them. They did claim them, but it was to put them straight back in the Grotto again.

The question of the arrest of Bernadette was a more serious one. Frankly, the Mayor of Lourdes was afraid to put it into effect. He knew the people would rise as one man against him if he raised a finger to attempt it. He had a talk with the Imperial Procurator, with the result that they set off together to visit the Abbé Peyramale.

THE parish priest left them in no doubt as to his opinion. "If the bishop," he indignantly exclaimed, "if the clergy, if I myself am waiting for further light on the events that have taken place before making any pronouncement as to their supernatural character, at least we do know enough about them to form an opinion about Bernadette's sincerity and the trustworthiness of her intelligence. Your doctors have not found a trace of mental trouble. You dare not even make a definite statement, and your conclusions are purely supposititious. I know what my duty as parish priest is. You may go, therefore, and tell the Prefect from me that the police will find me on this poor family's threshold, and they will have to throw me

down and pass over my body before they touch a hair of the little girl's head."

The threat was sufficient. The child was not entirely friendless and defenseless, it would seem. The attempt to prove her mad had better be dropped.

A NUMBER of documents are extant which tend to show the various states of mind the news of Bernadette's visions was producing in Lourdes. The indefatigable Father Cros collected most of them. Brother Cérase, for instance, of the Institute Ploermel, wrote a contemporary account of the occurrences for his parents. In 1881, in reply to questions from Father Cros, we find him writing thus:

"Most of the population of Lourdes and the countryside believed in the visions from the first. A few of the intellectuals were soon convinced. (They were men who had seen Bernadette at the Grotto.) The majority of them were unbelieving. Some of them said, first, that Bernadette was a fraud; next, that she was acting a part taught her by some other person; then, that she was suffering from delusions; then, that she was out of her mind; and lastly, that she was cataleptic."

Brother Léobald, Headmaster of the Christian Brothers' School at Lourdes, in a Memoir written specially for the Mother House, has the following paragraph:

"At first sight you might think Bernadette very simple; but if you were with her for long you would find, on the contrary, that she can be very mischievous. The last time she came at my request to tell me all [about the Visions] once again I asked myself, as I considered her attentively, whether she was not a clever actress rather than a truthful messenger; and I must own that, though I have always believed in the reality of the Apparitions, I might now be reduced to doubting them, were it not that my conviction is forced by the many cures that have taken place."

On the other hand, he says in another place:

"The trials to which Bernadette has been subjected and from which she has emerged victorious are sufficient proof of her sincerity. She could not have put on that purely heavenly expression she wore every time she saw Our Lady and which so impressed those who saw it."

A few minds wisely took the line of a schoolmaster writing in May, 1858:

"Science must decide whether the child is suffering from hallucinations or not. The religious authorities must tell us whether a miracle has taken place. You, reader, while you wait for these two authorities to speak . . . and speak they will . . . must wait with an open mind."

As for Bernadette herself, her general position was defined for her by a Sister of Nevers, who told her,

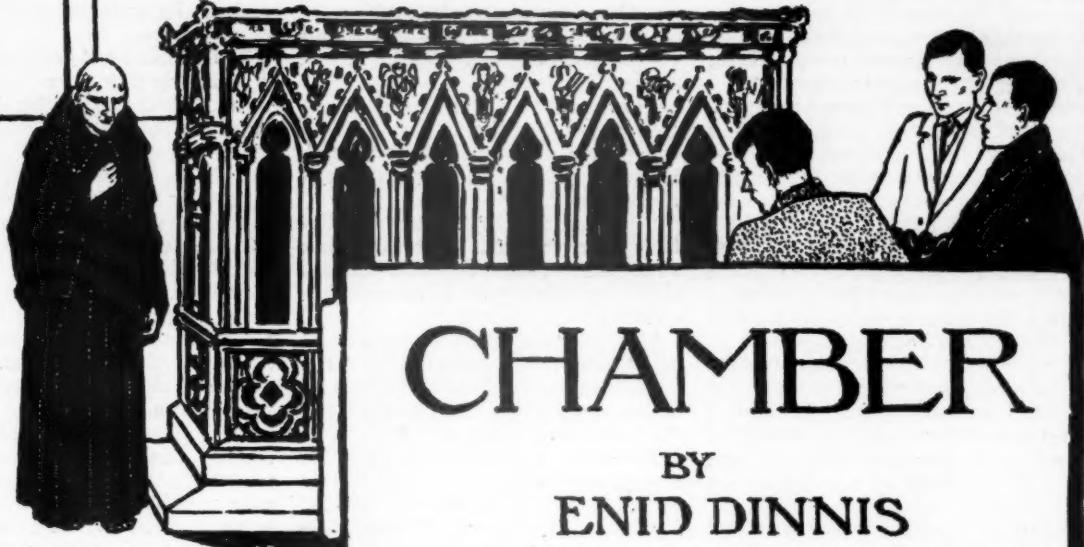
"You might ask the Lady to teach you your lessons. You can't learn a thing!"

O marvelous safeguard for an already marvelous humility!

The approaching canonization of Blessed Bernadette adds to the timelessness of this biography so charmingly and authentically written. Three more chapters will be published in successive issues.

Illustrations by Florence Harrison

THE WATCHING



CHAMBER

BY
ENID DINNIS

THIS story may very well begin at the point where my old chum Ferrant threw down his knife and fork and gazed, first at me and then at the ceiling. We were fellow guests at the house of our mutual friend, Brownson (no living persons are mentioned by their right name in this story).

"Never seen Longminster Abbey?" Ferrant gasped. "And you a Catholic! I consider it one of the first duties of every Catholic who visits England—let alone lives in it—to visit Longminster (Longminster is, of course, a purely fictitious name). It contains the shrine of St. Antiphabulus, the earliest known martyr for the Faith in this country."

"I am perfectly willing to visit it," I replied merrily. "I confess to knowing very little about St. Antiphabulus (I've already said that no living person is mentioned by his right name in this story and a Saint is eminently a living person), except that he died for the Faith in the ages before the Norman Conquest."

"They raised one of the most famous shrines in the country on the spot where he died," Ferrant said. "It has kept his memory alive. I'll run you out there in my car tomorrow; and perhaps," he added addressing our host, "you might care to come too?"

Brownson accepted the invitation; and so it was that we found ourselves at Long-

minster on the following afternoon—three young men of a literary and romantic turn of mind; two of us Catholics, one, myself, bred up in the Faith, the other a newcomer. Brownson was what may be termed a sympathetic outsider. He had chosen to set a "psychic" boundary to the supernatural and moved about within his limits apparently in full, if rather pathetic, contentment. Like me, he had never been to Longminster although he was an enthusiastic medievalist. He, however, claimed the excuse of not having been long in England.

THE defect in our education was somewhat justified by the fact that there appeared to be extraordinarily few people visiting the abbey. It was well on in the afternoon and that may have accounted for it. It was, beyond question, a glorious old place; set on the summit of a hill, the little town clustering round it, respectfully conscious of the fact that it only possessed a relative existence, as it were. The immense church struck one as being completely deserted as we entered it. The Established Protestant Church makes use of it for parochial and diocesan purposes, and on Sundays it comes to life with bright and hearty services, but on week-days the abbey is simply a carefully and reverently preserved relic of the past.

Ferrant guided us rather hastily through

the lengthy western portion of the church—the great nave, accessible to the laity in the days of the monks. Beyond that lay the choir with its immense Norman arches, and carved reredos, above which the eye could follow the further trend of the vaulted roof. In the ancient days the pyx containing the Sacred Host had been suspended high above the sanctuary screen, so that it might be seen by all.

"It's the shrine that I particularly want you to see," Ferrant said as he led the way into the transept on the south side of the choir. On our left was an iron grille of immense size which served to shut off the chapel beyond. Its rich blue coloring had defied the ravages of five or six centuries. Through this grate, Ferrant explained, the pilgrims, when not admitted to a nearer view, had peered at the shrine of the martyr when the casket containing the relics was exposed in all its magnificence. The altartombs of two or three abbots and one royal duke stood near at hand.

WE passed into the main body of the chapel of the martyr through a gateway in the grille. In the centre of the great bare space—bare to grimness—stood what had once been the shrine of the Saint, a maimed and mutilated, but still exquisite work of art. The stone carving and delicate tracery had suffered, not merely from the hand of time but from that of the human

destroyer. It displayed evidences of having been carefully restored; but at its best it remained but a shell, for the shrine itself—a golden casket containing the bones of the Saint—had long since disappeared.

IT is impossible to convey the sensation of cold desolation that took hold of one. Every ancient sanctuary in England produces that feeling. It was present in a marked degree in the place which had once enshrined the relics of St. Antiphabulus. One could picture to oneself the crowd of pilgrims gazing through the grating, or approaching yet nearer to the resplendent spot where the Church honored the mortal remains of the man who had sown with his blood her seed on this hill-top.

All that splendor was now but indirectly indicated by the signs and memorials of the care which had been taken to guard the holy place in the days gone by. It was to me as though every stone were on the watch, and every pillar a sentry. A feeling that I was under observation took hold of me as soon as I entered the place.

Farrant led us across the chapel, past the long canopied space where the magnificent receptacle for the Saint's relics had reposed when exhibited for veneration. He pointed to a little wooden gallery built in between the pillars opposite the way by which we had entered.

"That is the old watching-chamber," he said. "The monks used to keep watch over the shrine there, night and day."

So that accounted for the feeling that I had had of being watched. I was about to say so when Brownson remarked:

"There's a fellow up there now. I suppose he's keeping his eye on us in case we carve our initials on the shrine."

We followed his gaze, but neither Farrant nor I could see anybody.

"I caught sight of him just now," Brownson said. "I've half a mind to go up and see if he can tell us what really became of the bones of St. Antiphabulus."

"Please don't," Farrant implored him. (It had not been a very tactful suggestion seeing that Farrant fancied himself as a guide.) "No one knows what became of the relics," he went on. "They had an unusually checkered career—they even went to Norway and back, and after that they were stolen and restored to the abbey—at any rate, they seem to have been there at the time of the dissolution, for the miracles appear to have been going strong."

We glanced from the watching-chamber to the shrine. It stood there, gaunt in its nakedness. A venerated relic, crowned with the halo of antiquity. I fell to wondering within myself what use the ancient custodians would have had for the halo of antiquity. All the same, the present custodians were taking very good care of St. Antiphabulus' shrine and of the glorious fame in which it stood. The church had suffered from the hands of Cromwell and

his soldiers, but a later generation had done its best to make good.

We were standing quite close to the watching-chamber. Suddenly Brownson seized the handle of the old oaken door.

"I'm going up to have a look," he said.

"Better not," I answered. "I expect the fellow's up there to arrest trespassing Americans."

"It's the dinkiest little watch-out that I've ever struck," Brownson persisted, "and I'm going up, any old how."

With that he started to climb the rather difficult stairs and disappeared. Farrant shrugged his shoulders.

"I expect it's another New Yorker up to the same game," he said.

A minute later Brownson reappeared. He was looking puzzled. "There isn't anybody up there," he said.

"But there must be," I retorted. "Nobody has come down. We couldn't have missed seeing them if they had. Perhaps there's another way out of the watching-chamber?"

"It must have been a ghost," Farrant said, taking the thing quite calmly. "The place must be full of them. Perhaps we shall see some more. Let's sit down and dream dreams and see visions."

I watched Brownson curiously. He seemed utterly at a loose end. He had sat himself down on the tomb of the "Abbat" Romuald. We followed his example—there was room for the three of us.

"Let's make up a story about the place," I suggested, "and call it 'The Watching-Chamber.' A story in three chapters, and we'll tell a chapter each."

"Righto; you go ahead, Tom," Farrant said. "What shall it be? The story of Brother Giles?"

"Brother Benedict," I corrected. "The monks here were Benedictines."

"Very good, then. Fire away with Brother Benedict."

I took the plunge gallantly.

"Brother Benedict was one of the most respected members of the community," I said. "It was his duty to watch over the magnificent new shrine which had been built to contain the feretory, a richly jewelled casket containing the relics of the martyr."

"The shrine," I went on, "had a base of purbeck marble."

"You've been reading your guide-book," Farrant commented, disapprovingly. "Don't be too guide-booky."

IPULLED myself together. It is no easy matter to make up a story as you go along. "Brother Benedict had an intense devotion to the martyr," I continued valiantly. "In the course of time the shrine became famous throughout the land. Thousands of pilgrims thronged thither." I caught a warning expression on Farrant's face. "And then," I said hastily, "a horrible thing happened. A band of outlaws attacked the abbey and carried off the bones of the Saint as a kind of vengeance on

the abbot who had given them some offense."

Farrant proceeded to throw cold water on my sensationalism. "That's in the guide-book, too," he snorted. "It's up to you to tell us what became of the relics, and what Brother Benedict did towards their recovery."

"Suppose I leave that to Brownson," I suggested. "He's steeped in the Middle Ages. He's far more likely to establish a contact with Brother Benedict than I."

BRownson had been sitting more or less in a state of preoccupation. We were not quite sure whether he was going to fall in with our rather juvenile pastime, but he "came to" and took up the challenge in the most sportsmanlike way.

"Brother Benedict happened to be sick at the time of the sack of the shrine," he said, "that was why he was absent from the watching-chamber, for it had been his special task for years to spend the hours of the night keeping guard over the martyr's relics. Brother Benedict, you see, had a special devotion to the relics. The gold and silver and precious stones didn't interest him so much. He was real friends with St. Antiphabulus. He had a flair for sanctity and always longed for the honor of martyrdom himself, only there didn't seem any chance of its coming his way. It was centuries before the Reformation."

We were watching Brownson in admiration. We had no idea that he possessed this talent for extemporary story-telling.

"What had happened was this," he went on in the same explanatory tone. "Brother Benedict had had the misfortune to slip on the flight of stone steps leading down through a trapdoor into the crypt underneath the chapel of the shrine. He had broken a leg besides receiving severe injuries to his head. He was lying unconscious at the time when the sacrilege took place. When he recovered they told him what had happened. Brother Benedict hobbled out of the infirmary—for the accident had left him lame—and into the chapel where he had kept watch over the treasure. The marble shrine itself lay there, a heap of fragments. Brother Benedict stood there and surveyed them."

Our narrator paused, but the pause did not suggest a lull in his inventive faculty. I found myself gazing before me and visualizing the holy Brother faced by the destruction of the treasure of which he was chief custodian. Farrant was listening; without comment this time.

"Brother Benedict possessed a stout heart and a sturdy faith." (Brownson was speaking with conviction.) "He turned to the Brothers who had accompanied him on this direful visit and said: 'Never mind, we will piece the fragments together and build it up again, and all will be well. St. Antiphabulus will do without a jewelled feretory for the time being. He will but sorrow for the wickedness of the thieves whose greed for riches brought them to this

pass.' And no one dare to tell Brother Benedict of the terrible sacrilege that had taken place and how the relics of the martyr had likewise been stolen away, along with the gold and silver and rubies and emeralds.

"So they allowed Brother Benedict to set to work and piece together the broken portions of the marble shrine until the abbot got to hear of it. Then the abbot called Brother Benedict and told him what had happened, and how the bones of the martyr were no more, and could not, therefore, require a shrine.

"Brother Benedict listened; and his stout heart accepted the blow unflinchingly. 'Courage, my good Father,' quoth he, 'for of a surety these poor thieves will repent them of their crime and some day bring back the relics of the Saint—for no man living would dare to make away with the bones of our holy martyr—and then it would be well to have the shrine ready against their return.'

"The abbot gave due consideration to Brother Benedict's words." (We noted that the narrator had dropped into the correct medieval way of speaking.) "Not that he shared the Brother's holy optimism, but it occurred to him that since the disappearance of the relics had so far been kept a secret, it might not be amiss to restore the shrine and say nothing. Brother Benedict's naive suggestion had removed the ethical objection to such a course of action."

THE speaker's tone suddenly changed. "Ethical objections have not always been paramount in connection with the veneration of relics," he observed.

That was Brownson speaking. Before it had almost seemed like somebody else. Was that because our friend was a consummate artist, or—I glanced up at the watching-chamber—were there uncanny influences about this place?

The narrative continued:

"So Brother Benedict got his way. The shattered shrine was restored to its former beauty, and when the task was completed the Brother quietly resumed his night watch. Up in the watching-chamber, he knelt and prayed, night after night, that the thieves might be brought to repentance and restore its lost treasure to the abbey.

"So the years went by, and Brother Benedict watched and prayed, for haply the repentant thieves might seek to restore the stolen property in the night, privily, and he, Benedict, would be there on the great occasion. But no penitent thief appeared. The relics of the martyr were no longer exposed for veneration and the people's devotion consequently diminished. No more pilgrims came to the abbey now that the dazzling receptacle was no longer to be viewed.

"The community grieved for the palmy days when rich votive offerings poured in, but Brother Benedict grieved only for the

relics themselves. Every night he sent up his supplication that the shrine might once more contain the relics of a martyr, dragging his lame leg up the rude staircase of the watching-chamber—no easy matter, but the Brother loved an extra act of penance."

Brownson paused.

"Go on," Ferrant muttered.

Brownson had not got his story from the guide-book, but it had an authentic sound

tacked and ill-treated or even killed by these ill-conditioned fanatics. Brother Benedict heard them told and greatly envied these men who had an opportunity of dying, as it were, for the Faith. They were very hideous, these stories of sacrilege and desecration, but the chance of martyrdom brought a thrill to his breast. When Brother Benedict knelt in his watching-chamber he could see the golden pyx, over the screen, hanging in the great choir,



about it. It suggested the mysteries, half-truths qualities of a legend.

"The monks after a time came to look upon Brother Benedict as being a little queer," Brownson went on obediently.

"But, being lame, he was not much good at anything else, so his praying job was allowed to continue. The country was in need of prayers, for the new preachers were rousing the mob to deeds of violence against Holy Church, especially attacking the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. There were terrible stories of priests being at-

and it warmed his old heart to feel that he was its guardian as well as watcher at the shrine. He prayed to St. Antiphabulus to obtain from Heaven a great favor for him. What the favor was remained his secret."

Brownson paused for a second time. "Are you fellows bored?" he asked, in rather an apologetic tone.

"Go on," Ferrant repeated, and I judged from his manner that he was feeling something the same as I was—not bored!

Brownson leant forward and clasped

his hands across his knees. It was marvelous that a man could go on being so inventive without the aid of a smoke, thought I. Where did he get his inspiration?

"ONE night," he said, "Brother Benedict thought that he heard a noise down near the shrine. It seemed to come from somewhere, by the trap-door which led down to the crypt, where he had met with his accident. His heart gave a great jump. Could it be the repentant thieves come back at last with the lost treasure? He had received a kind of premonition that the shrine was not to remain much longer a shell without a kernel, as it were—a martyr's shrine with no martyr's body inside it. That would be like an altar upon which no sacrifice was ever offered—if one could conceive of such a thing!"

"The watcher hastened down from his point of vantage. He would welcome the tardy penitents with words of comfort and reassurance. There was a bright moon shining. Round on the other side of the shrine he pulled himself up suddenly. He had come upon the trap-door standing wide open. Some careless Brother must have left it so. For a second time he had nearly fallen to his death. The shock was terrific. His wits seemed to leave him for a moment and, when he came to, there was the figure of a man standing beside him. A fierce and wicked-looking caitiff, like those depicted in the great fresco of the martyrdom of St. Antiphabulus.

"The man raised his hand—Brother Benedict saw him do so quite plainly—and pointed to the pyx, visible over the stone screen. Then he pointed down the flight of stone steps and Brother Benedict grasped the fact that this was no repentant thief but one of the wicked heretics who would have men deny the Faith. He was inviting him to do so now or else be cast to his death down the stone steps.

"With a thrill of rapture Brother Benedict realized that his opportunity had come at last. His prayer had been granted. He fell onto his knees with his face towards the great choir where the sacred pyx hung, and fixing his eyes on it cried in a loud voice: *Ave, verum corpus natum ex Maria Virgine.* ("Hail, True Body born of the Virgin Mary.") Then his body swayed and Brother Benedict felt himself being cast headlong to his death.

"They found his body there next morning, at the foot of the flight of steps which had so nearly caused his death on a previous occasion. The poor old man must have fancied that he heard a noise and gone down to look. It must have been his fancy, for all the doors of the church were locked. It was hard lines that it should have been the very night when the trap-door had been left open, forming the death-trap that it did."

Brownson had very nearly got to the end of his contribution to the story.

"They took the poor old Brother's remains," he said, "and in order to save

themselves the trouble of digging a grave they placed them in the empty tomb of St. Antiphabulus. After all, as the abbot said, it were not unseemly that the faithful watcher should take his rest in the place which he had watched over these many years.

"And that was how there came to be relics in the shrine at the time of the dissolution."

Brownson had finished his story. It was a masterpiece. Ferrant added his contribution.

"And there were many miracles wrought at the shrine of the martyr," he remarked, "right up to the time of the Reformation."

"That's in the guide-book," I reminded him, getting back my own.

"Look, there's a verger chap over there," Brownson interrupted. "I suppose he's come to give us a delicate hint that it's closing-time."

The person indicated stood for a moment looking towards us without speaking.

"Quite a monkish get-up," I observed, surveying the particularly correct black garment he was wearing. "I suppose the modern verger considers himself the lineal descendant of the old Brother."

"Time we cleared out," Ferrant said. "Nice of him not to have hustled us before."

THE tactful custodian had walked off. We prepared to follow him.

"Wait a bit," Brownson said, "I just want to have a look at the back of the watching-chamber to see if there is another way out." So we went round by the north transept. The back of the watching-chamber was a solid wall of oak with some quaint carving on it.

THORN

By Clifford J. Laube

WHEREVER the brown soil is sunned
And watered, and bright tendrils rise,
One stem has stood despised and shunned
Since Adam lost his paradise.

This is the thorn that lay in wait,—
(Ah, woe of wept Jerusalem!)—
Ready for maliced hands to plait
Into a mocking diadem.

Redemptive root! It pierced Him sore
And so became a sacred thing:
The only crown He ever wore
Who was in truth a King.

"You see for yourselves there's no other way out," Brownson said. "Now I'm going to try and find that verger fellow for he's the same one that I saw up in the loft."

"We'll find him if he's flesh and blood," Ferrant said. "There was one thing I noticed about him. He walked lame."

"I noticed that, too," Brownson said.

We made our way in silence. Then I tripped over something. It was an iron ring let into the floor. I was standing on a trap-door. Ferrant seized the ring and tugged. "This is something that they don't show the visitors," he said.

He raised the trap and revealed a steep flight of stone stairs. We shot glances at one another but again we made no comment. We found no trace of the man we were in search of. A verger in the normal kind of get-up informed us that he had seen nothing of a visitor in a religious habit, though, he admitted, some queer fish did visit the abbey.

"I suppose," Ferrant said, at length, "that we may take it that we have seen a ghost. I wonder if he overheard your story, Brownson?"

"I wonder," Brownson said. That was all we could get out of him.

IT was not until many months afterwards—on the evening of the day when he had made his submission to the Church which reared the cliff-like wall of Longminster on the summit of an English hill—that I ventured to put a pointed question to our friend.

"Tell me, old chap," I said, "did you really invent that story of the watching-chamber?"

He replied: "That depends on the sense in which you use the word 'invent.' Its correct meaning is to discover, and in that sense I certainly did 'invent' Brother Benedict."

"I've heard it said," I remarked cautiously, "that when one attempts to reconstruct history, one's conjectures are sometimes the creatures of an outside inspiration."

Brownson nodded. "That's something like it," he said.

"Then you did not really create Brother Benedict," I queried, "and afterwards project one of his physical peculiarities into your ghost?"

Brownson held a match to his pipe.

"Our ghost," he reminded me, and handed on the match.

I fired a last shot.

"And what was Brother Benedict doing up in the watching-chamber?" I demanded. "I don't see why he should be condemned to that dreary vigil."

A large smile spread itself over Brownson's face.

"That's his unquenchable optimism," he said. "A ghost of his kind dwells on the future, not the past, and he's watching out for England's return to the faith of St. Antiphabulus; and, somehow, I don't think he'll be disappointed."

THE CODE THAT IS ONE-SIDED

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

THREE years of depression in business, in politics and in finance proved big enough to turn the mind of the people from the Eden of Prosperity to the preparedness of an obvious emergency. One can say without danger of exaggerating, that the depression gave us the emergency. And the emergency gave us Franklin Delano Roosevelt. And he, in an attempt to give us recovery, gave us the Recovery Act, and with it, General Johnson who, on his part, blessed us with the "code of ethics."

It may be worthwhile to recall just where we originally got our start, namely back in 1929; or else we will find it only too tempting to forget the recent forty-five months, as is the eternal privilege of human nature, and will make ourselves and others believe that we are on the threshold of a NEW ERA where the past is just a nightmare, and only the golden prospect of the future counts. In short, we may think that we are just starting from scratch. This is distinctly not so.

IF it were, we should have a comparatively easy time, with the N. R. A., with the industrial codes, and with the new deal. There would be no Henry Ford to spoil the picture of complete harmony among the automobile manufacturers. There would be no coal-operators, sitting in sullen silence when called upon to "do their share." There would be no General Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad to object to labor unions, no Henry I. Harriman, President of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, to come out in favor of the open shop, no Dudley Cates, former Deputy Administrator under General Johnson, to disagree with the Cabinet's favorable attitude toward labor unions. There would be no violation of code agreements regarding minimum wages and working hours. There would be no attempt toward individual autocracy within the realm of federal autocracy. All of which comes down to the simple truth: we are *not* starting from scratch but have inherited a terrific handicap from the Eden of Prosperity. In the last three years, we have left many things behind, wealth and security, jobs and luxury, insurance policies and Wall Street speculation, cars and homes and fur coats, satisfaction and a reliable future and what not. Thousands are impoverished and millions without knowledge of, or even faith in, the future. But we have carried right along the mentality of three

years ago, of the pre-War and even the pre-Civil War period. As long as we shoulder these mental hazards which fitted into a different age, the new deal is limited to figures; it does not embrace the spirit, which happens to be all-important under present conditions.

THE figures are simple enough and, on the surface, convincing enough. Officials in Washington estimate that 2,000,000 employers have up to now signed codes affecting some 15,000,000 workers. We have codes for barbers and printers, on trucking and handkerchiefs, on fibre and funeral supply, on telephones and peaches, for salesmen and stage entertainers, for radio and steel manufacturers. We have also some 2,000,000 volunteer canvassers who want to obtain pledges from 20,000,000 consumers to buy only where the Blue Eagle is displayed. Practically all the codes have this in common that they provide for minimum wages of between \$1.4 and \$1.5 a week, and an average forty-hour working week. It is stated that this has led already to a reduction in unemployment of 2,000,000, and an addition to purchasing power of about \$5,000,000,000. This is definite progress. People who work are satisfied. And people who make money spend money. It is the shortest cut to prosperity, and it took a new administration to find out about it.

It must not be concluded from the rise in employment and purchasing power, however, that this is the unfailing cure-all method for our present ailments. In our national economy—and in this we are not different from either the Zulu Islands or from New Zealand—two factors have always been outstanding and will continue so in the future. One is the man, or rather woman, who buys the things; the other is the one who makes the things. The former derives his income from the activity of the latter who, in turn, is dependent upon the consumer. It is the balance between the two that spells legitimate prosperity. The codes of the N. R. A. have the preliminary purpose of raising the capacity of the buyer to the current level of the producer. As the latter is always a step or two ahead of the buyer, the real purpose of the code, as envisioned by the Brain Trust, is to control the output of the farmer and the manufacturer. This is, by all means, the true test of the some ten dozens of codes now in operation.

The figures tell us that presently about

one-third of the workers in the United States are affected by the stipulations of the various codes, not counting the many unofficial, but nevertheless existing, violations on the part of employers who try by an astounding variety of devices to get around minimum wages as well as minimum working hours. The statistics issued in Washington also indicate that only about one-third of the employers have signed on the dotted line. This is the paper result after the N. R. A. has officially come to a close. It is, I suppose, encouraging but it is far from a "finished performance."

The reason, in the opinion of the writer, lies not so much in the unwillingness on the part of employers to grant their men decent living wages but in their inability to get away from a system which is well-nigh "sacred." You cannot freely revise wages upward and downward if the wage-item on your expenditure list is fixed, that is, if it is subordinated to other considerations such as the price which the competition allows you for your product, the cost of imported raw material which may be increased due to higher import tariffs, and a thousand other ifs and whens. You can see easily enough that, whereas wages should be sacred with the employer because upon them depend his sales, they are quite to the contrary the first thing to be touched when sales and prices tend downward.

IT is, therefore, not the cold stipulation of the industrial code, not even the decree of minimum wages which can give our employers a different conception of what wages stand for. The Administration can possibly force through, for the time being, the adherence to its codes. But such decision would not be final; not as long as Washington is talking about wages as the A and O of Recovery, while the employer (perhaps unwittingly and hence rather innocently) insists on his profit policy as a necessary condition and as his undoubtedly right and privilege.

As long as the two do not meet on common ground, as long as the employers, as long as all of us (the prospective employers) do not break with the tradition of 150 years' standing, where the consumer has no voice—so long will the N. R. A. code be but an outstanding bill: it will be received, it will be filed, but it will not be honored because its underlying justification of the consumers' right to stable wages is not recognized.

WOMAN TO WOMAN

THREE is a such a thing as expecting too much of the Saints. There is the lady who, while driving her car, looked at her St. Christopher medal and decided it needed cleaning, and got bumped good and hard by the car she hadn't seen because she was looking at the medal instead of the road. She felt quite aggrieved, but I think the Saint is the one who should have felt annoyed.

THREE have been many who deprecated certain passages in Sigrid Undset's novels. Personally, I think there are things here and there in her books which she could very easily take out—definite incidents which would not injure her work. But she is an artist to whom the parts make a whole, and she would probably feel that her brain child had had a finger amputated if she cut out some part of the book's anatomy. But the main point is this: I feel she is a good Catholic and imagine, if the command came from authority, she would omit what she was asked to omit. The significant thing is that no such thing has been asked of her, nor has there been any claim of heresy or poor theology in her works.

Those who object to her work will produce a certain paragraph and shout naturalism at it, whereas if read along with the whole story it fits in and becomes necessary and unobjectionable because it has a purpose. One can sympathize to a certain extent with these objectors. Much harm may be done by a glowing description of the roses and raptures of vice, of course, and there is always danger of a certain wrong reaction, and such books should be condemned, when written as such, that is, as tales of wayward love *per se*. They are trashy stuff and deserve oblivion.

But with Undset it is different. Here is a writer who is making at least a fair bid for eternity, who states truthfully the vice and its transient loveliness, but who always rounds out her story with its inevitable result of misery as the consequence of a fall. After all, what is it but the plot of the Garden of Eden where we certainly get all parts of the story. The trouble is that Puritans of all creeds refuse to admit that vice is often lovely for the moment. They don't realize that presenting it and then showing its inevitable loss of the realities of life by giving in to it may be an excellent way of learning and being warned. It may provide a detour sign to one who is about to take the wrong road.

Sin is often beautiful. Its guises are as fair as sunshine. Why deny it? Its results are usually hideous. Together they show life. I remember when a girl in high school I was allowed at some family cele-

By
Katherine Burton

bration to have my first glass of wine. But next day in a class in physiology we were shown the effect of liquor on the stomach in a series of vivid red and purple pictures of a drunkard's stomach. Never have I been so alarmed. Even now when I look on the wine when it is red I feel that old alarm coming over me.

Plenty, of course, may be said on both sides of such an argument as this, but one big argument is that it depends on the book and the purpose. But Undset is a writer who will never be read by the great majority anyway. The person who can be injured by naturalistic writing is the person who gets his reading elsewhere. The dangers lie very near at hand—in the cheap flood of tabloids, accessible to anyone who has two cents to buy them. The danger lies in the motion-picture where vice is often glorified so much that the little penalty at the end is not noticed at all. If the critics who jab at Undset—a good Catholic, a great writer, a reformer in the true sense of the word—would assail these instead, they might get somewhere and serve a more useful purpose than this hitting at individual sentences bearing on sex which the ordinary and perhaps more normal reader takes in his stride as part of the book.

ABOUT thirty years ago a little girl lived in a big old-fashioned house on the cliff shore of Lake Erie. Two estates away was a convent, through the grounds of which the little girl used to wander. There were only low fences separating the homes between her house and the convent, and her family were entirely grown up and often got boring. The nuns were very busy women whose hands had that clean scrubbed look of praying and working a lot. They never bothered with her except to give her a pat or a smile, for they were too occupied with the old people and children to take care of to do more.

In the grotto by the cliff was a tall white statue with a wide blue sash, and there were always roses in bunches or just single ones at her feet. When no one was looking the little girl used to throw the statue a rose too—a moss rose preferably. Now and then on Sundays when the family were deep in whist she went to the chapel to a service very unlike her morning Lutheran one. They used incense and rang silver bells, and at one time in the service there was a hush quieter to the little girl than any silence she ever knew.

Once a lot of children had squares of brown put on their necks and she wanted one too—so much so that the next time she asked the nun who smiled at her the most for a brown cloth or a medal. The sensible nun said she couldn't get her one to wear but she would teach her a little prayer which she could use as a medal and wear in her heart instead of round her neck. Whenever the nun met her afterwards she stopped her and made her recite the little prayer until the child knew it by heart.

She moved away from the lake. She grew up and went to college and learned many new things, amongst them that religion was a superstition. She went to the Protestant chapel there because she had to as part of her curriculum. Later she married and had children and went on living a prosaic life.

One day great sorrow came to her—one she couldn't talk about or explain—and suddenly a need filled her heart, a greater need than the advice or sympathy of friends, and she didn't know where to find anything to satisfy her. While she was wondering what could make her bear this terrible affliction that had come into her life, there flashed into her mind the nun's prayer of years ago. And though she had never thought of it since her days by the lake shore, there it was, every word right:

"God the Father protect and keep me;
God the Son sustain and strengthen me;
God the Holy Ghost defend and aid me."

She had been wearing her medal in her heart all the time!

And with only that as her guide, with no earlier information, a stranger to ritual and knowledge of Catholic life and truth, she came within a few months into the Church.

AN ANGEL in Brooklyn found before daylight sitting by a hydrant! A phenomenon this if ever there was one. Two inebriated gentlemen had discovered the heavenly visitor and stumbled into the nearest police court to tell about it. "Got wings and everything," they insisted to the dazed sergeant. So that official sent a cop back to the hydrant with them, and sure enough there sat the angel. Golden curls, long white garment, though the wings were apparently in the beholders' eyes. After the two who found him were sent home to sober up, the angel was taken to the court and soon claimed by a distracted mother, who said Jimmie must have walked out of the house while the family was asleep. But it is nice to realize that some of our modern speakeasy frequenters still know what a real angel is supposed to look like.

Catholic Memorials *in the* National Capital

By John K. Ryan

THE erection by the Knights of Columbus in Washington of Leo Lentelli's fine statue of Cardinal Gibbons is a notable contribution to a city already rich in statuary. In the best traditions of sculpture, this bronze memorial of the great cardinal possesses those attributes of serene repose and rich dignity which are found in so many French and Italian memorials to the great ecclesiastics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Here is the union, artistically perfect and completely satisfying, of the ascetic face and figure with the splendid robes and ornate chair of rank and power. One senses the problem which confronted the artist, and appreciates how completely he has solved it.

Let us hope that this bronze Cardinal will sit for many years before the Shrine of the Sacred Heart. In it James Cardinal Gibbons will impart an eternal benediction to hurrying thousands of those Americans whom he loved and served so well. The statue will stand as a perennial memorial of one who was great and renowned in so many ways, as leader and teacher, as churchman and citizen. Most fitting is it that this monument will stand in Washington, the capital of the nation.

LENTELLI'S statue of the Cardinal is an addition not only to the statuary of the national capital in general; it is an addition also to the surprisingly large number of memorials which have been erected in Washington to distinguished Catholics. Besides its population of living men and women, the District of Columbia has another population of stone and metal figures. Perhaps no city in the world can show so many generals on horseback and statesmen on pedestals, so many poets, scientists, patriots and other benefactors of a grateful nation in poses appropriate or otherwise. They are of all walks of life, these sculptured figures, of all races and creeds. In life no doubt their merits varied greatly and it is not unexpected or improper that their counterfeit images should vary greatly in the aesthetic order. The Catholic student of these statues may well be pleased both at the number and character of our coreligionists who have been memorialized and at the uniform excellence of their statues. He may also be surprised to find that Cardinal Gibbons is not the only bishop or cardinal to be honored at Washington in enduring bronze. More than that, he may be surprised to find that in a place of special honor stands the statue—

a small one, true, but yet a statue—of a Pope.

Washington is assuming more and more of an imperial air as the years go by. In places it possesses that authentic grandeur which we like to attribute, rightly or not, to ancient Rome. Particularly is this true of the splendid plaza in front of the Union Station, and it is fitting that the place of honor should here be held by the great Latin who discovered the New World. The site was reserved for years for the proposed Lincoln Memorial, but it ultimately took such form as to be unsuited to the plaza. It was then decided to erect a monument to Columbus before the station, and Lorado Taft was chosen as its designer.

No fitting monument to Columbus has ever been erected, and perhaps none ever will be. Lorado Taft's work, however, is in fine harmony with its surroundings. Columbus stands in front of a low pylon which is surmounted by a sphere and four eagles. On either side of the pylon are symbolic figures of the old and new worlds, and the entire group is guarded by the inevitable lions, surveying the passing traffic with a slightly supercilious air.

The setting of this group is magnificent. Behind it stand three bronze flagstaffs, reminiscent of those in the Piazza di San Marco in Venice, and two great granite bowls overflowing with water. The background is the arches and walls of Daniel Burnham's reconstruction of the Baths of Diocletian in the form of a modern railway terminal. It is all more imperial than ancient Rome itself. And it is all harmonious and somehow genuinely American.

The prospect in front of the Columbus statue is even finer. The old red brick buildings which formerly stood there have been removed and the area is now being landscaped. The most important part of this development is to be a great reflecting pool into which a group of fountains will pour their waters. On the surface of the pool will lie the great gray dome of the Capitol and the fountains; the arches, the Columbus statue of the terminal group. It has been predicted that the Capitol as seen from the Columbus memorial will be equal in beauty to the Taj Mahal in India.

THE Capitol of the United States is not usually thought of as a place of Catholic historical or artistic interest. True there have been distinguished Catholics, Senators, members of the House, judges of the Supreme Court and other high officials

of the national government whose memory still lingers there or whose living influence is felt. Yet aside from them, a little study and observation will show that the Capitol does possess a wealth of things of Catholic interest. These range from the statues and pictures and other works of art throughout the great building to the lives of many of the sculptors and painters, often obscure and unfortunate, whose skill is evidenced on every side.

THE very doors of the Capitol have been called—and not at all in any friendly fashion—the Catholic doors, and it is amusing as well as instructive to study the great bronze doors leading to the rotunda to see why they have received this name. In 1853 or 1854 Randolph Rogers, an American sculptor, was commissioned to design the central doors of the Capitol. Rogers chose his subjects carefully, executed his plan to the best of his ability and completed the models in 1859. The doors were cast in bronze in Munich—a work that required two years—and were delivered in Washington in 1863. The doors are divided into square panels surmounted by a lunette, and herein are pictured scenes from the life of Christopher Columbus. Columbus is shown before the Council of Salamanca, departing for the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, interviewing their majesties, landing in the New World on Oct. 12, 1492, embarking for home, landing at Barcelona, and finally being recalled, arrested and dying.

In these various scenes in the life of Christopher Columbus the sculptor has introduced monks and friars in their habits. They discuss his plans, encourage him, lend him their aid. As if this were not enough of Catholic atmosphere for these American *Portoni di Bronzo*, Rogers proceeded to commit the sin against the Holy Ghost as far as one strange section of the American nether world is concerned. In the niches which flank the panels with the Columbus scenes, Rogers inserted small statues of foreigners who had one thing or another to do with the discovery of America. There are sixteen of them, all foreign, all Catholic: discoverers, nobles, kings, queens, a monk, a cardinal—and a Pope! These are Balboa, Pizarro, Ojeda, Vespucci, Cortez, Bartholomew Columbus, Pinzon, Perez, the Franciscan monk, Lady Isabel of Bobadilla, Cardinal Mendoza, Henry VII of England, John II of Portugal, Charles VIII of France, Ferdinand and

Isabella, and Alexander VI. No wonder that an immortal statesman called them the Catholic doors!

Inside the Capitol one of the most interesting and important rooms is the Supreme Court chamber. Originally the Senate chamber, this room was designed by Benjamin H. Latrobe, architect of the Capitol, of the Baltimore Cathedral and of many of the finest buildings erected in the first part of the nineteenth century. It is a perfect gem of neo-classic design and is possessed of the charm and distinction which mark all of Latrobe's work. It is the most dignified of rooms, even when the Supreme Court is not in session. This dignity is infinitely increased when the judges of the court, grave, scholarly, bearing the very countenance of authority and integrity, robed in doctors' gowns, make their formal entrance into the room.

They represent the highest and best tradition in human government, that of reasoned and honest judgment. They offer an object lesson in the meaning and value of ritual and symbolism in human life. They are a contrast to, and one may hope a check upon, the pettiness and trickery that too often take place on either side of them in the Capitol. For this reason, if for no other, it is to be regretted that only a few years are left for the Supreme Court to sit in this room. Only too soon will it have to move to the magnificent new building just beginning to rise on the left of the Library of Congress.

WHAT use the present Supreme Court chamber will be put to when the new building is finished is not known. Whatever it is, the room will still keep its memories of great jurists uttering great decisions. Perhaps none in the whole long history of the court was more momentous or more courageous than that of Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case before the Civil War. In 1876, after much of the hatred for Taney and much of the bitterness of the war had died out, Augustus St. Gaudens was commissioned to design a bust of Taney to be added to those of other dead Chief Justices. Roger Brooke Taney was a Catholic, descendant, as his name shows, of two of the oldest of American families. Near his bust stands that of another great jurist who was also a staunch Catholic. This is Bryant Baker's bust of Chief Justice Edward Douglass White. The marble effigies of other heads of the highest court are also in the chamber. It is an august company and the presence in it of two distinguished Catholics is a better indication of the essential American character than are some of our more glaring and less pleasant political phenomena.

In Statuary Hall two of the most noted statues are of Catholic priests. The first of these to be erected is that of Father Jacques Marquette, member of the Society of Jesus and discoverer of the Mississippi

River. Father Marquette's statue is a gift of the State of Wisconsin and was designed by Gaetano Trentanove. When it was proposed by Wisconsin to erect a statue to Father Marquette in the Capitol immediate objection was raised on the ground that he was not a citizen of the State but merely a pioneer, explorer, discoverer and missionary.

THE result of this attack was that the question of the Marquette statue was before the Congress and President of the United States for a dozen years. On March 11, 1892, Representative Mitchell of Wisconsin introduced the following joint resolution: *Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress Assembled, That the State of Wisconsin be and is hereby authorized and granted the privilege of placing in Statuary Hall at the Capitol the statue of Père Marquette, the faithful missionary whose work among the Indians and explorations within the borders of said State in early days are recognized all over the civilized world.*" The law's delay was then rivalled by the lawmakers' delay and for twelve years definite and final action on the resolution was deftly postponed. However, the whole silly and cynical procedure served an ultimately good end. Today Father Marquette, Jesuit, is kept company in Statuary Hall by Fra Junipero Serra, Franciscan.

Father Serra's statue is, of course, the gift of California. Of bronze, it is one of the latest and best additions to the hall. It is the work of E. Cadorn and shows Father Serra clothed in his Franciscan habit and holding aloft a cross. It was erected in April, 1931, together with the statue of another distinguished Californian, the Rev. Thomas Starr King, a minister.

Other Catholics are represented in Statuary Hall in Maryland's Charles Carroll of Carrollton and Illinois's General James Shields. The Carroll statue was erected in 1903 and is the work of Richard E. Brooks. As Charles Carroll of Carrollton was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and throughout his long life a distinguished and influential citizen, it was only natural for Maryland to place his statue in the national Hall of Fame.

In the case of General Shields, three States at least could have chosen him as their representative. His career was such as was only possible to a particular type and at a particular time and place. Only a brilliant young Irishman could come to America in the nineteenth century, start colonies, engage in business, practise law, hold high governmental offices, receive a general's commission in two wars, be elected United States Senator from three States, Minnesota, Illinois and Missouri, and have monuments erected to him after his death. Leonard W. Volk has sculptured General Shields in bronze. His strong figure is clothed in a general's uniform; his strong face gives us of today

some acquaintance with the secret of his extraordinary career.

Another Catholic memorialized in Statuary Hall is Senator John E. Kenna of West Virginia, whose statue is the work of Alexander Doyle. General Philip Kearney of New Jersey, the gallant cavalry leader who was killed in action early in the Civil War, was a descendant of Michael Kearney who came from Ireland in the eighteenth century. However, the faith had disappeared before General Kearney's time and he was not, as is sometimes thought, a Catholic.

Throughout the Capitol there are other things and places of Catholic interest. Memories of Columbus and De Soto, of Lafayette and of many another who played his part either in building the American nation or in the adornment of its chief legislative halls. In the Capitol as well as elsewhere in the City of Washington, the Catholic pilgrim will find a unique and vivid source of enjoyment in the memorials of men and women of his faith.

THE building which houses the Library of Congress is a striking and distinguished achievement. In it almost every living American sculptor and painter who had attained fame at the end of the nineteenth century is represented by one or more works. As is to be expected, they chose as their subjects the great figures in the intellectual and spiritual history of the race. Many of the artists who lent their skill to the adornment of this great building were Catholics and many a Catholic's name or image is seen here. In the rotunda is found a statue of Columbus by Paul W. Bartlett. Here also are figures of Moses by Charles H. Niehaus, Saint Paul by John Donoghue, Michael Angelo by Paul Bartlett, Beethoven by Theodore Baur. The statues of Plato and Bacon, representing philosophy, are by John J. Boyle. The great clock and the statue of Commerce are by John Flanagan. That of Science is by John Donoghue. Louis Saint Gaudens designed the statue of Homer and the original designs for the statue of Art were by Augustus Saint Gaudens.

The fine mural decoration in the rotunda is the work of Edwin Blashfield, and it is interesting to note that the figure representing the Middle Ages is a modified portrait of Mary Anderson, the great Catholic actress. Known since her marriage as Mme. de Navarro, Mary Anderson has long since retired from the stage and lives now at Broadway, England. Other works of interest to Catholics are found throughout the building. In various places one may note the names of great Catholics, theologians, artists, poets, composers, such as Saint Augustine, Bossuet, Saint Bernard, Pascal and so on. The bust of Dante on the exterior of the Library is by Herbert Adams. To Dante stands another memorial opposite the statue to Saint Joan of Arc in Meridian Park.

If sinister plots were scented in the Rogers doors of the national Capitol itself, an even more daring and subtle attack upon American institutions was discovered and thwarted during the course of the erection of the Washington Monument. The history of this monument is a long and devious one and not always edifying. It had its beginning on Aug. 7, 1783, when it was resolved by Congress that an equestrian statue be erected to General Washington "where the residence of Congress shall be established." In the course of years changes were made in the plans for the proposed monument and it was finally decided that it should take the form of a marble shaft rising from a "pantheon" surrounded by columns and decorated by appropriate statues. The shaft alone, fortunately, survived and was finally completed and dedicated in 1885. The building of the Washington Monument was marked by public apathy, inefficiency, thievery and vandalism.

THE corner stone of the monument was laid in 1848 and shortly after an invitation was extended to each of the States to contribute a block of native stone to be inserted in the walls. This invitation was later extended to the governments of foreign countries and among the few to respond was the Papal government in Rome. Pope Pius IX sent a beautiful block of white marble taken from the Temple of Concord in Rome and inscribed "Rome to America." One night early in March, 1854, the marble block was forcibly stolen from the workshop and destroyed or thrown into the Potomac. No trace of the stone or of the thieves was ever found.

Typical of some of the excited protests at the Pope's stone both before and after its theft is the following petition from a New Jersey town:

"We, the undersigned . . . believing the proffer of a block of marble recently made by the Pope of Rome to this country for the Washington Monument to be totally inconsistent with the known principles of that despotic system of government of which he is the head; that the inscription 'Rome to America,' engraved upon it, bears a significance beyond its natural meaning; that the construction is an artful stratagem, calculated to divert the attention of the American people for the present from his animosity to republican institutions by an outward profession of regard; that the gift of a despot, if placed within those walls, can never be looked upon by true Americans but with feelings of mortification and disgust; and believing that the original design of the structure was to perpetuate the memory of Washington as the champion of American liberty, its national character should be preserved, do therefore most earnestly protest against the placing of said stone within the Monument, or any other stone from any other than a republican government."

The most direct and immediate result of

this vandalism was that members of the Know-Nothing party got control of the Monument Board for three years. Little or no money was contributed by a public suspicious of such a board, material disappeared and machinery deteriorated. Finally, under governmental control, the great shaft was completed. It contains blocks of marble from foreign countries, from many States and cities, from various lodges of Masons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance and other fraternal orders, from colleges, Sunday schools, fire departments and clubs. It is refreshing even to note one block from the Hibernian Society of Baltimore.

In any modern capital one expects to find memorials to the great military and naval chieftains who have served their country well, and Washington is no exception to this rule. Among Catholic leaders who have been honored, perhaps the most famous is the greatest of Northern cavalry leaders during the Civil War, General Philip H. Sheridan, whose biography has been written by Joseph Hergesheimer. It is said that Sheridan used to look at the spindly iron mare on which General Winfield Scott rides eternally in Scott Circle, and remark, "If a grateful country ever erects a monument to my memory, I hope it gives me a better mount than old Scott's." The grateful country has honored Sheridan and in Sheridan Circle he is to be seen in Gutzon Borglum's work, riding to Winchester to save the day. The grateful country also honored Sheridan in a signal way shortly before his death by making him a full general, a distinction previously held only by Washington, Grant and Sherman. He is buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

One of the most distinguished statues in the capital is that which was erected to Commodore John Barry, the founder of the American navy. It stands in Franklin Park and is the work of two Americans, John J. Boyle, the sculptor, and Edward P. Casey, the architect. Other Revolutionary War heroes are memorialized in the most charming of Washington's small parks. This is Lafayette Park, which faces the White House. Fittingly are the four corners of this park given over to four foreign heroes who served the American cause so faithfully and successfully. Of these three were Catholics: Lafayette, Rochambeau and Kosciuszko. The Lafayette statue possesses a peculiar French charm of its own that is not in any other statue in the city. Another great foreign hero, also Catholic, who has been honored is Count Pulaski, whose monument is at Pennsylvania Avenue and E Street.

IN Meridian Park stands a fine statue erected in honor of St. Joan of Arc, while in the Corcoran Art Gallery there is another even finer memory of the Maid of Orleans. This is found in the pictures illustrating scenes from her life by M. Boute de Monvel. Himself a devout

Catholic, Boute de Monvel seemed to have a special devotion to and a special understanding of St. Joan which inspired him to paint his fine series, a few of which the Corcoran Gallery is fortunate enough to have.

When near the Corcoran Gallery no visitor should neglect visiting the Pan-American Union, assuredly one of the most beautiful buildings in the country. It is a small, exquisite, gem-like Spanish palace, set in charming gardens. In it one sees a splendid ball room, the Hall of the Americas, fine stairways and loggias, an unforgettable patio in which grow palms and exotic plants, where macaws scream and waters sound their music in an Aztec fountain, the work of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Throughout the Union are memorials of Spanish-American Catholics, like the great Bolivar and General San Martin, an equestrian statue of whom stands in Judiciary Park. Bolivar and San Martin are also represented in a frieze on the main façade of the building. The Pan American Union was designed by Albert Kelsey and Paul P. Cret. Mr. Cret is also architect of the new Folger Shakespeare Library and the proposed French Embassy.

ON the campus of Georgetown University stands a statue of Archbishop John Carroll, Cardinal Gibbons' first predecessor as Archbishop of Baltimore, and one who served America well as a diplomat in France during the Revolution. Across the river from Georgetown is Arlington National Cemetery. Here lie many Catholic soldiers and sailors. Here is the tomb of Major L'Enfant, the designer of the national capital.

Of all the monuments inspired by war or occasioned by it, none possesses so great a title to the reverent visit of the American patriotic pilgrim to Washington, whether he be Catholic, Protestant, Jew or pagan, as the monument to the Catholic Sisters who served in the hospitals and on the battlefields of the Civil War. It was a gracious spirit that moved the Ladies Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians assembled in their national convention in 1914 to determine to erect this monument. Ten years were spent in gathering facts for the War Department and finally in 1924, under the authority of Congress, this beautiful memorial was unveiled.

Designed by Jerome Connor, a distinguished American sculptor, the monument is a low bronze relief showing the figures of twelve nuns belonging to the several orders who served the forces of the North and the South. The details of the habits are carefully and authentically worked out, and it is interesting to watch children from a parochial school recognize a familiar habit, unchanged since the Civil War and long before. The relief is set against a great oblong of granite, guarded by bronze figures. Upon the

granite, above the relief, are carved the words: "They comforted the Dying, Nursed the Wounded, Carried Hope to the Imprisoned, Gave in His Name a Drink of Water to the Thirsty." And below: "To the memory and in honor of the Various Orders of Sisters Who Gave Their Services as Nurses on Battlefields and in Hospitals during the Civil War." In the presence of a Catholic memorial such as this one sees other more elaborate statues, those of the generals on their steeds and the statesmen on their pedestals, in a different and clearer light.

The monument to the Nuns of the Battlefield stands at the junction of M Street and Rhode Island Avenue, near St. Matthew's Church. Nearby stands the former residence of Chief Justice White, marked by a simple tablet. So one could go through the city of Washington finding perhaps other things and places which will evoke memories of great men and women who were both American and Catholic. Yet these that have been described are surely enough to give the Catholic who sees them or hears of them a pardonable pride in what members of the Faith have

done and in the way that the nation has honored them.

In the midst of so many Catholic memories it is well to think also of the fact that Catholics are still lending their aid in building up our nation and in beautifying its capital city. Even today Catholic artists and architects are working on projects which will soon lend additional grace and splendor to Washington. Today, too, Catholic men and women in civil and public life are performing services which will some day be honored in bronze or marble in the national capital.

A REVOLUTIONIZED OUTLOOK

By W. Dudley Carleton

I SHALL begin this account of my coming into the Catholic Church by stating that I am a practical, hard-headed business man, a lawyer by profession, although I have not practised law for some years; that up to the time of my conversion I had always been excessively worldly, my days being a round of social activities, and that I cared very much for the fleshpots of Egypt. I was antagonistic to all forms of religion, but had a special hatred for the "Roman" Catholic Church—an inherited prejudice. I knew nothing whatsoever about doctrine, and although I was a nominal Episcopalian, having been affiliated with that Church in my early youth through my family, I had long since given up church-going, and was, in so far as I thought about religion at all, an agnostic. I want to emphasize these facts before relating what befell me on a July day, in the summer of 1925.

ONE morning about noon I left my law office intending to walk to the Battery to get a little air before going to my lunch club. As I crossed Wall Street and came abreast of old Trinity Episcopal Church I was, strangely, unable to take another step forward, but found myself compelled by some incomprehensible power to go into this church where I had never been before. When I got inside I was drawn by this same irresistible power to enter one of the pews and kneel down. I had no desire whatever to pray, since I could hardly say that I believed in God.

Gradually I became aware that my mind was occupied with the Incarnation. Was it really a fact that God became man? Then suddenly, as if I were arguing with some unseen presence, these words were reiterated within me, silently—for I heard nothing—but with the methodical regular-

ity of a railroad train: "It's true. It's a lie. It's true. It's a lie." On and on the argument went, and I knew that I could not get up from my knees until this fact of the Incarnation—which had somehow become *vital* to me—had been decided. For over half an hour I knelt there in this conflict, but when I got up I was convinced of the truth of the Incarnation. It had become for me a fact so overwhelming, so stupendous, that it was to revolutionize my whole outlook on life.

AS soon as I was able to rise from my knees, I sought out a verger to ask him to tell me where I could find some religious literature, for I remembered that this was an Episcopal church and as I had formerly been an Episcopalian this seemed the obvious thing to do. The verger gave me a number of pamphlets and gave me the address of a religious bookshop.

This was, of course, only the first step of my conversion. God was leading me by the only road I could have been induced to travel, for at that period wild horses could not have dragged me into a Catholic church.

From then on, religion was my one interest. I went to the noon service every day at Trinity, and gradually I got to know the clergy there. They gave me any number of books that emphasized the Catholicity of the Episcopal Church, and I came to accept it as the Apostolic Church.

That Fall I was taken very ill at my place near Tuxedo, and as soon as I was able to be moved I was brought to New York. I got in touch with an Episcopal parish there, and the rector, who was very High Church, often came to see me. We had many talks on religion and he upheld the Apostolic character of the Anglican

Church. I soon found, however, that although he was strong in his belief that he administered the Apostolic Sacraments, he was very weak on authority. For instance, he told me that he had introduced the public recitation of the Rosary in his church, and on my asking him where he got his authority for such an innovation, he replied: "Authority? I don't need any authority. I'm my *own* authority!"

Then, when I went back to the country in the Spring I was much bothered by the contrast between the rather Low Church parish there and the High Church parish that I had been attending previously in New York—I was horrified after my teaching in the New York parish to see all the different sects, Presbyterians, Swedenborgians, and many others, communicating at the altar, receiving what I then believed to be the Catholic Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. This conflicting teaching and practice sowed the seeds of my first doubts as to whether the Episcopal Church could possibly be the Church which Christ founded and promised to guide into all truth.

I NOW turned to the early literature of the Church: the Ecumenical Councils, the Patristic writings; and to Church history by both Catholic and Protestant writers. I noted the wide divergence between the teaching of the Episcopal Church and the teaching of the first four Councils—which the High Church party accepts as binding. I noted still further the inconsistencies within the Episcopal Church, her invariable failure to give any definition of doctrine when appealed to officially; the vague phraseology of her pronouncements, purposely so framed as to be capable of many interpretations; her tolerance

of all forms of opinion (a polite term for heresy) within her communion.

I was amazed to find that, contrary to Anglican representations, the Eastern Church had time and time again admitted the supremacy of the Apostolic See of Rome. I was also astonished to see how early the Papal claims had been explicitly asserted; and although the first recorded Papal declaration I came across (except the letter of Clement I) was that of Sylvester I, a letter of Ignatius of Antioch speaks of the supremacy of Rome and obviously shows the preëminence that See had among the churches; and it became clear to me that the jurisdiction of the Apostolic See has always been implied in the Church's conduct. (Anglicans affirm that they arose only at the time of Hilderbrand.)

FINALLY I came across Stoddard's *Building a Lost Faith*, and this upset me so that I could get no rest after that, for it helped to make me realize what I had been doing—I had been trying to prove that Rome was *not* right. I suppose I had been subconsciously aware that if I went into the subject impartially I should find myself in Rome, and I did *not* want to go there.

This all dragged on into the Fall of 1927. I was growing more and more restless and more and more discontented with a church that abounded in inconsistencies and inaccuracies. I kept up the practice of frequent attendance at "Mass," but it was becoming increasingly clear to me that this "Mass" did not measure up to Catholic doctrine.

One day I said to the rector of the New York parish, "In spite of the much vaunted Catholicity of the Episcopal Church, I can't see that we have any Sacrifice of the Mass. Where does the *sacrifice* come in?"

"Why, certainly we have a sacrifice," he replied. "We offer a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving."

"I don't call that a sacrifice," I said. "I can do that holding onto a strap in the subway. And in view of the statement in the Thirty-nine Articles that the sacrifice of the Mass is a 'blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit' I don't see how we can even pretend to hold to Catholic doctrine."

And so the argument went on, I pointing out one inconsistency after another, and he making ineffectual attempts to defend the Anglican position. At last he lost his temper completely and told me to "clear out," that he did not want me or anyone else with my views in his parish.

I now decided that in my investigations I would change my tactics: accept the possibility that Rome *might* be right, and see where that would get me. I had no sooner done that, than all my difficulties just disappeared; everything fell into place at once. I was now obliged to face the fact that the Roman Catholic Church is Christ's Church, the Church He founded

on Peter, and the only Church that possesses His Faith and His Sacraments.

But how was I to get in touch with a Catholic priest? I had heard—among many other fairy tales that are told about the Church—that if you approached a priest without an introduction he would insult you. But one day I saw a priest at some function I was attending, and I went up to him and asked him to give me his name and address. He did so at once, without showing any of the amazement that a Protestant clergyman would have shown. I then wrote him a letter explaining my position, and asked him what I should do. He suggested my making a Retreat with the Fathers of Mercy, at the monastery attached to Notre Dame Church, in New York. I knew then that the matter was settled.

So I packed my bag and soon afterwards found myself on the doorstep of the monastery at 114th Street, feeling that I had burned my bridges behind me. It took all my courage to ring the doorbell and ask to see the Rector. I was shown into the reception room, and I sat there in a state of overwrought rigidity. When Father Arcibal came into the room I simply said: "I have come to make a Retreat. At the end of the Retreat I should like to be baptized and received into the Catholic Church." His cheerful laugh at once relaxed me, and how relieved I was to find that he looked upon my resolution as the most natural thing in the world. After a short talk he said he would show me up to my room, so I followed him through long, echoing stone corridors and up stone flights of stairs to an upper room overlooking Morningside Park, with its sheer dip down from the Drive and its ever-extending view. He was most solicitous about my comfort—for the Fathers do not force their own austere mode of life upon their guests—and he told me to be sure to let him know if I needed anything. And what a cosy, homelike room it was, with its books, pictures, easy chairs—and one of the most comfortable beds I have ever slept in.

Later I went down to a cheerful meal in the refectory with the Fathers, and afterwards there was another talk, which took the form of an informal examination, and as it was found that in my three years of reading and study in connection with the Catholic Church I had covered the ground thoroughly both historically and doctrinally, it was decided that I should devote most of the time during the five days of my Retreat to the preparation of my general confession.

OF course there is no gainsaying the fact that preparing for one's first confession is a great ordeal, and I had got quite wrought up about it, for when I came to review my life from early boyhood up to that time I felt that I was the world's greatest sinner. The sincerity of my conversion carried with it the conviction that God had

certainly forgiven me my offences in His sight, but nevertheless I knew it was necessary to receive Sacramental Absolution, for although the Sacrament of Baptism cleanses from all sin, I was to be given only *conditional* Baptism at my reception into the Church, since there was the possibility that my former Baptism had been valid. Had it been certain that I had never been baptized I should then have been baptized *unconditionally*, and there would have been no need for confession. The horror I had of this general confession was an almost insuperable barrier to my coming into the Church; indeed, had I not vowed that whenever I found Christ's Church I would enter it, no matter what the obstacles, I think I should have funkied.

LET me say for the encouragement of those who may be hesitating about entering the Catholic Church because of the necessity of making their confession, that most of the horror is in the anticipation; the convert should remember not only that his confession will be kept inviolate, but that he will find the priest most understanding and most human, and his professional touch prevents any undue feeling of self-consciousness. The priest who heard mine was kindness itself, and I found myself literally lifted over the difficulties.

The Retreat which I had so dreaded turned out to be the happiest time I had ever spent. There was a spirit of almost childlike happiness about the whole establishment, a spirit of joyousness that seems to be the peculiar possession of the devout Catholic, and in a preëminent degree of the Catholic Religious. The day began with Holy Mass. After breakfast there was spiritual reading, followed by self-examination; and throughout the day many helpful talks with the Fathers, whose advice and spiritual instruction still stays by me. Sometimes I had my meals with the Fathers, and then, again, when I felt that I wanted to be alone I had my meals by myself. All this may sound very serious, but there was no strain in the daily life, and at the end of the Retreat I found that the supernatural had become the natural thing, and that I had acquired a working background for my spiritual life.

I was received into the Church on December 5, 1927. Early in the morning I went into the church and made my Profession of Faith kneeling at the altar. Then I received conditional Baptism. After the ceremony I went into the confessional and made my general confession, and at the eight o'clock Mass I received my First Holy Communion. It is quite impossible to describe the joy and peace that entered my soul that morning, and I can truthfully say that from that time on my whole life has been centered around the Catholic Faith.

Before leaving the monastery I wished to tip the household servants, who had all been so exceedingly attentive and thought-

ful of my every need; I was all the more anxious to do this because I knew that on account of the poverty of the Fathers their wages have to be reduced to a minimum. Imagine my astonishment when one and all refused point blank to accept a penny; they smilingly said that it had been a pleasure to look after me, and that they did their work for the love of God! This was the first time I came across—what I afterwards found to be common in the Catholic Church—that spirit of service for the love of God. In the same way, a quite substantial offering that I wanted to make as a thanksgiving for the gift of faith was definitely refused by my parish priest. My Protestant friends had repeatedly assured me that the Catholic Church would soon "relieve me of my money," and as soon as I was in the Church a near relative wrote to ask me how much it had cost me to be received. When I told him that it had cost me *nothing* he was simply dumbfounded!

And as time has gone on I have proved all the other stock accusations against the Church to be equally false. It is not that there is not human error in the Church, and sometimes scandal among her members; but it is the exception and *not* the rule, and the Church herself is not touched by it—or perhaps we should rather say *affected*, for touched she is in the sense of being concerned with the smallest error of her least child. But the point is, that she is infinitely bigger than any individual or group of individuals. She does not change, the Faith does not change, the Sacraments do not change, Christ's indwelling Presence remains, the Holy Ghost continues to guide her, just as Christ promised—in spite of the sins of her members.

And how one marvels at the unmistakable evidences of this Divine guidance, not only in her dealings with the individual soul, but in her grasp of national and international situations. Rome is, of course, the best informed centre for the world's affairs, but it is in the way she takes Christ's principles and applies them to modern problems that she shows her supernatural character. Her sane and far-seeing judgment is making her increasingly looked to for leadership, and she has become an acknowledged authority on social questions.

ONCE the plunge had been taken and I had made my submission to the Church, I found it the most inexpressible relief to have a belief that does not rest on private judgment, but on God's authority, a definite belief that is shared by millions, a belief to which all must conform. Yet with all this rigidity in all that concerns Christ's Faith and the laws of the Church, there is the greatest possible freedom in regard to individual cults. Outside of devotion to the Immaculate Mother, which all Catholics worthy of the name practise, there is a wide variety of devo-

tions which have been sanctioned by the Church, from which one may choose to suit his need or his taste.

Gradually, as I lived the Catholic life, followed the liturgical year in the Mass and absorbed its lessons, my whole sense of values changed. What a consolation my religion has been to me during the past year or two, amid the collapse of the economic world, when so many have had to face loss of fortune and even dire poverty. While fourteen of my friends have committed suicide, I have been able to face the future without fear.

BUT perhaps the thing that most impresses the convert is the extraordinary knowledge of human nature manifested

by the Church. She seems to have a remedy for every sin and a special help to obtain every virtue. Personally I never ceased to marvel at the sound common sense displayed by the priest in the confessional as one by one he solves his penitent's problems and directs him along the spiritual way.

One might go on indefinitely retailing blessings and get no nearer to expressing one's gratitude, so I think I will just take for my own the words chosen by the Holy Church herself to express her gratitude for that greatest of blessings which includes all others, the Holy Sacrifice; they are the two last words of the Mass, and they may fittingly be made the final words of this article: "*Deo gratias!*"

The Tenth Station

By Matthew Richardson

THEY strip Him. This is He, Whose ass-colt bore Their robes for footcloth, trod them, triumph thick. His robes they rive off now, and lay each sore Of flogging open, flayed back to the quick. And they have stripped Him naked, they have torn The very Veil of the Temple, and made a game To dance around Him in their singing scorn. He bears the same of all who have no shame.

HERE is the choice you shall not cloak: Naked Love, and Hate as naked. Would you pass by with an equivoke? Here is your God, or your laughingstock. True, for His garment the headsman diced; Body and Blood cost thirty shillings. Godhead, alas, is lower priced: Given away in the Name of Christ.

*Back to the Druid Gloomwood grim,
Tree of Bloodshed, God of Ransom!
Clothe Him to pass in a world grown prim! . . .
So you contrive, ashamed of Him.*

*Clothe yourselves in your pious fraud!
Lonely and stripped to His enemies' laughter,
Shame sweeps over Him like a flood:
Theirs, as Man; and yours, as God . . .*

*Let Thy shame end and mine begin!
Only the pure shall see Thy Godhead.
This tormented light within
Is the shame that strips my sin.*

*By Thine infamous distress
Strip my sin, and let me never
Shame the God Whom I confess:
May my faith be faithfulness.*

O WOMEN shunned and shamed,
See there His shame, O there
Break your heart's balm over His Feet, unblamed,
And kiss and wipe them with your hair.

O men who shamefully betray His trust
For a low sensual bait,
Turn to Him now, lest later, in disgust
Of youth profaned that leaves you desolate,
And weary of all the offal-fruit of lust,
You find the flower of love too late.

SIMON OF CYRENE

*The Seventh of a
Series of Devotional
Papers on the Stations
of the Cross*

By Hugh F.
Blunt, LL.D.

THE incidents in the Passion of Our Lord recalled by the third, fourth, and fifth Stations of the Cross all took place at the same point on the way to Calvary. Mary met Jesus just at the time of His first fall under the cross and as the result of that fall, and for another reason, too, Simon of Cyrene comes into the picture.

Jesus was exhausted in body and soul. The weakness, caused by His long vigil, by the scourging and crowning with thorns, by the loss of so much blood, had crushed Him down upon the cobblestones. The soldiers had prodded Him with their lances, they had pulled and hauled Him. The Jews had sworn at Him, they were afraid He was going to die on their hands and rob them of the sweetest portion of their victory, to see Him die the most disgraceful death of crucifixion. Haggard and worn, cut and bruised and flayed, bloody and dirty, He had striven to get up and continue the way, and then the worst wound of all—from the condoling eyes of His poor heart-broken Mother—went plunging through His heart her look of pain, and His head fell back again against the stones. He moaned in anguish, but the moan could not be heard above the din made by the mob.

It was a nice mess for that mob. Drag Him along! Crucify Him here! Don't let Him die this pleasant death, almost in bed. He's got to be hanged! Well, retorted the soldiers, what are you going to do about it? Somebody's got to help Him. He can't carry that cross any longer. He's almost dead now.

Well, who's going to help Him? retorted the Jews. We can't do it. We're Jews; we're not allowed to carry any burden on the festival day; you Roman soldiers will have to help Him.

Catch us Romans degrading ourselves to do the work of slaves: what do you think we are? We're soldiers of the great Roman Empire. Jew or no Jews, if some one of you does not pick up that cross and carry it, well, you'll have no Victim for Calvary, that's all there is about it.



SIMON OF CYRENE CARRIES THE CROSS

The mob howled its defiance. We won't do it, we can't do it. Here, what about that pagan standing there? He isn't a Jew! Make him do it. Who? Where is he? asked the Centurion. They took hold of the bystander and thrust him forward. There he is! There's your man! Give him the cross! The poor laborer, held fast and pushed forward against the horse upon which the Centurion rode, did not know what it was all about. He was a big robust man and he struggled to break the hold of those who had pinioned him. Let me go! What's the matter? I'm an honest man! I don't want anything to do with your factions. I'm no Jew!

No Jew? Well, you're just the man we want. You pick up that cross! The Centurion gave orders. The Jews fell back in the surging crowd. The Roman soldiers came forward at the command of the Cen-

turion. They laid their hands upon the farmer. He tried to throw them off, but he desisted after the first effort at a struggle. What's the use? One poor man against these Roman soldiers, against this howling mob.

HERE was no justice among these Jews and Romans. Why couldn't they let a poor man alone and go about his business? They dragged him back. The man stepped on a hand. He looked down. It was the hand of the poor Criminal lying inert upon the ground. Sorry! The man drew back. That poor Fellow under the cross was in a terrible condition. Look at the blood! Everybody stepping in it. There he was himself stepping in it. Poor Fellow! Someone ought to give Him a lift. But why should I have to carry a cross? There are plenty of others around that are just as

strong as I am to carry it. Then, why pick on me? But I suppose I've got to do it. All right. I'll carry it!

You'll carry it whether you want to or not, retorted the soldiers. Why, you ought to feel honored, picked out of all Jerusalem to be the one to make sure that the Jews had a good show. Pick it up! Here, we'll give you a lift. My! This cross is heavy! Hold still, brace your shoulders for it. You've got to have good shoulders to hold a cross.

The man stood still. He pulled himself together and braced his shoulders. The soldiers raised the cross, held it aloft for a moment and then let it sink as gently as they could upon the back of the new cross-bearer. The farmer winced. It was a heavy cross. The upright beam protruded beyond his face. The wood was sprinkled with blood. It almost turned his stomach. This Man's blood! He was humiliated. He, a decent man, a hard-working honest farmer, with this Criminal's load on his back. He never would hold up his head again. He was disgraced! He would be the laughing-stock of all the city, pointed out as the slave who was compelled to carry the cross of this Jesus. Well, let's get it over with!

THE mob was satisfied. This fellow looked good and strong. There's no danger of him collapsing. There! They're getting Jesus up! He isn't dead after all. Yes, He can stand. He can walk! He'll be able to climb to Calvary. The soldiers had helped Jesus to His feet. He was able to stand, relieved of the crushing burden. His eyes turned to where His Mother was still standing, her arms extended to Him in sympathy, yearning to go to Him, but kept back by the crowd. One long look at her, and then Jesus faced front. His way was up the hill. The interlude was done. The procession had been mended. The Centurion tugged at his horse. He snapped out his orders. Forward, march! Get out of the way or I'll run you Jews into the earth. Come on, then, you Jesus! Forward!

And the horse pranced forward. The crowd took up again its sneering, howling song of triumph, and Jesus resumed His plodding way. After Him, but a few paces removed, came the farmer with the cross. His face was red with blushing. How did he ever get into such a mess? Mess it was, indeed. But not such a mess as that poor Criminal was in. His face was red, too, but it was red with blood. This poor Jesus! He had heard of Him before. Some of his Jewish friends had spoken of Him. They said He was a good man, that healed the sick and even raised the dead. I wonder! They said He had even claimed to be a god, the son of some god or other. Ridiculous! How could a god let himself be trapped by this horrible gang of Jews? This cross is heavy! He has a nice face! Poor Fellow! Gentle looking. I don't wonder so many people liked Him.

I do pity Him. The cross does not seem quite so heavy now. There, He's looking back at me—at me and His cross. What eyes! Supposing He is all that He claims to be! Supposing that He is a god—that He is the god! Again He looks! I'm with You, Jesus! Never mind worrying about the cross! I've got it. I'll hold on to it. I'll carry it as far and as long as You want me to. Don't pity me, Jesus. It's the greatest honor you could give me to carry Your cross. For somehow, Jesus, I love You. I believe in You. Lead on, I'm following You—my God!

SIMON of Cyrene braced his shoulders, took a deep breath of pity and love, and as one who trod on clouds marched, head in air, after his God. It was the great turning point in the life of Simon. Heretofore a poor unknown pagan workman, henceforth to be great in the Kingdom of God, known to the end of time as the first man to carry behind Our Lord not only a cross, but *the* cross.

It has never been actually settled whether Simon of Cyrene was a gentile or a Jew. Some have thought him a Jew, and say so because of the fact that Simon is a Jewish name. They refer to the fact that Jews had once been transported to Cyrene, that these Greek Jews had a synagogue at Jerusalem, and hence that Simon, a Hellenistic Jew, had either come to the Pasch, or was a settler, and a convert to Judaism. So some of the Fathers. But many others, like St. Ambrose, St. Hilary, St. Leo and St. Venerable Bede, assert that he was a pagan. Most commentators are loath to believe he was a Jew, for the reason that if he had been a Jew he, too, would have been subject to the law forbidding Jews to carry any burden on the festival day. Hence the Roman soldiers would not have been able to seize him any more than any other Jew to carry the cross.

Jesus, as we have seen, was compelled to carry His own cross because there was no non-Jew at hand to carry it for Him, as in the case of the two thieves. He was loaded with the cross, always with the thought in the minds of the Jews that He would be relieved of this necessary violation of the ritual just as soon as they could commandeer a gentile. Simon was the first pagan they encountered on the route and hence he was dragooned into service, not only to ease their religious scruples but also to prevent Jesus from dying on the road. It seems pretty safe, then, to maintain that Simon was not a Jew. Legend has the story that he was a wealthy man, that he owned considerable property near Jerusalem and that he was on his way from his farm to the Temple when he was forced to carry the cross.

But all that can be dismissed. The prevailing tradition, in harmony with the statement of the Gospel that he was coming from the fields, is more acceptable. Hence we are to believe that Simon was just a poor laborer of low estate, a poor

farmer, done with his morning's work and on the way home with his spade or hoe or other farming implement. If he had been of any consequence he would not have been compelled to undertake such an ignominious task as bearing the cross of a condemned criminal. Those who claim he was not a Jew assert that his name, Simon, was an abbreviation of the Greek name, Simonides. It is also pointed out that the names of his two sons, given by St. Mark, namely Rufus and Alexander, are Greek names.

There is a tradition that not only did Simon and his whole family become Christians, but that they became ardent apostles. It is said that Simon himself became Bishop of Bostra in Arabia and was martyred, that his son Rufus was made Bishop of Thebes, and then of Tortosa, and that his son Alexander was martyred at Carthagena. It is also said that Simon and his two sons were consecrated Bishops in Spain by St. James. In St. Paul's epistle to the Romans (16:13) there is supposed to be a reference to this same Rufus. Paul writes, "Salute Rufus, elect in the Lord, and his mother and mine." It is a beautiful thought that the wife of Simon was permitted to be of service in the work of spreading the Gospel, and that she was a second mother to the great Apostle of the Gentiles. But all that, beautiful as it is, is uncertain. It surely was glory enough for one family to have the honor of carrying the cross of the Lord. The name of Simon of Cyrene stands out in the history of the Passion. So much so that it was made the basis for a strange accusation on the part of certain heretics.

The Docetæ, a name given to those heretics in the early Church who maintained that Jesus was not truly man but merely seemed to be a man, tried to get around the actual facts of the Crucifixion. Hence some of them made up a queer story. They seized upon the name of Simon of Cyrene. They said that Jesus took the form of Simon, and Simon that of Jesus, and that consequently Simon was crucified in place of Jesus, Who stood by and laughed. Others varied the imagination by saying that it was Judas, not Simon, who was crucified instead of Jesus. The Mahometans also believed this crazy story about the substitution of Simon for Jesus.

AT any rate, it shows the important place occupied by Simon of Cyrene in the history of the early Church. His name would scarcely have been mentioned in the Gospel unless it had a deep significance. St. Paschalias sees the meaning of it. He says: "This is why the place of his birth, his name, and that of his sons are distinctly mentioned, because in him there is found a great signification: The calling of all men to the participation in the Cross of Christ."

And Simon had the first honor of that participation. To such an extent that he did not merely help Our Lord to carry the

cross, but that he alone carried it the rest of the way to Calvary. It is a mistake then to represent Our Lord and Simon as carrying the Cross between them. Simon was picked from the crowd for no other reason than to relieve a Jew of his ritualistic burden, and to save the Victim from dying on the way. Hence he carried the whole

burden as did the slaves who accompanied the two thieves.

An insult he regarded it at first. But one look into the eyes of Jesus and he thought no more of insult, real or imaginary. He was not insulted; he was privileged, and as he scuffed over the rocky road in his iron-shod sandals, he

would not have changed his position for that of the Emperor Tiberius. God had given him the dearest gift, a cross borne in patience and love, and I fancy that his heart now burning with love cried out in the same spirit of a future cross-bearer, St. Francis Xavier, "Lord, take not away this cross from me, except Thou send me a greater one!"

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By J. Lewis May. The Dial Press, New York. \$3.50.

Mr. J. Lewis May is already known and admired for his splendid study of Cardinal Newman. In this book he maintains his exalted level of fine writing, wholesome impartiality and stimulating reasoning. Taken simply as a piece of literature *The Oxford Movement* is little short of classic. It is a genuine pleasure to read this book. In it there are frequent passages that manifest a clarity, vigor and charm worthy of the great Newman himself. As an historical work it is well-planned, and the matter capably presented.

The sub-title informs us that this book is a layman's estimate of the history and future of the Oxford Movement. There are two main divisions: the first tracing the Movement from its inception to the conversion of Newman; the second from that event to the present day, together with a glimpse into the future.

In his narration of the earlier days of the Oxford Movement, the author leaves no stone unturned. It is a complete and satisfying story. However, it is the second section of the book which is the more interesting and, by far, the more valuable. Much of the historical data and personal anecdote presented in Part I is, of a necessity, already familiar to most readers. Not that this would detract from Mr. May's scholarly and engaging presentation of the matter, but it is when he discusses the present influence of the Oxford Movement, and its future possibilities that he is really at his best.

Mr. May is quite convinced that the contemporary state of the Oxford Movement does not offer the real Catholic religion in which the Christian world can hope for reunion. It is too circumscribed by a nationalistic policy whose boundaries are hopelessly confining. To be sure, the Oxford Movement revived the sacramental system, restored symbolism and broke the bleak tyranny of "the pulpit over the altar," but it is only a half-way house even these many years later. Its doctrine and sympathies are still only Anglo-Catholic. Nevertheless, ". . . signs are not wanting that even now, in the very citadel of Anglo-Catholicism, disintegrating forces are at work which, like 'the little rift' of

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD TEN PER CENT OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE

which the poet speaks, will sooner or later, bring it to destruction." Mr. May looks to the Mass, the "great Action," as the paramount issue and as the most potent force for ultimate reunion. In his final chapter he writes beautifully and with sublime understanding of this. "The Eucharist, or the Mass, is the great central Act around which all the Christian family was once united; it is the symbol which sooner or later, if the wounds of Christendom are ever to be healed, will one day draw them together again." And he closes with the apt apostrophe, "O Sapientia, fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia, O Adonai, O Clavis David et Expectatio gentium, veni ad salvandum nos, Domine Deus noster."

Throughout the entire book the author's great respect and deep affection for Newman are plainly evident. He seems never to be able to get from under the shadow

of the beloved Cardinal, whose work and whose sacrifices have meant so much. "It is forty-three years since he left his brethren, to sleep among the silent hills. . . . But young or old, whether they knew him or not, all feel that he is with them still."

This is a great book, one that deserves to be widely circulated and attentively read. It cannot fail to engross the reader. It captures his interest and sympathy from the very start, holding them both by the vast importance of the subject, and the excellence and classic literary quality of its presentation.

TRY THE SKY. By Francis Stuart. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.00.

In his gushing and eulogistic Foreword to *Try the Sky*, Compton Mackenzie suggests that the author "has a message for the modern world of infinitely greater importance than anything offered by D. H. Lawrence." Just what that message may be, is rather difficult to comprehend.

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As in his two previous novels, there is a quality of vagueness and perplexity about this book. Mr. Stuart wants dreadfully to say something. That is quite evident. However, he can't seem to form the words or properly express the thoughts that are surely burning within him.

The style is jerky, full of bewildering allusions which the publishers' copy-writer terms "mystic" or "symbolical." The plentiful dialogue, staccato-like in its intensity, is often confusing and contains numerous gaps that the imagination of the reader must supply. The constant straining for expression and the tortuous inability to escape being nebulous and esoteric are annoying and depressing. The impression gained by a reading of *Try the Sky* is that the author may, perhaps, have some "message" that he wants to deliver to the modern world, but that the attempt proved abortive.

The plot is simple enough and the story moves along rapidly. Carlotta, a beautiful young Austrian, falls in love with José, a youthful Irishman who wants to be a novelist. They travel across Central Europe meeting strange adventures and stranger persons. With two of these latter, they embark on a flight across the Atlantic in a plane that was a "poem" named *The Spirit*. After a forced landing in Ireland, José and Carlotta decide to remain there and find their heaven, content with having tried the sky.

Perhaps it was not fair to give a sketch of the plot. It offers no proper inkling as to what to expect in the book itself. For this novel definitely has its points, aside from its artistic and structural assets. Three times now, in his novels, Francis Stuart has essayed to break through the encumbering bonds of this earth. Three times has he failed to shake off those shackles and soar to tranquillity, unworldliness and peace of soul. He is always pondering the deep realities of life, death and love. Often he has seemed to be on the verge of finding an answer to his longings and strivings, but he gets hopelessly enmeshed in the material and physical. In *Try the Sky* he comes nearer than ever before. Only the Catholic Church can give him the true and satisfactory answer.

This is a perplexing book. One that annoys and bewilders and disappoints. It leaves after it a strange impression of being unfinished. Perhaps Mr. Stuart will write another wherein he will arrive at the goal of his quest. At present he stands upon the threshold. May he not turn back, but bravely knock at the door before him. It shall be opened to him.

A HERALD OF THE GREAT KING. By Rev. Berchmans Bittle, O.M. Cap. St. Benedict's Mission, Milwaukee. \$1.00.

This is the life story of Father Stephen Eckert, O.M. Cap. It is, perhaps, not

unlike the story that could be written about the life and labors of many a zealous and holy Catholic priest, living and dead. There is nothing exceptional or extraordinary about it. This worthy Capuchin simply did his duty as pastor and missionary, but his example should serve as an inspiration to all who labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

Father Stephen Eckert was born in 1869 in a humble farmhouse in Ontario, the fifth child of devout Bavarian immigrants. He attended the Resurrectionist College of Saint Jerome where he first felt the call to the religious life. Upon his graduation he entered the novitiate of the Capuchin Fathers. After his ordination he labored in various Capuchin parishes in New York and Wisconsin. In 1913 he received his last assignment as pastor of the Negro parish in Milwaukee. Here he remained for ten years, working zealously among the poverty stricken members of his flock and endearing himself to the hearts of all. He died there in 1923.

The book is well written and contains an excellent introduction contributed by Bishop Noll of Fort Wayne. The concluding pages are given over to excerpts from the correspondence and private papers of Father Eckert. These furnish interesting and edifying reading.

OLD ITALY AND NEW MUSSOLINILAND. By John Gibbons. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.00.

John Gibbons is the author of more than one entrancing and delightfully unique travel book. He has frequently been told, so he informs us, that he does not go through foreign countries seeing the proper things. That is quite true if one means by proper things the great monuments of antiquity, the famous art galleries and other places celebrated in history and legend. John Gibbons wanders far from the accustomed haunts of sightseers, far from the beaten paths and more frequented highways. He turns off to quaint little towns and unknown hamlets where he comes upon all sorts of adventure and meets all sorts of odd and unusual characters. It is this wandering vagabond spirit of his, together with his whimsical and pleasant style of writing, that always makes the books of Mr. Gibbons so interesting and readable.

In this book, as the title suggests, he tells of a visit paid to Italy after a few years absence. So vast and so marked are the changes that took place in the meantime, that the author feels constrained to call the land of his wanderings, not Italy, but Mussoliniland. The influence of Il Duce is seen at every turn, in the cities and in the rural districts, in the people, and in their customs and manners.

Rome is modernized, but has lost none of its grandeur and age-old power to awe. The countryside has been improved and its

natural beauty revealed and accentuated. The people are filled with new energy and spirit. All are possessed of a fervid patriotism and loyalty, but not so as to become, thank heavens, extremists or isolated by an exaggerated nationalism. Civic and economic improvements are apparent on all sides. The author makes a pilgrimage to the birthplace of Mussolini and is properly edified by the absence of mock heroics and ostentation. His tip to the caretaker is graciously refused and instead a contribution box for the Italian Infant Welfare Movement is proffered. He ends this chapter by remarking: "And if ever a man in the world has done something with his forty-nine years of life then that man is Benito Mussolini."

The shrines and holy places, dear to every Catholic, that dot this sunny land were not forgotten. Of these Mr. Gibbons writes with a charm and reverence that bespeak the genuine Catholic heart. He is deeply impressed with the fervor, the religious spirit and the remarkable manifestations of faith so evident in all such spots. In them also, he has his usual luck in striking up with rare and likeable individuals. The chapters devoted to these places of pious pilgrimage form the most interesting and appealing in the entire book.

Old Italy and New Mussoliniland is an exceptionally valuable volume. The author sets down his experiences in such an altogether pleasant and intimate manner as to make his narrative thoroughly enjoyable and uncommonly informative.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By Shane Leslie. Bruce Pub. Co., Milwaukee. \$2.00.

The year 1933 has already witnessed the publication of a number of books on the Oxford Movement. Practically every phase and angle has been treated of. We have had books from both Anglicans and Catholics, as well as from interested members of neither denomination. Of those written by Catholic authors, so far, there is none can equal the comprehensive extensiveness, the epigrammatic terseness, the well-planned division and the authentic historicity which one finds embodied in Mr. Shane Leslie's *The Oxford Movement*. It is not a large volume. "This sketch," as he terms his book, "offers a skeleton key to the Movement."

In a compact and easy style he offers us a gallery of great names and interesting characters, and a skilfully arranged series of significant incidents. It all indicates wide study, thorough research, acquaintance with valuable hitherto unpublished documents and an exceptional ability to pare down cluttering non-essentials in order to give a brief but always adequate account. The text is often enhanced by quaint bits of odd and obsolete rhymes and axioms. These serve to great advantage in forming a clearer notion of

the temper of the people in those days.

The opening chapter delves into the misty past and traces briefly the inception and rise of Anglicanism. The main portion of the book is divided off into the First, the Second, and the Present phases of the Oxford Movement. In this orderly manner the author dissects, examines and summarizes the whole story, bringing it effectively up to date. Today, he informs us, "Dean Inge lies across the track of the Oxford Movement with a snarl. But he is the herald of the Modernist future. With the Disestablishment in the future the Oxford Movement will reach its last stage. . . . When it comes, it will only be the severing of the last thread which allows the Protestant State to impede and hinder a Catholic-minded church. The Prime Minister will no longer be able to impose a Bishop like Barnes or a Dean like Inge."

The Appendices, almost as long again as the book itself, are of especial value and interest. Here he traces the Oxford Movement in Ireland, and shows its influence in Architecture and Literature. Further on, he treats of the reaction on the Catholic Church in England. One of the most interesting, and certainly the most precious, of the Appendices is that one wherein is printed, for the first time, a new poem on Oxford written by Cardinal Newman in the month of his conversion, October, 1845. It is preserved in the Bodleian Library. Concerning it, the Editor remarks that it contains some beautiful passages, but "will not enhance his literary reputation." However, it is valuable as a matter of history and brings us "into intimate contact with the soul of Newman at a supreme instant in his life." At the very end there is a most interesting chronological table which Mr. Leslie designates as a "map of the Oxford Movement."

There is much in this book that will be new and valuable even to many who are students of the Oxford Movement and the years of its expansion. The average reader will be won by the terse and compact style of the author, and will find his book to be tremendously interesting and instructive.

PONTIFICIA AMERICANA. By Donald Shearer, O.M.Cap. Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., New York. (Paper. No price given.)

This rather large paper bound volume is Number 11 in the series of *Franciscan Studies*. As the sub-title clearly indicates, it is a chronological documentary history of the Catholic Church in the United States from the year 1784, which marked the commencement of our hierarchical life, to 1884, the year of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

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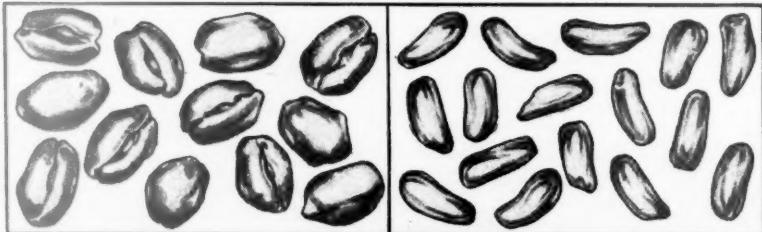
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proper notion of the trials and progress of the Church during those formative years.

Despite the fact that it is really a most interesting book, *Pontifica Americana* is scarcely a book for popular circulation. To the average layman it would be quite useless. To the teacher or the student of history or the librarian it should prove an invaluable asset as an authentic reference book. Reading over its pages cursorily, one is confronted with the documentary evidence of many a long-forgotten phase or event in American Catholic History.

MY OWN SILHOUETTE. By Elihu Nakao. Shok-Shok-Do, Japan. \$3.50.

The author of this rather bulky volume is a fourteen-year-old Japanese student at the College of Saint Joseph in Yokohama. The various pieces were written over a period of three years, and are collected and published in this book as a birthday present to the author from his father.

Coming from the pen of such a youthful singer who is writing in a foreign language, they are somewhat remarkable. If they do not manifest genuine poetry throughout or show the hand of a master craftsman, or if the imagery is often confused, at least they show promise of better things. The thoughts are sometimes profound, sometimes soaring, but are set down in rhyme that is often not metrical. Perhaps by the time he has reached man's estate, the silhouette of this young Japanese will have become more clearly defined and his thoughts more pleasingly and accurately expressed.

THE STERILE PERIOD IN FAMILY LIFE. By Very Rev. Canon Valère J. Coucke, Professor of Moral Theology, Grand Seminary of Bruges; and James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D. Joseph F. Wagner, Inc. \$0.75.

THE RHYTHM OF STERILITY AND FERTILITY IN WOMEN. By Leo J. Latz, M.D. Published by the Author, Republic Building, Suite 1220, 209 S. State Street, Chicago, Ill. \$1.00.

Discussion of the sterile period and its effect on the limitation of offspring has come to the fore in the last year or so. The effect of restricting conjugal intercourse to these so-called periods of infertility in women is treated with honesty in both these booklets. The theories of Dr. Knaus, of Austria, and Dr. Ogino, of Japan, are the bases of these discussions. Very Rev. Canon Coucke treats of the existence and extent of the sterile period and its moral aspects. Dr. James J. Walsh supplements the views of the learned Canon with a chapter on the modern medical opinion concerning the sterile period.

Dr. Latz's booklet is divided into three parts: physiological aspects, practical aspects, and ethical aspects.

Both booklets are published with ecclesiastical approbation.

The clergy should, of course, familiarize themselves with this question, for it is of value when treating of that crux of Pastoral Theology—birth control. The married laity, as the parties directly concerned, should know about this matter. If the theory is physiologically safe, they have at hand a means of birth control which is at once natural and lawful. The Holy Father Himself in his recent masterful Encyclical *Casti Connubii* has declared that under certain conditions it is lawful to use marriage "when on account of natural reasons either of time or of certain defects new life cannot be brought forth." It must be added, however, that there is no uniformity of opinion among medical men on the question, as yet, though the acceptance of the theory seems to be making considerable headway, and those who endorse it as reliable are of standing in the medical profession.

A COMPENDIUM OF THEOLOGY. By The Very Rev. J. Berthier, Founder of the Missionaries of the Holy Family. Authorized translation from the fifth French edition, by the Rev. Sidney A. Raemers, M.A., of the Department of Philosophy, University of Notre Dame. Volume III. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. \$3.50.

This volume completes the compendium of theology by the Very Rev. J. Berthier. It treats of Moral Theology, both general and special. We have consulted the volume in several places and it is our opinion that it accomplishes the end which the author set himself. Surely, that end was a large and difficult one—to give in digest form "the essential doctrinal points of both Dogmatic and Moral Theology, together with the more important notions of Canon Law, Liturgy, Pastoral and Mystical Theology, and Christian Philosophy." The reverend clergy and the educated laity will find the volume useful for hasty consultation. The matter of the sixth and ninth commandments is presented in Latin.

THE ENGLISH WAY. Edited by Maisie Ward. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.50.

The English Way is a collection of tabloid biographies of historically famous English Catholics, most of whom are Saints, but all noted for their labors, struggles and achievements for the glory of the Catholic Church in England. The book is not an attempt to "analyze the English Way of being a Catholic, but to present certain characters, certain ideas, from which the reader may make his own analysis and paint his own picture."

Maisie Ward, the editor, has assembled a group of the leading English Catholic writers of the day. Each has happily been

left to his own judgment and taste in the matter of choice of subject. Each has singled out a character who, in his opinion, is "very English and very Catholic." The result is an imposing gallery of pen portraits, exceptionally well done, interesting and, despite their brevity, adequate and informative. Chronologically, these lives range from Saint Bede to Cardinal Newman. There are sixteen altogether, some better known than others, and several, aptly included, far too little known.

A glance at the names of the contributors is sufficient recommendation for the book. Such names as Fr. Jarrett, Fr. Martindale, Christopher Dawson, G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc give an idea of what may be anticipated in the way of literary, historical and artistic worth. All represented write with their accustomed and expected facility and felicity of expression. This is a clever and valuable group of brief biographies.

WORTHWHILE BOOKS

CATHOLIC writers are producing many fine books from month to month, books that establish a viewpoint on the many questions of modern life; books that should not be missed by intelligent Catholics. THE SIGN has selected the works named below as some of the best examples of the Catholic literature being created today. To facilitate its readers in obtaining these books, THE SIGN is offering a new service. Simply send a card to THE SIGN, Union City, N.J., for any of the books named below. Prices in parentheses include free delivery.

KEEPING CROSS. By Henry Longman Stuart. (\$2.10.) A vivid and penetrating story of love and intrigue in early Puritan New England. Powerfully and beautifully written, and with consummate artistry. Without doubt the finest Catholic novel in recent years.

PREFACE TO POETRY. By Theodore Maynard. (\$2.90.) A book of valuable information. It introduces one to the beauty and magic of poetry, and helps one to derive from poetry much that, perhaps, has been heretofore missed or unappreciated.

BY POST TO THE APOSTLES. By Helen Walker Homan. (\$2.65.) Wherein the human qualities of the Twelve are caught in all their naive frankness and translated into modern terms to bring them home. The author combines lightness of touch with an amazing breadth of vision.

OUR MOVIE MADE CHILDREN. By Henry James Forman. (\$2.75.) No priest or teacher should be without a copy of this startling and informative volume. An exceptionally timely study of one of the nation's most serious contemporary problems.



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LIFE OF IGNATIUS SPENCER, C.P. By Urban Young, C.P. (\$2.25.) A splendid biography of one of the most picturesque and influential figures in the early days of the Oxford Movement. Particularly valuable for the graphic and remarkable view it gives of those memorable days.

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GREAT MAGDALENES. By Hugh Blunt, LL.D. (\$1.10.) Thrilling and dramatic stories of lives which have furnished material for many a scarlet page in the world's literature. Father Blunt describes a feature of their lives seldom dwelt upon—their return to God as humble penitents.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST IN TEXT AND PICTURES. By Herbert McDevitt, C.P. (\$1.10.) The sublimely simple story of the Gospels in vivid and picturesque form. The text is made up of the combined narratives of the four Gospels; the pictures are from plastic models by Domenico Mastroianni.

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THE LONG ROAD HOME. By John Moody. (\$2.20.) The life story of a familiar and successful Wall Street figure, tracing his course down the long road that led to Home in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Replete with colorful anecdote and richly sprinkled with the salt of experience and the wisdom of maturity.

A COMPANION TO MR. WELLS' OUTLINE OF HISTORY. By Hilaire Belloc. (\$1.35.) An answer to many questions asked by non-Catholics—to the easy objections that seem difficult to answer—a handbook for adequate defense of the Church in daily conversation.

SAINTS FOR SINNERS. By Archbishop Goodier. (\$1.60.) Character studies of the Saints who were first sinners or failures—how their sanctity was developed on this foundation.

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THE NEW PSYCHOLOGIES. By Rudolph Allers. (\$1.60.) A valuable criticism of this new "science" by a Catholic Adlerian—an examination of psychoanalysis, etc.

AFRICAN ANGELUS. By C. C. Martindale. (\$2.10.) The unveiling of a world, bringing home the ambition to "christen a continent" with the author's own beauty of style and energy of purpose.

THE SECRET OF THE CURE D'ARS. By Henri Gheon. (\$1.60.) The high adventure of a parish priest in a little French village—with the values of eternity—makes these values the reader's own as far as a book can.

THE MODERN DILEMMA. By Christopher Dawson. (\$1.10.) Is our civilization now breaking up? What are the dangers and the possibilities of modern trends? These questions are discussed by the foremost Christian Sociologist of the day.

THE QUEEN OF SEVEN SWORDS. By G. K. Chesterton. (\$1.10.) An act of homage in poetry to Our Lady, by the best known Catholic English writer, inspires poetry with the truth of theology, theology with the beauty of poetry.

THE NATURE OF SANCTITY. By Ida Coudenhove. (\$1.10.) How can anyone become a saint without ceasing to be human? The Leader of the Youth Movement in Germany defends humanity and sanctity.

IN DEFENCE OF PURITY. By Dietrich von Hildebrand. (\$1.60.) An Analysis and explanation of the Catholic ideals of purity and virginity—a Catholic mind on this subject is an absolute necessity today.

SANCTIONS. By Ronald Knox. (\$1.60.) A house party discusses its own and other people's problems—how we do argue with our non-Catholic friends, and how we might do so, on the Ideal Man, the State, Education, as they are defined around a tea-table.

PROGRESS AND RELIGION. By Christopher Dawson. (Cheap edition, \$1.60; Library edition, \$3.10.) Who holds the true secret of Progress—and who has held it throughout the Ages?

PSYCHOLOGY OF CHARACTER. By Rudolph Allers. (\$4.10.) The best modern psychological knowledge analyzes human behavior, with a Catholic outlook. Valuable especially for teachers.

SPACE OF LIFE BETWEEN. By Fr. Bede Jarrett. (\$1.60.) Meditations—especially for men—a book to be used by those for whom it was written; it has sanity, freshness and an understanding of the real problems of modern youth.

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League, but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Masses said.....	15
Masses heard.....	26,900
Holy Communions.....	21,046
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	62,293
Spiritual Communions.....	64,046
Benediction Services.....	22,487
Sacrifices, Sufferings.....	49,014
Stations of the Cross.....	27,478
Visits to the Crucifix.....	22,243
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	13,248
Offerings of PP. Blood.....	143,646
Visits to Our Lady.....	30,283
Rosaries.....	35,218
Beads of the Seven Dolors.....	12,432
Ejaculatory Prayers.....	1,065,901
Hours of Study, Reading.....	14,864
Hours of Labor.....	67,119
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	50,031
Acts of Zeal.....	87,226
Prayers, Devotions.....	507,998
Hours of Silence.....	40,838
Various Works.....	43,128
Holy Hours.....	170

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle "for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy."

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Recently she has been beatified and we hope soon to call her Saint Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

† † † † † "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) † † † † †

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

Most Rev. JOHN J. DUNN, D.D.
Rev. SILVAN LATOUR, C.P.
Rev. H. J. WREN
Rev. A. T. MCGINN
Rev. FREDOLIN STAUBLE
Rev. JOHN RYVES
Rev. M. J. TIERNEY
BROTHER BERNARD CASSIDY, C.P.
Rev. P. J. O'LOUGHLIN
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MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Who Will Die Tonight?—

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows.

I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$.....) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, taking his receipt therefor within months after my demise.



In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of

....., 19

Signed..... Witness.....

Witness..... Witness.....

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They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You may have both, if you wish.

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STUDENT BURSES



YOUR LAST WILL



1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of {\$ } Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

GET A LIFE INCOME

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

♦ ♦ ♦

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

♦ ♦ ♦

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

You can't take it with you!

Will you hoard it or spend it?

Give it away or make a Will?

Why not buy Life Annuities?

HELP CHRIST'S CAUSE

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
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For Further Information Write to

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